

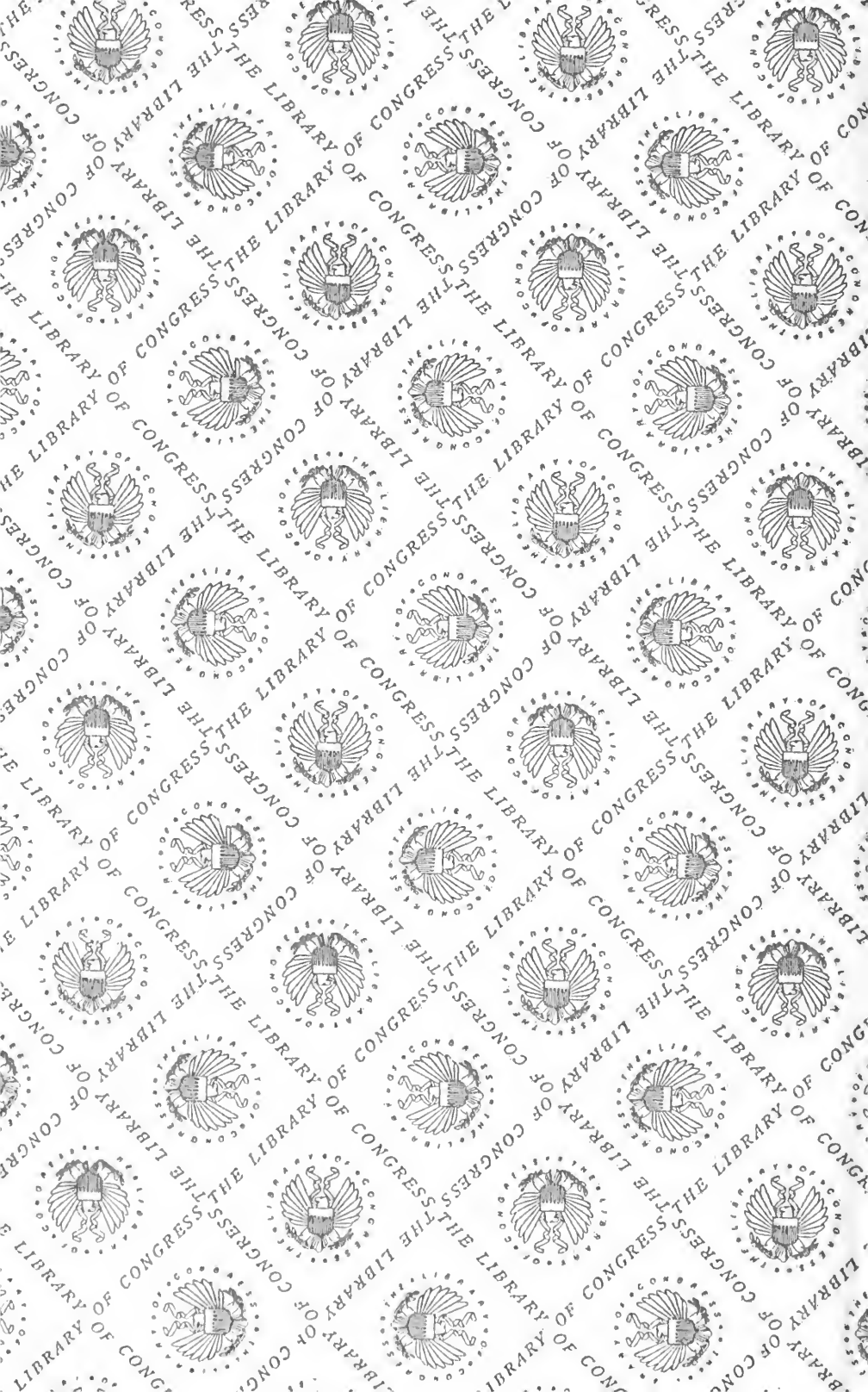
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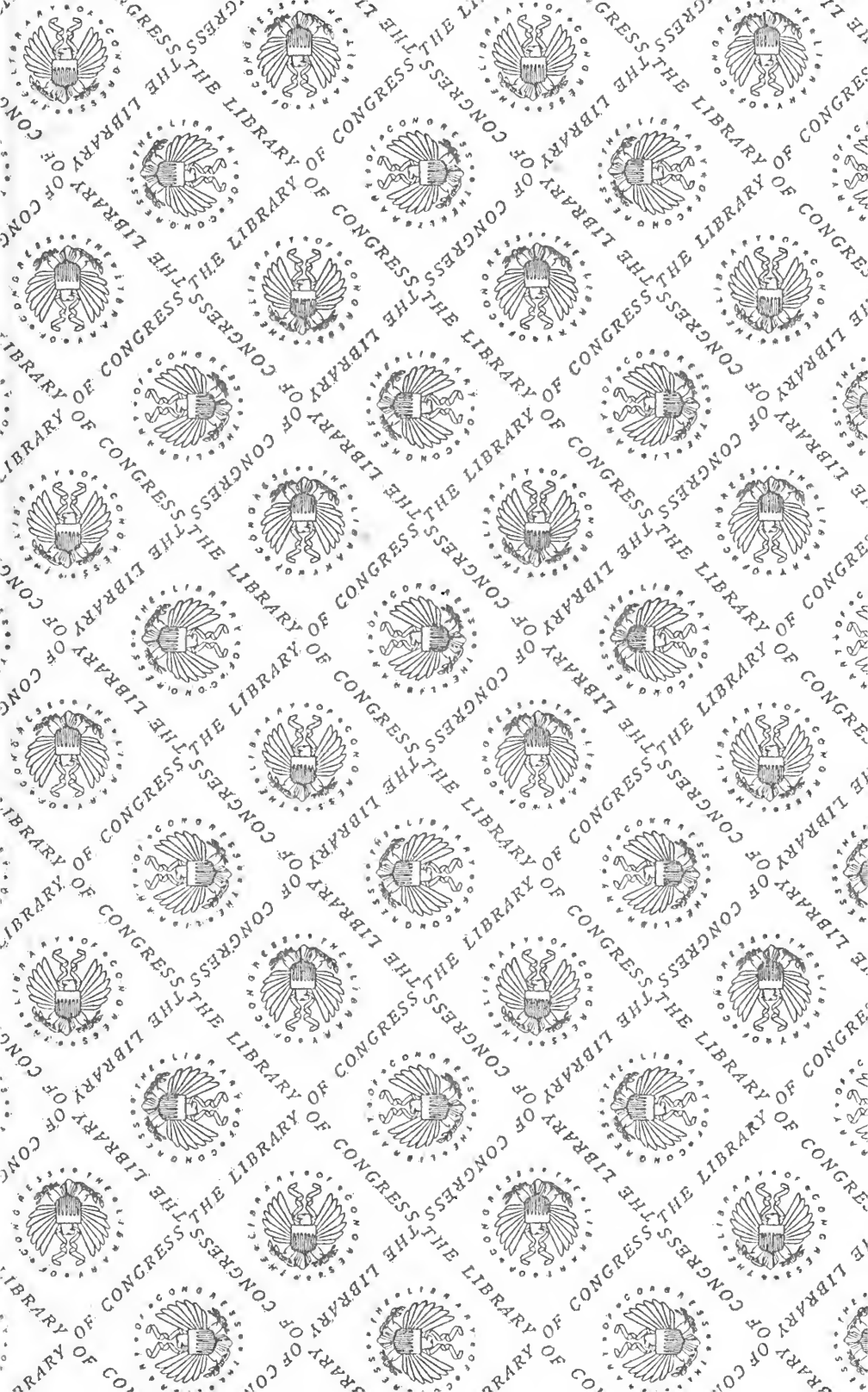
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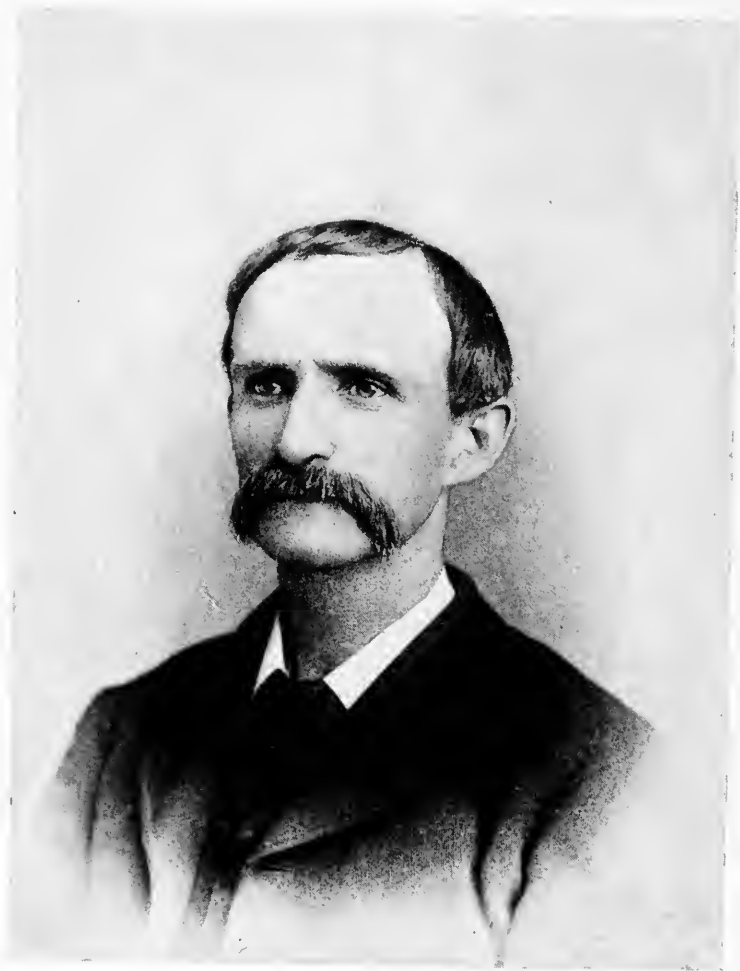


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WILLIAM FIRTH COWDEN.

POEMS:

PATRIOTIC, DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

WILLIAM FIRTH COWDEN.

*Youths, in coming centuries, shall love to emulate
The deeds of those, whose deeds Clío perpetuates.*

*Columbia's skies, and Maryland's bowers,
Enraptures the mind in midsummer hours.*



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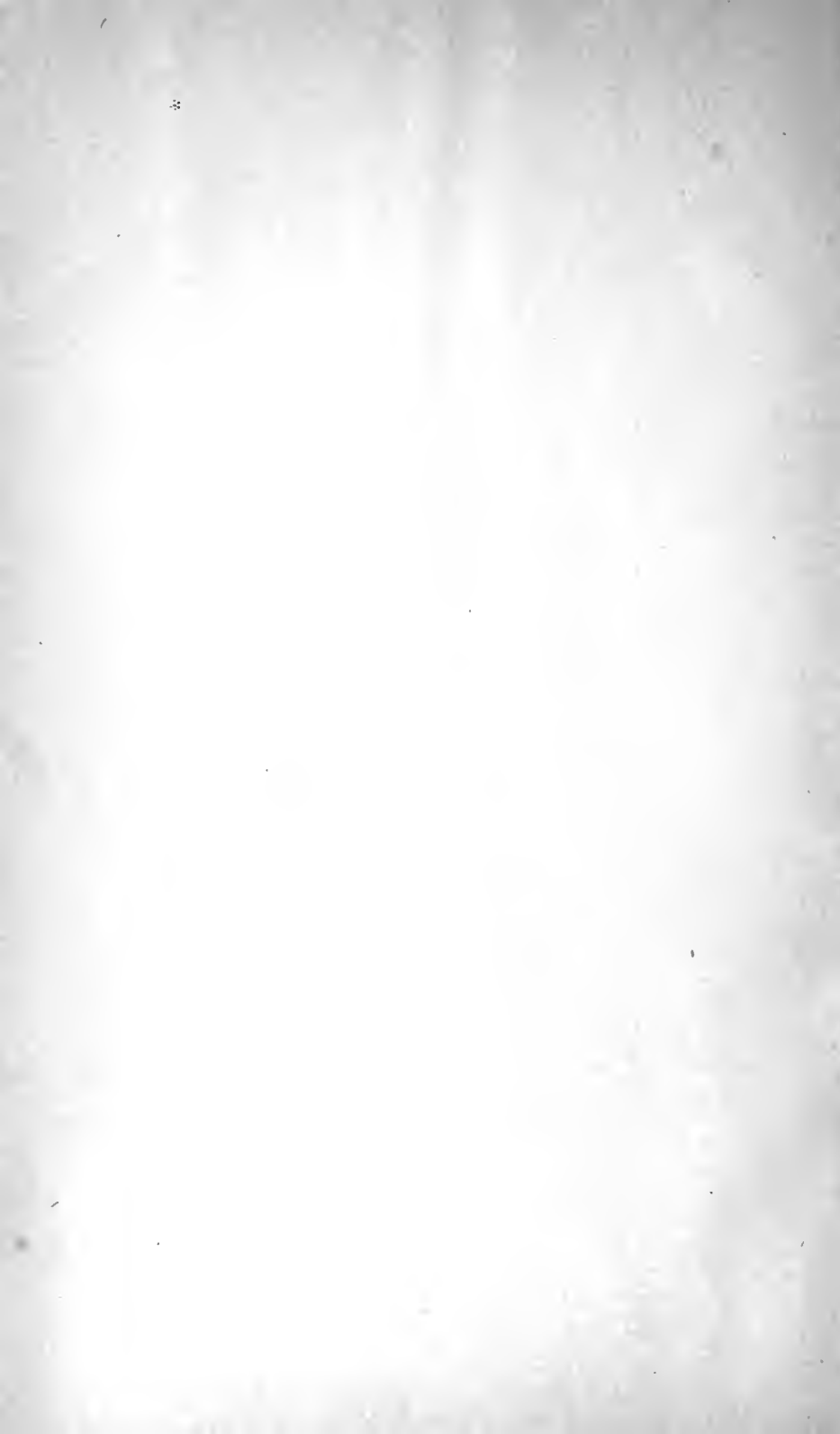
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TO ISABELLA

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

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BY THE AUTHOR.



*“In the winter you may reade them ad ignem by
the fireside, and in summer ad umbras, under some
shadie tree, and therewith passe away the tedious
hours.”*

Saltonstall.



INTRODUCTION.

SO far as my own inclination leads, I have very little to say for or about myself: but as it is the general desire of all readers to know something of the author, possibly a slight account of his origin and early life, may not be amiss, and would evidently lend interest to the work. And without any further apology, very little genealogy, some chronology, and no astrology, I will proceed to note a few incidents that no doubt will be both entertaining and instructive to the reader. Noting only the most prominent events, impressing the mind with the reasons why many of the scenes described on the pages of this volume by the writer, were fixed in his organ of thought, to be narrated in verse, one-quarter of a century after his eyes witnessed the eventful scenes.

Although, at the time the author little thought of entertaining the public with any portion of the vast cyclorama, which destiny seemed to have pre-ordained him to view, in the theatre of war.

Both my parents were of Scotch descent, my grandfather's family having emigrated from Scotland to Canada, in the spring of 1815. The vessel they took passage in left the British Isles in a convoy, numbering two and twenty vessels in all; four of which were armed frigates, for better protection of the merchantmen from the piratical American privateers, which then infested the broad Atlantic.

The vessel in which our family had taken passage was named the *Alexander*, and originally built for a privateer, her shapely and well curved lines indicating speed. The commander of the squadron, finding the *Alexander* to be a swift-winged craft, ordered her master to take a very slow tub fashioned ship in tow, which he done somewhat reluc-

tantly, and continued towing her until the first stormy night arrived, when he picked up an ax, cut the hawser, and ordered all the canvas to be spread and the vessel put before the wind, determined never to see the convoy again until his ship had crossed the ocean.

When morning appeared, not a vessel was to be seen, so far as the eye could range the furrowed billows; many of the passengers could not understand why they were so far lost from the rest of the fleet, while their eyes wandered hitherward and thitherward, expecting to be gobbled up any moment by some Yankee pirate.

But the master of the vessel soon allayed the passengers' fears, by telling them that his ship, the *Alexander*, was the swiftest craft that sailed the briny billows. After a pleasant passage the *Alexander* arrived in port of Saint Johns, N. B., two weeks earlier than the convoy, where information had already been received, that peace had been declared between the Mother Country and the United States.

My grandfather, William Cowden, having preceded his family the year before, had already acquired a title to a tract of land, bordering on the Miramichi River; there the family settled and engaged in farming and lumbering. When his eldest son, John Cowden, attained the years of manhood, he married Mary Ann Firth in the year 1835, and the writer, their first child, was born on the 25th of February, 1837, and christened William Firth Cowden.

Early in the spring of 1844, my father and family moved to the States, landing in the port of New York, with the intention of settling in the State of Ohio; whither many of our Clan had preceded us direct from the Caledonian Isle. But finding acquaintances in Johnstown, Penna., our family resided there until the year 1859, removing from there to the City of Cumberland, Md., ere the civil strife arrayed one section of the country against the other. It fell to my lot, to pass through Harper's Ferry, on the ever memorable night of October 16th, 1859, while the force led by John Brøwn was in the act of raiding the town. Being on the

Maryland side of the river, our boat passed on down the canal unmolested; when nearing Point of Rocks, I saw a special train east bound, bearing Genl. Robert E. Lee, and a large number of United States marines, to the scene of the conflict, which was soon ended by the capture of John Brown of Ossawatimie.

And still, as if fate had predetermined my path, I happened to be in the City of Alexandria, Virginia, the day the first Confederate flag was hoisted, waving its folds over the Jackson House. This was the same banner that Col. Elmer Ellsworth lost his life in taking down May, 1861.

Leaving the City of Alexandria on my return to Harper's Ferry, I found it in the possession of the Virginia militia. After being detained three days, as nothing was permitted to pass or repass, excepting passengers and United States Mails, *via* line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. During my stay at the Ferry, I was always at the railway station on the arrival of the express trains, to gain all information possible; and while listening to all that passed, I found the engineers, conductors, and train hands, were all rabid secessionists as any of the southern soldiers, at least one would have been led to believe so, from the way they conversed on the subject as they changed the baggage and mails.

After leaving the Ferry, I soon found out that those train men changed politics as often as they changed stations, and that those fellows could champion northern sentiments or southern enthusiasm, in fact anything to suit the times. No doubt policy demanded them to change opinions in a double quick; and every body knows that railway men are apt scholars, with them business is business while they are on the road.

After spending three days among the southern chevaliers, I was permitted to return to Cumberland, where myself and a number of others were called upon by Genl. Lewis Wallace, who was then the Commander of the 11th Indiana regiment, then stationed at Cumberland, who needed transportation for his commissary and camp goods. After making several trips

to Hopewell, or Mount Dallas as it is now called, always returning well laden with pork, beans, and hard tack, we were ordered to join General Patterson's corps. Leaving Cumberland by way of the National Pike, we passed through Hancock and arrived at Clearspring the third evening, where it was raining very hard. The citizens immediately opened their church doors, and every available room, to give all shelter, and furnished the entire regiment with breakfast ere we left; that next morning, many of the soldiers declared they had never sat down to so elegant a repast in all their days.

Thence we journeyed on to Williamsport, crossing the Potomac; thence to Martinsburg, Va., where the railway was a scene of desolation; fifty-six locomotives were backed in line on the tracks, and covered with wood and oil, and then fired, enveloping all in destruction.

From there we marched to Charlestown, seven miles south of Harper's Ferry, where Genl. Patterson's Division, numbering full forty thousand were encamped, on July 21st, 1861, the day the second battle of Bull Run was fought. In the camp of the 11th Indiana, near by where I happened to be standing, two soldiers were reclining on the grass, when suddenly they jumped to their feet, saying that a battle was raging somewhere on the line of the Potomac. They had heard the boom of the cannon underground. It was soon made known throughout the entire command, and in about two hours after, two telegrams received at headquarters verified their statement.

In a few days, all the hired teams were paid off and ordered home. Three months afterwards it was my lot to view the scene of the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21st, 1861. Then again in the spring of 1862, myself, and a number of others, were called upon by Col. G. E. Porter, to assist in manning a fleet of thirty-three canal boats; the entire crews of which consisted of one hundred and one men. The teams consisted of one hundred and one mules. We left the port of Cumberland on the 13th day of Feb-

ruary, at nine o'clock in the evening, with orders to report at the commissary headquarters, on the Maryland side of the river at Harper's Ferry. The bridges on the line of the river having previously been destroyed by the contending armies. On arriving at the Ferry, we were ordered to Point of Rocks, where the boats were laden with cargoes of commissary stores, to be delivered on the Virginia shore, two miles west of Harper's Ferry. During my stay at the Ferry, I assisted in fastening the first pontoon boat to the Maryland side of the Potomac; after the pontoon bridge was constructed to the Virginia shore, Genl. McClellan and Genl. Banks crossed over and carefully examining the work, after which the entire army, in command of Genl. Banks, numbering four and forty thousand men, and as many as ten thousand horses and mules, used in train wagons and as cavalry, crossed in perfect safety.

No accident occurred during my stay at the Ferry, save one, a team belonging to one of the canal boats fell from the towpath into the canal, and Genl. McClellan passing at the moment waded into the water, cutting the lines, saved the team in a most dexterous manner.

The division of the army of the Potomac, commanded by Genl. Banks, were as fine looking, and as well equipped body of troops as any portion of the army as I saw during the entire war. But long ere the summer's sun had reached its full strength, what I had supposed to be the flower of the army of the Potomac, was scattered in remnants for full one hundred miles along the line of the river, recrossing it at every ford.

On the return of the northern troops across the Potomac, it fell to my lot to view the skirmish at Falling Waters, when they undertook to repossess themselves of the Valley of Virginia.

I was again at Harper's Ferry, September 15th, 1862, and left there one hour previous to the surrender of Genl. Miles to the Confederates, only to be placed in a position near by, while the battle of Antietam was fought.

The next year I was engaged in transporting commissary stores to the south-west wing of the army during the battle of Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863. I was in the City of Cumberland the night Genl. McNeil's cavalry captured Genls. Crooks and Kelly, and finally, was in the City of Washington on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, and received a pass the second day after, permitting me to leave the city. I was again in Washington about one week afterward, while the President's remains lay in State in the White House, where I viewed the medley host that wended their way into its portals, to take a last look on their Chief Magistrate; from which scene I formed the poem, called the Dirge on Lincoln.

I am quite well acquainted with one of the engineers that took part in wrecking, and sinking the U. S. Vessel *Merrimac* at the Norfolk Navy Yard; and have had many a pleasant conversation with the engineer who refitted the *Merrimac*, and who held the throttle of her engine the day [March 8th, 1862,] when she sank the Congress and Cumberland in Hampton Roads.

I was captured once by a part of Colonel Mosby's guerillas, and would possibly have made my exit out of the world had not Lieutenant William Walker who was in command, courteously interfered and saved my life.

The first place I heard the celebrated tune, "Dixie," played on a piano in exquisite perfection, was in a mansion which stood facing the U. S. Capitol. The first sound of "My Maryland" broke upon my ears as I rambled the streets of ye ancient City of Frederick one fine summer evening, whose melodious numbers seemed to dance exultingly in the twilight, played by artistic fingers, whose soul inspired, little thought listening ears stood spell-bound, while fascinating numbers floated around them.

What a panorama to view in a lifetime, the realities few can properly contemplate. Even while I write, I have sharpened my pencil with a razor presented to me, at the age of fifteen, by a native of La Belle France, who was at the time

following the occupation of vine-dressing and landscape gardening near the City of Pittsburg, Penna.; and while in conversation, his thoughts ran back to his earlier years, then he told me, that he had been a soldier in Napoleon Bonaparte's army, and was on the field of Waterloo the day of the defeat of the Hero of an Hundred Battles; at the time he was but two and twenty years of age. I asked how he came to escape destruction in so terrible an engagement? He said, the officers, seeing the day was lost, refused to sacrifice the regiment he belonged to, as they were all youths. But before he was done telling me the story of that memorable day, he became so excited that leaping to his feet, he shouted three times "Vive la Napoleon! Vive la Napoleon! Vive la Napoleon!" There and then, on the banks of the Alleghany River, I heard the same voice that had articulated "Vive la Napoleon," on the field of Waterloo re-echo it again on the continent of America. Truth is stranger than fiction.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	MOSS ENGRAVER.	PAGE.
<i>Frontispiece.</i>	<i>S. C. Choate.</i>	<i>“ facing Title.</i>	
✓ <i>Site of Fort Cumberland.</i>	<i>H. Lancy.</i>	<i>“</i>	77
✓ <i>Narrows and Wills Creek.</i>	<i>W. H. Brooks.</i>	<i>“</i>	150
✓ <i>Dan’s Rock.</i>	<i>Maria E. Sprigg.</i>	<i>“</i>	177
✓ <i>Harper’s Ferry.</i>	<i>W. C. Russell.</i>	<i>“</i>	187

INDEX.

<i>Origin and Use of Poetry</i>	xxii
<i>Onward</i>	1
<i>The River of Swans</i>	4
<i>Laughter</i>	7
<i>The Little Bird Singing</i>	8
<i>The Child's Prayer</i>	9
<i>An Allegory</i>	10
<i>Charity</i>	11
<i>The First Sabbath</i>	12
<i>Schools in Olden Time</i>	13
<i>Conemaugh</i>	14
<i>Valentine Morning</i>	15
<i>When Morning is Breaking</i>	16
<i>The Birdling's Courtship</i>	17
<i>The May Queen</i>	18
<i>The Boy Fishing</i>	19
<i>Launch thy Barque</i>	20
<i>The Nymph's Defiance</i>	22
<i>The Bachelor's Warning</i>	24
<i>The Queen of Sheba's Land</i>	26
<i>Emblems Masonic</i>	29
<i>To Ohr Lodge, Cumberland, Md</i>	30
<i>My Canoe</i>	32
<i>Watching Venus</i>	33
<i>Only a Tramp</i>	35
<i>Patient Toil brings Success</i>	36
<i>Learning Enriches the Mind</i>	36
<i>Nursery Rhymes</i>	37
<i>Morning</i>	38
<i>Evening</i>	38
<i>Noonday</i>	38

<i>Westward</i>	39
<i>Garden Poetry</i>	40
<i>To Isabella</i>	41
<i>Venus</i>	43
<i>A Letter</i>	44
<i>Sleighbells</i>	46
<i>Tribute to the Memory of J. G. L.</i>	47
<i>Epitaph</i>	49
<i>Dirge on Lincoln</i>	50
<i>In Perpetuam, Ric Memoriam</i>	52
<i>Skirmish of Falling Waters</i>	53
<i>Memorial Day</i>	56
<i>Years Roll Away</i>	59
<i>The Tower of Babel</i>	60
<i>May Morning</i>	61
<i>June</i>	61
<i>The Ark</i>	62
<i>The Scot's Defiance</i>	63
<i>Columbia</i>	64
<i>The Fourth of July</i>	65
<i>Aurora</i>	67
<i>Nature's Symphonies</i>	68
<i>An Ode</i>	69
<i>Amoroso</i>	72
<i>Land of My Birth</i>	73
<i>Summer Day</i>	76
<i>Queen City</i>	77
<i>Youth</i>	80
<i>Memories</i>	81
<i>Sailing on the Lake</i>	85
<i>Through the Forest's Way</i>	87
<i>Shenandoah</i>	89
<i>Kiskiminetas</i>	93
<i>The Waiting Bride</i>	94
<i>The Southern Girl's Lament</i>	96
<i>Seraphine</i>	99
<i>On Receiving a Baby's Picture</i>	101

<i>The Southern Youth's Declamation</i>	102
<i>Remember our Sires</i>	104
<i>The Ark and The Dove</i>	106
<i>Miramichi</i>	108
<i>Dreams</i>	115
<i>Daybreak</i>	116
<i>The Seventh Day—Morning</i>	117
<i>Noon</i>	117
<i>Evening</i>	117
<i>The Poet's Song</i>	118
<i>The Poet's Opinion of Love</i>	121
<i>The Poet's Painting</i>	123
<i>Mysterious Sonnets</i>	124
<i>Adam's Apple</i>	125
<i>Adam and Eve</i>	126
<i>The Irishman's Lament</i>	126
<i>First and Last Discoveries</i>	127
<i>The Comet vs. Garfield</i>	128
<i>The Battle of Antietam</i>	129
<i>Taciturn</i>	131
<i>The Song of Erin's Son</i>	132
<i>The Vale of Ignorance and the Vale of Under- standing</i>	135
<i>Wise Men's Sayings on Kissing</i>	138
<i>To Mother</i>	141
<i>Petit Fille</i>	142
<i>Written for a Young Man on Receiving a Letter from his Mother</i>	143
<i>Written on a Postal Card</i>	144
<i>The Storied Kiss</i>	145
<i>Voice of Guitar</i>	146
<i>Culinary Department</i>	147
<i>Cupid in the Twilight</i>	148
<i>The Golden Wedding</i>	149
<i>Wills Creek</i>	150
<i>The Hermit Joan</i>	152
<i>Spring</i>	154

<i>To the Mocking Bird</i>	155
<i>Morning is Breaking</i>	156
<i>Close of Day</i>	157
<i>The To-morrow</i>	158
<i>Oral Legends</i>	159
<i>The Forest's Beauty</i>	160
<i>Morning Ramble</i>	161
<i>The Fairies</i>	162
<i>Twilight Bells</i>	163
<i>Childhood's Dreams</i>	164
<i>Night Shades</i>	164
<i>Madrigal</i>	165
<i>Heard ye the Billows</i>	166
<i>Canadian Correspondence</i>	167
<i>Poetical Art</i>	172
<i>I Hear a Song</i>	173
<i>The Months of the Year</i>	174
<i>What Sailors tell</i>	175
<i>The Banks of Neuse</i>	176
<i>Dan's Rock</i>	177
<i>The Site of Fort Cumberland by Moonlight</i>	178
<i>Spring Time Musings</i>	179
<i>The Tournament</i>	180
<i>The Lark to the Mountain Boy</i>	181
<i>To Lizzie</i>	182
<i>I Watch thee in thy Dreams. my Boy</i>	183
<i>Wonders</i>	183
<i>After Thoughts</i>	184
<i>I gazed on the Ocean</i>	184
<i>Autumn</i>	185
<i>The Altar of Freedom</i>	185
<i>Genius</i>	186
<i>Harper's Ferry</i>	187
<i>To Josephine</i>	192
<i>Autumn</i>	193
<i>Acrostic</i>	193
<i>The Sewing Basket</i>	194

<i>The Pharmaceutist</i>	195
<i>The Bouquet</i>	196
<i>Beaver River</i>	197
<i>Love</i>	198
<i>The Orchard</i>	199
<i>Petrified Music</i>	199
<i>Senex Vis Penr</i>	200
<i>Out of the Mist</i>	201
<i>Columbia</i>	201
<i>Destiny</i>	202
<i>Forever to be Free</i>	203
<i>Cumberland</i>	204
<i>Epitaph</i>	205
<i>Capture of Gens. Crooks and Kelly</i>	206
<i>The Plumbers</i>	208
<i>Battle of Ball's Bluff</i>	209
<i>Loss of the Jeanette</i>	210
<i>Woman</i>	212
<i>Nature's Wonders</i>	213
<i>Hotel Accident</i>	214
<i>The Birds choose a King</i>	215
<i>The Sun</i>	217
<i>Algonenia</i>	219
<i>The Legend of Pen-Mar</i>	222
<i>Never make an Enemy</i>	223
<i>The City of Brotherly Love</i>	224
<i>Dreamers and Thinkers</i>	225
<i>Winter</i>	226
<i>Christmas Bells</i>	227
<i>Liberty</i>	228
<i>To thee, my Heroine</i>	229
<i>The Thistle</i>	230
<i>Big Business Boom</i>	232
<i>Pocahontas</i>	234
<i>The Last of the Algonquins on the Alleghanies</i>	237
<i>Time</i>	240
<i>Wills, an Algonquin Chief</i>	241

<i>Potomac</i>	243
<i>The Honored River</i>	245,
<i>The City of Washington</i>	250
<i>The Little Bird on the Ship</i>	251
<i>Where are the Purples which graced my Morning,</i>	253
<i>Autumn Leaves</i>	255
<i>Sunset</i>	257
<i>Reveries</i>	259
<i>The Artist Girl</i>	261
<i>Psalm for Bachelors</i>	263
<i>By Request</i>	265
<i>Robert Burns' Birthday</i>	267
<i>Erin, Sweet Erin</i>	269
<i>Never Again</i>	271
<i>The Wildwood</i>	272
<i>Ohio</i>	273
<i>Oc-co-quan</i>	275
<i>I will Remember Thee</i>	277
<i>Review</i>	278
<i>The Old Year</i>	280
<i>The New Year</i>	281
<i>The Old and New Years' Greetings</i>	282
<i>Invention</i>	284
<i>Fictitious Names of States</i>	285
<i>An Evening Camp Scene</i>	287
<i>Progress</i>	289
<i>Learning, the Parent of Industry</i>	290
<i>Addendum</i>	290
<i>False Friendship</i>	291
<i>Conclusion</i>	292

ORIGIN AND USE OF POETRY.

THE most comprehensive definition of poetry is, that it is the language of passion, or of an enlivened imagination, generally formed into regular numbers. The Historian and Philosopher address themselves for most part to the understanding, their object is to inform, persuade and instruct. The Orator's purpose is to agitate, excite and to delight; by making an impression on the minds of the listeners, and thus command the sympathies of the heart.

The Poet's aim is to please, and to move by figures of speech, by highly colored expressions, and transalpine flights of fancy. The true Poet knows well, that even the untutored mind understands events portrayed in poetry much more readily, and remember it better, than if described in prose; thus showing that our finer natures are born within us, rather than derived from education.

Oral legends delineated, in poetry, in its crude and original form, have been handed down from time immemorial, passing from one generation to another; until finally they have been transcribed from verbal sayings to manuscripts, thence into book form, as in the case of Ossian and others. Poetry cannot be called nor classed as fiction, for the groundwork of our greatest and most wonderful poems are founded upon facts, as many of the ancient lyrics have transmitted to us; much of which is acknowledged marvels in literature by the learned men of our day.

Modern travelers are astonished to see the different scenes, as described by the pen of Homer three thousand years ago, still existing in the same unvaried form; and the sailor, who guides his vessel along the *Ægean*, sees all the promontories and rocks which appeared to Nestor and Menelaus, when they returned victorious from the Trojan war. Scenes, described

by many of the ancient Poets, present themselves in such picturesque and varying forms, as to fascinate the intelligent reader, as no works written in prose have done, or ever can do.

The Poet's mind is supposed to be inspired, or animated by some interesting object, which communicates to his style a peculiar elevation, suited to the ideas he desires to express; very different from that mode of expression which is natural to the mind, in its calm and tranquil moments, although the truth is, verse and prose on some occasions run into one another, glimmering with sunbeams and shadows.

It is hardly possible to define, or to determine, where eloquence ends and poetry begins; nor is there any need for being very precise as to the boundary line. The most gifted Orators, frequently styled silver-tongued, know the effect of mellifluous numbers on the ear, whose exhilarating resonance inspires the listeners with joyous emotion. Or the solemn, grave and sympathetic tones, that touch the innermost chords that oftentimes starteth the tear-drop, while the bosom heaves a sigh.

It is a very great error to imagine, that poetry or music are arts, which only belong to the more refined and highly polished nations. The little child, long ere it lisps a word, expresses its pleasure when mirth and merry-making amusements surround it, and becomes discouraged and depressed when cheerless words are spoken.

Poetry and music have their foundations in nature, the far-stretched landscape appears to the observant eye a petrified poem, beyond the reach of words to express; language fails when it attempts to describe the prehistoric scales by which we are surrounded.

Man being an imitative creature, mimicked nature from the beginning. Adam and Eve seen the forest trees adorned with scalloped leaves; it was quite natural that they concealed their nakedness, by making themselves aprons, or placing broad palms over their persons, to lessen the scorching rays of the sun in an oriental clime.

Do not our youths of both sexes love to display bouquets, when promenading at the present day. No doubt Mother Eve wreathed rose-buds in her flowing curls. If our first parents did those things, did they not mimic the song of the lark, and the nightingale, or form Eolian harps, whose strings were fanned by roving zephyrs, in fair Eden's bowers.

Poetry as an art, stands first and foremost of all, so far as science can trace art; though like other arts founded by nature, it has been improved and cultured, and under favorable circumstances carried to a greater degree of perfection in some climates than in others.

In order to explore the rise of poetry, we must betake ourselves to the deserts and wilds; back to the age of the hunters and shepherds; to the highest antiquity, and to the simplest forms of speech, and articulation known to mankind.

Antiquity itself affirms that poetry is much older than prose; not that we are ever to suppose that man conversed in poetical numbers, but no doubt the first sounds impressed on the babe's mind by its mother, or nurse, in ages bygone, was in the similitude of hush-a-by-baby in the tree top of the present day.

No doubt some of our remote ancestors were cradled in the branching boughs, and the idea still remains impressed on the mind of the human family; imbedded firmly in the cranium, even when surrounded by all the comforts, luxuries and enjoyments of civilized life.

Why should not the untutored mind imitate nature, and much more so than the highly cultivated intellect of to-day? Why, because it had less to trouble over, and more time for enjoyment; more leisure and more time to meditate. Man's instincts are much more fine and vivid in the savage state, than in refined and highly cultured society. Civilization's surroundings destroy the instincts in animals to a very great extent; the same elements tend to depress many of the original impulses in man.

We learn from the particular and concurring accounts of the early travelers on the continent of America, that among

which treasures of thought will flow, and like waters bursting the levees, find other outlets.

Description will always be the test of imagination, and will always be descriptive of the writer. The true poet will always make us imagine that we see the picture he is describing, giving distinguishing features, portraying life, and realities, in glowing colors; placing it in such a light that a painter might copy readily after him.

All readers, familiar with poetry, know that English heroic, or five Iambic feet to the measure, is much more laborious to read, than ballad or Anapestic measure; the reason is, that five Iambics continuous, is really unmusical. The tongue and the ear act in harmony with each other; smoothness is necessary in all writing, thus obviating discord in reading or in recitation. The true poet depends on the action of those two members, for the proper construction of his sentences.

This shows that there is something in the return of familiar sounds, properly spaced, that carry both elegance and harmonious sweetness, which is grateful to the ears of mankind. This, to a certain extent, is the reason why rhyming words are used by Poets, in the construction and finishing of verse, although all languages do not permit of it.

The poetry of a nation records its history in a form which frequently defies the march of time, much more surely than any literature ever penned in prose; and he, who reads the poems of antiquity, intelligently apprehends the spirit of the times in which they were composed, much more readily, and to a greater extent, than in any parallel passages in prose, written by contemporary authors, which only give the reader results.

True poetry abounds with expressions of national spirit, which faithfully delineates events, picturing scenes, and places before the reader's mind, panoramas or cycloramas, which seems to inspire, while it aims to inform. As it chronicles truthfully the many stages, and actors, that mark each succeeding era, disclosing their ever changing features,

on and on through succeeding centuries, that are eternally rolling back into the unfathomed abyss of time.

Poetry is the chosen repository of thought, that depicts the aspirations of mighty intellects, as they move on the terrestrial stage. Bards have caught and fixed the images on their magic lyres, whose resonance rings throughout the world long after the fingers that touched the harp-strings have crumbled into dust.

So long as the inspired writings exist, just so long poetry must continue to fill a place in the world's literature. It alone is the true polisher of language, expressing ideas in flowering words and mellifluous measures; beautifying and ennobling oratory, giving more copious vocabulaire, deft and ready, epigrammatic, humorous and pathetic, suiting the occasion, animating the audience. Poetry when properly read, cultivates the voice, refining the ear, and adding volumes of treasured jewels and gems, that well adorn the republic of letters; imbuing the readers, or the listeners, with feelings never prompted by the most eloquent prose.

W. F. C.

POEMS.

ONWARD.

The dawn unfurled its trappings red:
As up the hill of Science sped,
A boy who wore from cot unnamed,
A gem inscribed with motto famed,
The hieroglyphic—Onward.

His brow was clear, his eagle eye
Saw fame's minarets piercing sky.
His step was firm, his heart was young;
One word lay silent on his tongue,
Which well concealed—Onward.

Around him spread the level land,
With cheerful homes on every hand;
Good people gazed in queer dismay;
To see an humble youth display,
The charm inspiring—Onward.

A maiden looking heavenward,
Saw nothing could his pace retard—
Cried onward in a witching voice,
The echo did his heart rejoice,
Reverberating—Onward.

He crossed the landscapes, high and low;
He drank of learning's purest flow;
He compassed Science, cloud-veiled mount;
He saw Minerva guard the fount,
Whose stream rolls ever—Onward.

He launched his bark on sea of life,
Whose billows bring to all men strife;
Upon its waves new hopes were born;
He scanned the swelling surge with scorn,
As he sped surely—Onward.

Tho' troubled oft and weary worn;
When tempest hurled, about him storm,
He saw that beacons on life's sea,
Should brighter burn where headlands be,
To guide the youthful—Onward.

When age towards life's noon did march;
Yon sun, keystone of heaven's arch,
Saw him o'erturn the savants' ranks;
Back, back receded far their flanks,
Naught stayed the checkless—Onward.

When years rolled up a flood of time,
Fame's turrets showed a jeweled line,
That radiance shed from topmost height;
There written was his symbol bright,
Like loadstar beamed—Onward.

Supporting emblem were new arts,
Which flashed forth transparent darts.
Lo! there on vellum circling thrice,
A girlish name entwined device,
Where laurels wreathed—Onward.

When three and thirty years passed by,
Beside him youth and age espy,
The nymph who gaily cheered at morn;
Evening rays did each adorn.
'Twas typical of—Onward.

Ah! glory rapt their silver hair,
Life's sunset gathered lustre there.
Such forms would grace an artist scene;
The sight would crown a poet's dream,
The twain were looking—Onward.

As round them fell the twilight grey;
In facia shining halos play;
In that refulgence all could read,
Their brightest hope was still ahead,
Where dawns another—Onward.

THE RIVER OF SWANS.

With fond recollection,
 In times of dejection,
 Methinks with affection
 On thee; Oh! river of Swans.
 Whose waters so mild would,
 In days of my childhood,
 Course through the green wildwood,
 Where, browsed light footed fawns.

Often when pondering,
 Wherever wandering,
 My thoughts go sauntering,
 Back to the river of Swans.
 Then witching phantasies,
 Transport me ecstasies,
 Laden with euphonies,
 Gladdening thy windings and lawns.

Where sunbeams victorious,
 Glittering glorious,
 Gild waters before us,
 From mountain rivulets drawn.
 Nature's magnificence,
 Vast in munificence,
 Speaks with grandiloquence;
 Thy waves move listlessly on.

Forests luxuriant,
 Sloping so elegant,
 All their inhabitants
 Bathe in the river of Swans.

Chariots, iron wheeled,
Carry hot caldrons, steeled;
Crossing the chasm and field;
Drink, and drive furiously on.

On west winds weirdly borne,
From vales of ribboned corn.
Comes sound of boatmen's horn;
The barge moves leisurely on.
Highlands articulate,
Echoes reverberate,
Enchantments captivate
Tourists when Aurora dawns.

Sails, snow white expanding,
Rudder, leeward standing,
Waves roll up the landing.
The ship glides speedily on.
Cygnetts robed in white,
Cerulean flow bedight,
They pinions spread for flight,
When spring time decks thy lawn.

Thy columns, minarets,
Bastions and parapets,
Arches and bridges beget
Wonders where abysses yawn.
Battle fields intervene,
Knights tilt on level's green,
Victor crowns beauty queen
With flowers that bloom on thy lawn.

I have list to bells chime o'er,
Many a lovable shore,
But not one of them bore
Landscapes so exquisitely drawn.

All is symmetrical;
All is reciprocal;
All is poetical;
When summer, beautify lawns.

Nothing to mutiny,
All things in unity,
Each beyond scrutiny,
Dwell by the river of Swans.
Whose waters advancing,
By margins romancing,
Where beauty entrancing,
Down to the ocean roll on.

Thy heaven born crystals,
Seem ever to jingle,
With a musical tingle,
Over thy beautiful lawns.
Euphrates, Rubicon,
Ganges, nor Amazon,
Hath such legends upon,
As thee; famed river of Swans.

LAUGHTER.

Laughter is the best physician,
 Earth has for long ages known,
 Never use it in derision,
 It may place in hearts of stone.
 'Tis the world's most gay companion,
 Drives away gloom and sadness.
 Bringeth joy to cot and mansion,
 Spreads around the balm of gladness.

Health accompanies treatment simple,
 Applicable to all ages,
 To youth's visage gives the dimple,
 Brightens brow of sire and sage.
 Invalids go and consult him,
 He will all thy burdens lighten;
 Lay smiles on brow, on cheek and chin,
 And will Old Time's father frighten.

Come and brighten face with laughter,
 'Twill rival drugs, mixed in wine;
 Let mirth ring amid the rafters,
 Joys renew at evening time.
 Defy approach of Time, my boy,
 Open air and ringing cheers,
 Gives good health a wealth of joy,
 Lengthens life out many years.

THE LITTLE BIRD SINGING.

Now in arbor a little bird singing,
Never knowing I listening can be;
Sweet his caroling measure a ringing,
Which comes tenderly floating to me.

Oh! his winsomest chirrups a slinging,
Over meadows hies rapture's thrill;
Where the roses and daisies are flinging,
Fragrant perfumes the ether to fill.

From the warblings about me that's swinging,
Rises magical echoes of love;
For the musical twitters are springing,
Into depths of azure above:

Thoughts of youth and its joyous hours bringing,
When rare symphonies rang in the blue;
Then the morning of life was a winging.
To me cadences, pleasing and new.

Time its minutes is ever a stringing,
While the birdlings sing gaily at morn;
To the sunset is ever a clinging,
Purple and gold its path to adorn.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

When sunbeams fade around me,
So beautiful to see,
And twilight shadows bound me,
That darkens all the lea.

In vaulted skies above,
I watched the glittering star;
I pray then God may love me,
He bides in heavens far.

A prayer my mother taught me,
I oft repeat at night;
Where mellow moonbeams sought me,
With smiling gleams of light.

I ask that God may guide me,
As stars thro' space are led;
I ask him to provide me,
From day to day with bread.

I pray that he may bless me,
His bidding for to keep;
With love to all impress me,
And guard me while I sleep.

I pray that God may wake me
When morning breaks again;
And when I die may take me,
And then I say, Amen.

AN ALLEGORY.

This allegory was delivered by Crittenden, of Kentucky, before a Jury in Court in the language of prose.

The Creator called his council,
 When He conceived the creation of man;
 Justice, Truth, and Mercy, ministers three,
 Which His cabinet fills;
 And thus the discussion began,
 That in a twinkling settled must be.
 He, stern Justice, thus addressed—
 Shall we make in our image man?
 Justice said, Oh God! make him not;
 Thy laws he will ever depress
 And trample them down without fear.
 Truth also said—Never make man,
 He will pollute every sanctified spot,
 And all over the world go seeking redress.
 But Mercy down on her knees dropping low,
 Her upturned eyes dimmed with tears,
 Said, Oh! Creator of all, create man!
 I will watch over him, you know;
 Along the dark paths in my care,
 Though on the yawning abyss he treads;
 Over him I will watch everywhere.
 Then the Creator formed man,
 A mortal with a breathing heart.
 And thus He spake unto him—
 The Child of Mercy thou art;
 She is thy guardian and mother.
 Go forth and in traversing the world,
 Deal justly with thy brother.

CHARITY.

Charity; charity; trisyllable rare,
 Ever burning with beauty celestial;
 Guarding the humble and lowly: thy care
 On the hemispheres terrestrial.

Charity etymon, wondrous and fair,
 Spiritual thoughts ever inspiring.
 Lighting the darkness and driving despair,
 Sadness and sickness before thee, retiring.

Strength thou instillest in sorrowful hearts,
 Cheering bosoms of the lonely and weary.
 Gladness surpassing sunshine, thou imparts;
 Illumining soul despondent and dreary.

Angelic dispenser, traversing plains,
 Blessing earth and its suffering billions;
 Within and without forever proclaims,
 Would on supernal scales overturn millions.

Placed in a balance, it outweighs pure gold;
 Placed in a bushel, overruns measure;
 Charity's emoluments ever must hold,
 For heaven retaineth its treasure.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

When the Creator first made,
With his infinite hand,
Planets above and below;
On the seventh He stayed,
For Sabbath the universe spanned,
Far spread celestial glow.

Hallowed hours, repose everywhere;
How resplendent that morn;
Heaven, waters, trees and sod,
Even ether's vast realm of air,
Gladly welcomed rest, newly born;
The work of a wonderful God.

And the confines of space smiled,
Showing his consummate power.
On the morning of its birth,
Like an exulting child,
Forests, thickets, and wild flowers,
All rejoiced on the earth.

First of days ennobling time;
Everything seemed its guest.
Omnipotence reigned in the skies;
Halos touched the mountain line,
Underneath all things were blest;
Every plain a paradise.

Thus ever since, in seventh one,
God says mysteries are mine.
Mankind in six, comprehends
And feels when Sabbath comes.
Creative power, an arm divine,
Blends with nature as a friend.

SCHOOLS IN OLDEN-TIME.

'Twas in the days of olden times,
 Some six and twenty years ago,
 When husking bees and spelling glees
 Were loved by all the girls, you know.

The village school by Stony Creek,
 Was known to all in Johnnystown;
 'Twas wisely taught and youths here sought
 For wisdom true that brings renown.

One morning when this school had met,
 A lad who loved the lassies well,
 Had stopped to talk, adown the walk;
 His whereabouts no boy would tell.

The master smiled when he came in,
 But not so gently as he might;
 His thought within was very grim,
 A ruler holding very tight.

The scholar lookéd somewhat queer
 When tutor asked, Where have you been?
 (That question's old) and you are sold,
 He said, if you think that I'm green.

The tutor's patience seemed to wane,
 He looked confused and wild;
 A youthful bear, with standing hair,
 Before him stood and simply smiled.

His resentment, suppressed before,
 Seemed quickly, quickly to give out,
 As legs of chairs move through the air,
 That scholar fled amid the rout.

CONEMAUGH.

Yé margins of the Conemaugh;
 That's linked to the mountains;
 Where forests wild and verdant glades,
 Dew gathers for thy fountains.

Where early red wakes little birds,
 That sing in summer mornings;
 Where lightning's glare and thunder's peal,
 Wake lowlands with their warnings.

When first I knew thee, Conemaugh,
 Divine thy myrtle findings;
 For nature then bore not a flaw,
 When brambles graced thy windings.

Lo! wondrous arts have wrecked thy glens,
 That once were decked with flowers;
 Where warbled blackbirds, and the wrens
 Who built their nests in thy bowers.

Thy busy mills, Oh! Conemaugh!
 Fling o'er thee black defiance;
 Thy winding rills, from out the hills,
 Now passing views the science.

Thy roving boys still play on banks,
 And joyous shoot white alleys;
 Thy laughing girls, with mirthful pranks,
 Lone lilies of thy valleys.

VALENTINE MORNING.

The doctor slept in his peaceful bed,
 When his ear caught the telephone's ring;
 "Bother," he said, as he popped his head,
 And forth to the floor did spring.
 The bells resounding, weirdly chime,
 Midnight opens, day of Valentine.

"That wicked girl," he said, "disturbs my dreams,
 In the middle of the midnight hour.
 By the tug she gives that bell, it seems
 Her arm has a wonderful power."
 Then spake a sweet voice, whose cheerful note,
 Across the ceiling seemed to float:

She cried, "Awake, awake, good Doctor Pill;
 Order a dose for one old toper."
 The doctor said, "Give three opium pills,
 And settle for night the old joker.
 'Twill make him rove the ends of time,
 That knows not day of Valentine."

WHEN MORNING IS BREAKING.

Bring me a harp, when morning is breaking,
Tinging the skies with hues, tintings untold,
The hemisphere and the ocean all waking,
Under one stream of glittering gold.

Rise me a song when the sunrise is bringing
Balm of sweet flowers from the sylvan grove;
When every songster on branches are singing,
Telling to mates some sweet story of love.

Nature enhancing, with workings sublime,
Harmonies mysterious, gladdening sky;
Music entrancing, rare melodies chime;
Mountains and valleys and forests reply.

High in the vaults of blue heaven the numbers
Rejoice ever, each morning, through time.
Memnon now wrapt in ages of slumber,
Still is surrounded by trios divine.

Think not alone, we in ether are sailing;
Far-away planets have birds and sweet flowers.
Orbs that can never allow us a hailing,
Hath musical notes that's rivaling ours.

THE BIRDLING'S COURTSHIP.

Blithe was a birdling, one morning, who sang
 In the forest, where others were flitting;
 Joyous and sweet were the carols he rang
 Out thro' the branches, where songsters were sitting.
 Merrily, merrily, twitters the beautiful bird;
 Such an enchanting minne-singer never was heard.
 Every note, loving and tender;
 Weirdly crossed wild wood in splendor;
 Doubly ringing, echoed together,
 Then reverberating clever,
 When I love, I love forever.

There was a pretty bird, perched near by,
 That was listening to proffers discreetly.
 Far, far above her the symphonies fly,
 And the ecstasies enchanted her completely.
 Startling euphonies, measured so clear,
 Never before had encircled her ear.
 Every chirrup seemed to sever,
 Quaintly telling true love breaketh never.
 Repeating trebles sing all together,
 Tenors number soft and clever,
 Where I love, I love forever.

Oh! how demurely she smiled on that lover's suit;
 And he winged the air in that direction.
 Bright were her eyes but her tongue was mute,
 Mated exquisite; hymeneal perfection.
 They now together go building a nest;
 Ever singing their duets in unison blest.
 Harmonies loving and tender;
 Weirdly cross wild wood in splendor.
 Altos, and sopranos mingle together,
 Every note vibrating clever,
 Sing we love, we love forever.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Dew-tipped flowers, the sunbeam's tinsel;
 Birds are winging skies of May.
 Beauties fit for artist's pencil;
 Kissed by zephyrs soft to-day.
 Youthful lips rehearse the story,
 Blithely singing sonnets gay,
 Naught exelleth Maytime's glory,
 Rings in every roundelay.
 All the muses convene;
 Hearken Alexandrine.

Nature's cabinet assembling,
 Myrtles, myrrh and basil, trembling,
 Join in beautifying May.
 Waterfalls are music lending,
 On their margins lambkins stray;
 Cross the streamlets, branches bending.
 Shadows cast on silver spray.
 Hearken Alexandrine,
 Chosen you are May Queen.

Hark, in belfries, bells are pealing,
 Silver bells, ring joyous lay,
 High the swells in ether stealing,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, May.
 Yes! in noon's effulgent splendor,
 Join we all, garlands green array.
 Placing forget-me-nots tender,
 Side the daisy sweet of May.
 With lilies tall between,
 Crowns fair Alexandrine.

THE BOY FISHING.

The robins are chirping, the sunlight is beaming,
 On waters which murmuring, wind through the vale.
 The brightest of dewdrops on myrtles are gleaming;
 Balm from the wild flowers is scenting the vale.

The thrush and the linnet, now warbles their measure,
 The nimble red squirrel runs far up the tree.
 The rabbit is hiding and listens at pleasure;
 To little dog barking in wildest of glee.

The boy is a fishing blue bass from the river,
 Across yonder cliff, he has chiseled his name.
 Beside him his bow, and the well filled quiver—
 The mark, may he reach on the temple of fame.

This youth that's now often found rolling white alleys,
 May marshal proud armies, his country to save.
 Or meet with the savants from mountains and valleys,
 In council be Nestor among chieftains brave.

He searches old volumes which many neglect;
 And gathers from vellums the quaintest of lore;
 His knowledge ever wins him esteem and respect;
 To its happy possessor opes every door.

LAUNCH THY BARQUE.

Launch thy barque upon the waters,
 Whistle loud and sound it shrill,
 Beauties music loving daughters,
 Stand in waiting on the hill.
 When they know my wherry sailing,
 They are watching for the hour;
 And my whistle is the hailing,
 Calling each from rustic bowers,
 Fumed with odor of the flowers.

Sing me grassy margined waters,
 Flowing from the silver spring,
 Where the steps of roving daughters,
 Mark the banks where lilies cling.
 Rosy cheeks and eyes so merry,
 Glances bearing starry gleam,
 And lips tinted like a berry,
 Floating in a snowy cream,
 Bringing us enchanting dream.

Sing me of the laughing waters,
 Gushing through the reeds in May,
 Floating world's rejoicing daughters,
 Carols ringing all the way.
 Sweetly rising, joyous measures,
 Forth it peals in winsome swells,
 O'er the fountain's crystal treasure,
 Bearing light canoes so well,
 High the witching cadence swell.

Sing me pearly sparkling waters,
Dancing round the light canoe,
Onward bearing warbling daughters,
Trebles gladdens far the blue.
Ripples passing round us glisten;
Chorals chant in ether rhyme,
On the margins lovers listen,
To guitars and cymbals chime,
Oars with music keeping time.

Sing me parting limpid waters,
Playing on the birchen prow,
Gliding on with graceful daughters,
Curls adorn each charming brow.
Love and beauty ever sailing,
On the level glassy crest,
When the sunset's fire is hailing,
Gold and purple on the west,
Fascination there is blest.

Sing me dew distilléd waters,
Hiding well the track and trail,
And of shores where singing daughters,
Are all waiting for a sail.
My canoe is always ready,
At the margin of the lake,
And she rides the billows steady,
When she fairy burdens take;
When the moonbeams light the lake.

THE NYMPH'S DEFIANCE.

There is many a thing, to the bachelors I wish to tell,
 I'm a lassie; that never can love a wild romancing swell,
 I'm not killed with beauty, nor flaunting the banners of
 pride;
 I'm fussy and plain, amiable, and prudent beside.

I can smile at old bachelors' conceit and witchery,
 And I blink when young upstarts, and striplings are wink-
 ing at me,
 All their fanciful ammunition shall be wasted in vain,
 I am proof against sunbeams, and will never melt in the
 rain.

I can work in the laundry, the kitchen, and pump handle
 bend,
 I can sew on the buttons, and finest of hosiery mend,
 I can knit my own costumes, braidings and traveling wraps.
 Embroider the slippers, the tunics, the comforts, and caps.

I can milk the red cow, and rich cream in ices I freeze,
 I can churn out the butter and make the most excellent
 cheese,
 I have often times read, that man's heart near his stomach
 doth lay.
 Just provide him rich puddings and pies, he will bless you
 all day.

There is a number of single men now considering my fate,
 And full thirty and three young flunkeys all wishing to
 mate,

And a full dozen widowers all laden with gold,
Are watching and waiting, aunt Euphemia's told.

That wicked phalanx, I will have it disbanded,
I would prefer to wed an emigrant, one just landed;
All their courteous attentions to me will all be thrown away.
For their gossip shall tell of an elderly damsel some day.

Now gents, let your urbane civilities cease, ever cease,
One favor I ask that is peace, let me exit in peace,
I am sure, oh as sure, as I certainly, certainly be,
I will marry no man, and no man shall ever marry me.

Without blushing, this truth, oh, this truth, I will truthfully
say,
No one believes a word that a girl that's just sixteen will
say;
So gents take off your beavers, bewilder me if you can,
I'm the girl that has promised never to marry a man.

THE BACHELOR'S WARNING.

Morning woke, with charms belonging,
 Scarlet lustres flaunting glory;
 Then I heard a voice whose longings,
 Told a weird and rueful story.

'Twas a bachelor, a warning,
 All men with his sonnets doleful;
 Thus He sang, upon each morning,
 Never live a life so woeful.

Once my heart was soft and mellow,
 Then my hands were ever toiling;
 Reaping fields with harvest yellow,
 Building barns where grain is spoiling.

Herds are roving meadows over,
 Where the gushing streamlets sobbing;
 Fleecy flocks are playing rover,
 Lone I watch with bosom throbbing.

Once so youthful, strong, and ruddy,
 Seeking for the mighty dollar;
 Waiting let escape my study,
 One whose love can help the scholar.

Years are speaking, and advancing,
 Wisdom dearly bought now descends.
 Wedded bliss, I see enhancing,
 Showing need of a confiding friend.

Sad, dejected, tired waiting,
 Wildest themes forever rambles,
Through my brain, always relating,
 Memories, sharp as hawthorn brambles.

Spring to me is dull and weary,
 Summer ever onward wending;
Autumn gales blow wild and dreary,
 Hoary locks, with winter's blending.

Round me now, no glees are spoken,
 Making nature's mirthful cheering,
Waiting long the chords have broken,
 Waiting for a call endearing.

Sighs are sighing, sure returning,
 Hopes, forever hid in sorrow,
While the rays of July's burning,
 Wait I for some kind to-morrow.

Darkly falls the leafless shadows,
 From yon aged oak that's withering;
Softest winds, across the meadows,
 Chill my sallow veins that's shivering.

Tell me not of golden summers,
 When my evening sun is setting.
Melancholy's mournful hummers
 Truly weaves me, fond regrettings.

May recalls June, which I remember,
 Wherein laughed, love's lighted ember;
Grieving in the cold December,
 Cupid's darts I still remember.

*THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S LAND.**

The English legions march the plains,
 Of Queen of Sheba's land,
 They stalk within the sacred fanes,
 On Cleopatra's sand.
 Ishmael awakes in might and main,
 Wakes Islam; to avenge their slain,
 Drives Celt and Saxons, arméd trains
 From great Mahomet's strand.

Hark! the Saracens, arms adjust,
 On Queen of Sheba's land,
 Their gleaming lances never rust,
 On Oriental sand.
 They call to mind Mahomet's trust;
 Tarik Ben Zaid, and Omar's thrust,
 And Haroun El Raschid, the Just,
 That lived in Soudan land.

Hear Hager's fearless sons they vow,
 On Queen of Sheba's land,
 As they before Great Allah, bow,
 Low on the burning sand;
 They rise, for freedom, death, or woe,
 To fling the lance, or draw the bow:
 Daring Sheiks, steeds white as snow,
 Lead the intrepid band.

Ah see, their chestnut chargers wheel
 On Oriental sand;
 Ah see, them charge the Britons' steel
 That bristle on their land.

* The Abyssinians claim that the Queen of Sheba was an Arabian.

See jute, and angles, columns kneel
To meet the onset, ere they reel;
Or the hot breath of war-horse feel,
That bears heroic band.

'Tis freedom's dawn, effulgence bright,
Wakes Sheba's Queenly land;
See! Victoria's panoplied Knights
Cannot the gleams withstand.
The dread simoon her armies smite;
See! sands with Britons, all bedight,
Gewgaws, and tinsel: mark the flight
Of Woolsey's vain command.

Gordon called, he called in vain,
For help in Soudan land;
El Machi burst the tyrant's chain:
Dispersing England's band,
Drove Stewart's minions back again;
Osman Digma swept far the plain;
Arabia's daughters, known to fame,
Glory won for their land.

They came with spears, whose glimmer shine
On Soudan's level land;
Their bay steeds' necks were arched sublime,
Pride of Arabian sand.
And many a black horse flanked the line;
Bearing Amazonian heroine;
The name of Allah was their sign;
Winds their waving crescent fanned.

Dark as the Shulamites, their cheek
Brown as the Soudan sand;
Shapely figures, demeanor meek,
An Oriental band.

Silvery voices, whose utterances greet
Arabian hills; the echoes speak,
Awakening Nile's topmost creek,
Where rivulets expand.

They all defy Queen Vic's control
In Sheba's Queenly land;
They will not tribute yield, nor toil,
To young upstart England;
Believing in Mahomet's scroll,
His manuscripts they well unroll,
There read, to heaven goes warlike soul,
Battling for Islam's land.

They silenced Scotia's bagpipes' hum
On Sheba's Queenly land;
While Erin fought 'mid clouds of dun,
Which rose on every hand.
The wild Arabs took Albion's guns,
Capturing battle flags and drums;
Valiant Ishmael, not deaf nor dumb,
When freedom's blaze is fanned,
To him the East did once succumb;
The falchion, plume, and crescent won;
He vows to drive all tyrants from
The Queen of Sheba's land.

EMBLEMS MASONIC.

We meet on the level,
We part upon the square;
We every angle bevel,
We plummet every care.

We swing our mallets truly,
We place the levers true;
We oil the rolling pulley
We tighten every screw.

We use the shining trowel,
To place the mortar sure;
We circumscribe the vowel;
To wisdom well secure.

We guide the plow, and chisel,
The rudder and the pen;
Our paintings grace the easel,
Our music wakes the glen.

We lower lofty mountains,
We make new rivers flow;
We built beside the fountain,
Six thousand years ago.

We cherish ancient emblems,
We love to polish each,
Their lustre falls before men,
And purest morals teach.

When Light refulgent opened
We came on earth to stay,
Our genius still shall hope send,
To brighten coming day.

TO OHR LODGE, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

Adieu, my dear friends of the compass and rule;
 Adieu to my Brothers in mystical tie;
 Ye enlightened sons of the ancient high school,
 Let ever your guard be the All-Seeing Eye.

May liberty, harmony, twining with love,
 Ever mantle your Order in worthy design,
 Let your Lodge, be the emblem of one, that's above,
 Which is hidden from view by a heavenly line.

Build your Temple of granite, of cedar, and fir,
 On ceilings carve lilies and wide open flowers;
 Let the myrtle adorning, be dweller with myrrh;
 They will wanderer welcome, in fraternal hours.

Sheathe the turrets, with gilding, reflecting the sun,
 Which transplendent light from the azure imparts;
 Let the device on the dome, be a typical one
 Of Science, revealing to tyros, the arts.

Portray on inner walls, vessels ploughing the main;
 And the beacons and headlands, where wild billows roll;
 Show the brine, greeting waters from valleys and plains,
 On whose margins, stand Peace, Truth, and Virtue with
 scrolls;
 With harps, trumpets, and timbrels, the borders enchain.

Make the arches expanding, show architect's skill,
 Place their circles on foundations firm and secure,
 Have each column form beauty and blazon good will,
 Sparkle chalcedonys and hyacinths pure.

Set their chapters level, with plummet's lines law;
On each chisel the Olives, full Ears, and the Vine.
Let the square of the craftsmen bear never a flaw;
For the Master shall test with a symbol divine.

Adieu to the Ohr Lodge of fair Cumberland,
May your pyramid towering long ages review,
And its hieroglyphics to Masons expand,
A remembrance of all that is noble and true.

THE CANOE.

Come and ride in my birch canoe
On the waters still and deep;
When star-light twinkles on the blue,
Watching far the billows sleep.

While from celestial realms above
Silver rays are darting low,
Lighting the crystals while we rove,
Ripples parting as we go.

Onward ! onward ! lakes we're crossing,
Wavelets dance around the prow;
Gently gliding pearls are tossing,
In the wake arolling now.

Ring a cadence weird, resembling
Raptures of some fairy clime,
Ether fill with trios trembling,
Pealing forth a glorious chime.

Slow the paddles graceful bending
Turn the light canoe for land;
All together onward tending,
Soon we touch the pebbly strand.

WATCHING VENUS.

DECEMBER 6TH, 1882.

Majestic fell the morning's ray
 On valleys, hills, and towering spires;
 The children have a gala day,
 They talk of Venus to their sires.

Fair Venus gazed on worthy dames,
 And smiling maidens, truly sweet;
 Saw little cherubs, aged three,
 That lisped her name in every street.

Some witching eyes are scanning depths,
 Surveying far cerulean sky,
 While many leer at other sons,
 In avenues that's nearer by.

Thro' telescopes, and smoked glass,
 The school boys see blind Homer's star;
 And Savants old, with mighty lens,
 Watch love and beauty soaring far.

They read the works of Sages gone,
 Written when Clio's quill was young,
 Which tells, refulgent gleams were cast
 On earth when light, through chaos sprung.

Then morning stars and satellites,
 Their music rang throughout the skies,
 Echoes returned in raptures flight,
 The verge of space gave back replies.

From centre of universe limits;
 Within, above, below, around;
Where distance hides, unknown spheres,
 Revolving, uttermost bound.

Immortal sages taught: balanced laws
 Each planet's centre well restrain;
Celestial space admits no flaw;
 Each orbit guides her shining train.

Now, pretty maids, and blithesome boys,
 While twinkling stars above you shine,
Let heaven's rule thy guardian be,
 'Twill guide thy steps in merit's line.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Only a tramp, only a tramp;
 Courtesy fails to describe it as human;
 Without a home, rambling alone,
 Robed in dust, begging a crust,
 While noonday's brightness his pathway illumines.
 Some with amaze, wondering gaze;
 Some in disgust, look with distrust;
 Some tender hearts kind words impart,
 Whose euphonies clear starteth a tear.

Only a tramp, only a tramp;
 Pitiful sight, pallid and white;
 Woeful the plight, 'tis an affright;
 Robed in dust, begging a crust,
 Where rays of lamps, falling aslant,
 On avenues, where retinues
 Splendors review, none interview:
 Wandering tramp, in midnight damp,
 So spiritless, lowly and thriftless.

Has he a parent, or kinfolk at all;
 Did he hear ever, a motherly call;
 Open his history, seek out the mystery;
 Had he ability, had he agility;
 Had he civility, or is it treachery,
 Cursed with knavery, that's drove him from home,
 Over the wide hemisphere to roam
 An outcast, in a world bright and new,
 Where cities stand, beneath heaven's blue.

Open the mystery, seek out his history;
Is he the offspring of nobility;
Or a lone waif, born in obscurity,
Or bears he embryo incongruity.
Unveil the impulses guiding him;
Lacks he strength of mind, or strength of limb;
Seek why he let life go unimproved by,
How came he a thriftless castaway,
Come critic, come now and have your say,
Round the forlorn, and fragile form,
Let thy criticisms play.

Patient toil will bring success,
In any branch of science;
Know this and studiously caress,
The hours that brighten self-reliance.
Let hand and heart with genius bending,
The trio working with might and zeal.
Open arts, whose inventions attending,
Into line new wonders wheel.

Learning enriches the mind,
In solitude cultivate genius;
The work of an artist, like a pearl lifted
From obscurity, shineth the brightest
When brought forth to light,
From the innermost
Recesses of seclusion.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Daylight came riding from under the billow,
 Driving the stars all away to their homes;
 Children rejoicing, were leaping from pillow,
 Brightest of rays on curling locks shone.

Smiling so sweetly, the cherubs sought kisses;
 Laughter was lighting each sweet sunny face,
 Blissfully blending with mother's caresses,
 Wreathing all pleasure with angelic grace.

Picturing children, in sylvany bowers,
 Circled by happiness seeming divine;
 Within and without, were opening flowers,
 Wafting their balm in the golden sunshine.

Innocence pure, as the newness of morning,
 Gladdens the hours, that move gloriously on;
 Serenest joy, every transport adorning,
 Shedding affection and beauty anon.

Who would not welcome such moments returning,
 When gleams of love first enchanted the soul;
 Winning for taper in bosom a burning,
 Thoughts that will live, while our mornings shall roll.

Days ever recall us youthful emotion,
 Childhood renewing sweet stories of cheer,
 Often returns with our evening's devotion,
 Singing us sonnets of earliest years.

MORNING.

Orient portals, with aureates glisten,
 Night's robe vanish before the day;
 Shades retreating seem to listen,
 To the skylarks' early morning lay.
 Down the myrtle pearly dewes are wheeling,
 Wildwood denizens, spring from their lair;
 Over valleys zephyrs soft are stealing,
 Wafting balm of sweet flowrets in air.

NOONDAY.

Noon's high sun, in heaven's centre burning,
 Brightens forests, glades, and meadow;
 Mists, from mountains, to the seas returning,
 Gladden fertile valleys with their flow.
 Meridian splendors now descending,
 Reigns on the terra firma supreme,
 'Twixt the hills, the gushing rills are lending,
 Musical enchantments to the scene.

EVENING.

Twilight's veil, a hemisphere is shading,
 Deepening, deepening, into gloom of night;
 Stars the deep blue vaulted skies invading,
 Shed upon the earth, a mellow light;
 Over mortals, Morpheus is spreading,
 Soothing sleep, alleviating care.
 Children to their cots are treading,
 Angels hearken to ascending prayer.

WESTWARD:

Eastward tower the terraced hights,
Where once my footsteps roved;
Ah! childhood's scenes are hid from sight,
And many things I loved.

I ne'er forget the voices sweet,
That playful winsome throng;
I ne'er forget the pattering feet,
That rambl'd paths along.

And oft recall the fairy spell,
When glad and speaking eyes;
Whose glances soft around me fell;
Their memory in me lies.

Those days, I cannot call them back,
Lost in the wave of time;
They hidden are, in boundless track
Of time's mysterious line.

Though time's borne off my earliest years,
Their memories have not flown;
And yet I tread, where flowrets spring,
That hands unseen have strown.

I cannot hear the angel wings,
That spread those beauties there;
E'en where the buds unopened cling,
No mark of footprints there.

GARDEN POETRY.

A cucumber sat on a garden fence,
Where sunbeams glow, and soft winds blow;
And thus it sang, sweet innocence,
Keep out of yon kitchen, potato.

It softly sang to an alder tree,
Watch, watch, watch, for dame Catherine;
Gather the berries is her decree,
And press out of them all the wine.

It sang to a bean, upon the corn,
That smiled in the ribboned shade;
It quickly hid, and looked forlorn,
And crept beneath the widest blade.

It sang to a lambkin, playful and shy,
Run, run away, or you may be caught;
Get within range of that maiden's eye;
And she will have you dished up hot.

But Dame Catherine watched that eve,
When all around was wrapt in slumber;
And quickly did that fence relieve;
Of that sweet singing Cucumber.

TO ISABELLA.

'Tis Autumn and the leaves are fading,
 The wavelets murmur music thrill,
 Orange, and crimson tints, are shading
 Sylvany groves and sloping hill.
 Sweet Isabella,—you can never
 Exultant be when summer's gone,
 Side by side, no more trace we margins,
 Of the romantic river of Swans.

No more, through forest shades we wander,
 Inhaling incense of wild flowers:
 Or wrapt in silence ofttimes ponder,
 Where soft winds whisper love in bowers.
 Or resting on wild ferns and grasses,
 That's carpeting far the lawns;
 Or loitering on the terraces,
 That's overlooking river of Swans.

When young May flowers, in glory blooming,
 Beautified the gardens wide,
 Oft fancy paints me, hours of wooing,
 In realms of bliss, where true love bide.
 Rememberest thou, when smiling summer,
 Blushed with rosy red at dawn;
 Oh! then we heard the warbling hummer,
 That's enchanting the river of Swans.

Then Cupid, sighted arrows level,
 That pierced thy true and loving heart;
 You never, never thought to rebel,
 No, no, you never felt the dart.

Did you ever, ever, fair Isabella,
When wandering captivating lawns,
Feel enchantment's fascinating spell,
By the beautiful river of Swans.

Or did you ever in dreams travel
Through infatuation's blissful land;
Where the secret voice of Cupid revels,
In the realms where affection fanned.
Saw ye rivers flowing nectar,
Bordered with emerald lawns,
While the shimmering light of the stars
Bespangled far the river of Swans.

Did ye hear songsters, on boughs singing,
To thy soul some winsome refrain;
Where echoes mimics, weirdly flinging,
Notes reverberating again.
Hush, winter's winds are now approaching:
The warmth withdrawn from vernal lawns;
Smile on this page never reproaching;
Him who sang, by the river of Swans.

VENUS.

How oft thy glinting ray
Greets the silvery moon,
And sails above the hidden day,
In celestial room.

Thou peerest within the fairy bowers,
That's wrapt in evening shade,
Where rustic swains, in twilight hours,
Caress and woo the maids.

Thou scanst the far outstretched shore,
Oft gemmed with lilies white,
Where dews distill forevermore,
Beneath the veil of night.

Thou wast the star, when Homer sung,
Eclipsing jewels gay,
Thy brightest rays, from heaven flung,
To gladden love's pathway.

Thy beauteous gleams our memories wake,
Recalling days of yore;
The vision follows, and elate
Our minds on distant shore.

A LETTER.

For you Bon Ami.—'This message I quaintly have written;—
 To my last I no answer received, that's forgiven.—
 But I hope you still read, if you never indite
 An epistle, with fair blue ink, on vellum white;
 Or thoughts wreath in rich garlands, which bring us
 delight.

Could I drive through the skies, or deep oceans explore,
 I would gather their jewels, and sing evermore.
 And from Nature I'd borrow, green, purple and red,
 On my page they would shine like the sun, over head.
 I'd make magical airs, like the laughing rills ring,
 When their crystals come tumbling from npperland spring;
 Or like charms of sweet voices, when soft numbers sigh,
 Calling sunshine from soul, or tear drops from the eye.

Bon Ami, I wrote thee to send papers, full three months ago,
 I received them all right, as I wish you to know.
 'Twas a pleasure to mē, from Potomac's green banks,
 Please accept for the same, very kindest of thanks;
 And I hope this will find you all happy and blest,
 As the sunset now fades on the horizon west;
 In the distance the landscapes their enchantments lend;
 And the beautiful scene with the evening shades blend;
 All around spreads the meadows and ripe orchard trees,
 Over brambles and vine, floats the zephyr's soft breeze.

Now across velvet lawns, whence arise cedar bowers,
 To my window is wafted the fragrance of flowers;
 And the day is no more on the region of sky;
 But above me appears, in that expanse on high,

Starry worlds, soaring far in ethereal blue,
Where the queen moon has risen her track to pursue;
There Creation's grand planets all move on the stage;
To tell which is the eldest would baffle a sage.
When you scan missive over, say muses still rove;
I close sending to all, my affectionate love.

SLEIGHING BELLS.

Hark to the bells, the open bells,
 Which bounding go, and sounding throw,
 From rounding cells,

A tuneful chime; in ambling rhyme,
 Symphonies climb,
 From silver throats, now weirdly floats,
 Melodious notes;

The raptures flow across the snow,
 Like cymbals sweet in valleys playing;
 Round the lads and lassies sleighing.

The merry bells, the joyous bells,
 Their music sings, on airy wings,
 The mirthful swells,
 Sends new delight to left and right;
 The fields in white,
 And hills reply, and upper sky,
 As on they fly.

The tenor sings, the treble rings;
 Like timbrels on the highlands playing,
 Over lads and lassies sleighing.

The jingling bells, the tingling bells,
 The charms enhance as they advance;
 Their tinkle tells,
 That all conspire, to sound the lyre,
 Which all admire.

Round cottage wall, the music fall,
 The great and small.

See coursers prance, hear trios dance,
 In frosty air the echoes playing;
 Over lads and lassies sleighing.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF J. G. L.

Wake my harp, awake thy slumber,
Breathe me sorrow's tender air;
Trembling chords, and mournful number,
Honors solemn, well prepare.

For the stately oak has fallen;
Years it was the forest pride;
Winds the requiem is calling,
Where Potomac's waters glide.

Son of freedom's cloud-capt mountains,
Known thou wast, O, Gallowa;
Passing life beside the fountains,
Always happy, blithe, and gay.

Worthy motives, ever beaming,
Gave their lustre to thy lamp,
When thy bleached locks were streaming,
Nothing could its radiance damp.

Now the dirges chants are swelling;
Tributes noble blend in rhyme;
Mournful peals, around impelling,
Where the festooned lilies twine.

Anthems doleful, rising glorious,
High the requiem soaring climb;
Rings pathetic truths victorious;
Winging skies in tones sublime.

Measured harmonies are thronging;
Slowly falling, trembling wait;
Then repeating, sweeter longings,
Re-echoes e'en to heaven's gate.

Hark! the solemn echoes hieing,
Swell the glory of thy day.
Gales lamenting, hover, sighing.
O'er Potomac's winding way.

Time's relentless river fleeting,
Numbered thy three score and ten;
Mother, sons, and daughters, weeping,
Join in griefs untold by pen.

EPITAPH.

Virtues, like the bay tree flourish,
Merits brings a bright reward,
E'en the quill would proudly cherish;
Worth inspiring musing bard.

May that virtue, vivid, burning,
Loving children's hearts inflame.
Bloom like flowers, paths adorning,
Ever honoring thy name.

DIRGE ON LINCOLN.

Unnumbered were the mighty throng,
That gathered to the mansion white;
The inmates of ten thousand homes,
And solemn was the sight.

A misty vapor curtains sky
Festooning spire and turret head:
Shadowing massive columns, draped
In mourning for the dead,

A cry of grief rends distant States.
A gloom shrouds forest and the plain;
Within the portal's open gates,
Lincoln on a bier is lain.

There savant, sage, and statesmen met;
There idly lay the quill and sword;
And soldiers, sailors, youth and age,
All gazed, none lisped a word.

Tall sachems in that concourse filed,
And men from over ocean waters;
In medley host, lamenting wild,
Were Afric's sons and daughters.

A halo wrapt the noble brow,
From which the soul immortal fled;
Both friends and foes assembled bow,
Where all races' tears are shed.

There rests the hand which grasped the pen,
When civil strife shook hill and plain;
The heart is hushed which drove it then,
To free all men its aim.

The eagle eye in triumph slept;
The spirit up had taken flight;
Round lifeless form e'en heroes wept,
Impressive was the sight.

The city's shafts and vessel's mast
Dropped their spangled ensigns low;
Each railway train and river boat
Was wearing marks of woe.

Gone! matchless leader of the free;
Gone! master spirit of the age;
The vellum lives to tell of thee;
History's brightest page.

While Columbia holds her magic wand,
Thy memory ne'er shall falter;
'Twill live while freedom's flame is fanned
On liberty's famed altar.

Upon our plains, and beyond seas,
Columnar shafts shall tell thy fame;
Afric's children shall sculpture thee,
And laurel wreath thy name.

In ages hence, in far-off lands,
New bards shall music wake for thee;
Where rivers trace untrodden sands
They'll sing the symphony.

IN PERPETUAM, RIE MEMORIUM.

Breathe her name tenderly, weaving with care,
Cadences uttering symphonies rare;
Tell of one dutiful, youthful, and fair;
Seraphs are hovering round in the air.

Tell of her worth which we never forget,
Wreathing each word like a ruby well set;
Environ mournfully every regret;
Seraphs stand sentinels over us yet.

Tell of her goodness, and sorrowing score;
Deeds that are jewels, those ever restore;
Where Time's unbounded ebb never finds shore,
Seraphs are listening, Elzie's no more.

Measure thy elegies, soft as the dove,
Chanting a requiem swelling with love;
Tranquil elysians, eulogies rove,
Seraphs rehearse them in spaces above.

Light of the morning, with dew drops and showers,
Twineth her urn with the ivy, and flowers;
Destiny numbers each tomb, in the bowers,
Seraphs shall list, when we slumber in ours.

SKIRMISH OF FALLING WATERS.

JUNE, 1862.

The sun rose o'er Virginia far,
Burnished steel reflects its ray;
Glittering arms prepared for war,
Were borne by men in blue and grey,
On to Falling Waters.

With banners, symbols of each State,
Upheld by standard bearers true,
While neighing steeds impatient wait,
Opposing chieftains ranks review,
Where flows Falling Waters.

When the star spangled banners peal,
Vied with noise of fife and drum.
Lo! far above it wildly steals,
Dixie's bold defiant hum
Rang o'er Falling Waters.

The southern chief, like a statute stood,
His charger prancing, and his blade
Uplifted points toward the wood;
Then each Confederate bugle said;
We meet by Falling Waters.

The leader of the northern band,
Formed quick his right and left wing,
On either side brave soldiers stand,
And daring men to front they bring,
Bright glows Falling Waters.

From valley rose circles of light;
Artillery pouring its blaze;
Musket volleys fell left and right,
From battalions blue and grey,
Stayed not Falling Waters.

Bold spirits met the valiant knights,
And launched at other sabre blows;
Terror from all had taken flight,
Platoons cross-firing on their foes,
Stayed not Falling Waters.

Amidst the blazing shot and shell,
Troopers swung their flashing blades;
Warlike echoings on hill and dell,
Betokens charge of bold brigades,
As on sweeps Falling Waters.

Steeds seemed to mingle in the fight.
While their riders in blue and grey
Dashed through the bright flashes of light.
All bent on winning the day.
Beside the Falling Waters.

Far overhead bright rockets play;
The hills resound with cannon shock
Like ocean waves, when lashing spray
Whirls sea on sea against the rock,
Fell over Falling Waters.

On margins of that streamlet lay
Valiant men, noble and brave,
Wrapt in mantles of blue and grey,
Who fought to free or hold the slave,
By the Falling Waters.

Many oft look upon that hill,
When stars peep down from heaven's shield,
And think they see that chieftain still
Mounted in that silent field;
Beneath flows Falling Waters.

Even when the pale moonbeams fall
Upon that plain and forest tree,
It seems we hear the battle call
In the zephyr's gentle breeze,
That sways over Falling Waters.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Rest, warriors rest,
 Hushed is the trumpet sound;
 North, South, East and West,
 Triumphs portend;
 The laurel wreathed in circles round,
 With peerless lilies blend;
 Age and youth, from everywhere,
 Laden with garlands fair
 Towards the necropolis wend.

Yon glorious sun
 Once looked down,
 When clouds of dun
 Wrapt mountain crown;
 While cannon shook the valley,
 Where the horse and his rider lay,
 As rolling drums,
 Inspiring rally,
 Mingled notes with bursting bombs,
 Re-echoing far away.

To-day it views another scene,
 Hillocks dot many a field of green,
 Peace reign supreme;
 From where the blue Niagara laves
 To Mexico's deep, warm sea,
 The plain is strewn with soldier graves;
 E'en broken columns there you see,
 Surrounded by the tasseled paves.
 Earth entombed McClellan, Grant and Lee,

And oft upon the marble stone
There's chiseled the word; "Unknown,"
A record small indeed—
Unknown to what; Unknown to fame!
Ah! doth not Columbia proclaim
Their valiant deeds.

To-day we know
Not friend nor foe
Beneath the green sward bound;
For side by side
Shall ever lay
Our country's pride,
The blue and the grey.
Come, deck each tomb,
With blooming spray;
Dispel the gloom
With flowers of May,
Until each venerated urn is crowned;
Honors to the brave belong;
Glory guards their hidden clay,
Their valor grace our nation's song.

Say not republics are ungrateful,
The best of lands have we;
From shore to shore 'tis beautiful,
The strife was fate's decree.
For them that sleep,
We weave the wreath and story,
Our country keeps
The record of their glory.

Long as yon moon
Shall climb and wane,
And legends loom;
Our might and fame,

These grateful lands,
In flowing May,
Shall send forth bands,
A vast array,
From hills and plain
To plume with bays,
Those mounds again,
On Memorial Days.

Let their watchword then be peace;
Let worth in men increase;
Let strife forever cease—
Peace, warriors, rest in peace !

YEARS ROLL AWAY.

When long years have rolled away,
And we are young no more;
When other children, in their play,
Sing songs we sung before.

When all that's young and youthful fade,
As we cruise river time,
Thoughts oft return, from memory's shade,
That like a phoenix shine.

In age, the slumbering soul awakes.
Alive to joy or pain,
As dreams of by-gone years, weirdly break,
Across the mind again,

The eldest heart, when touched by care
Recalleth pleasant hours;
When sunshine hallowed everywhere,
And sweet birds sang in bowers.

The flood of time sweeps down its track,
And sunset lights the shore;
On which we stand, and looking back,
See days that are no more.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Why the fate of Babel; chronicled at last,
Famed in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, for centuries past;
Conspicuous work; time may develope yet thy size,
Oh! mystery; hidden ages long from mortal eyes.
Wondering toilers, confused tongues, grieved exclaim:
Down! down! down! with the tower; 'twas taken down
again.
Even then great Babylon's walls, of it were created;
No scribe dared write, how it was exterminated.

APRIL SHOWER.

The fields were bright with golden light
Upon an April morning;
When the far west, was quickly dressed,
With sombre mantle's scorning,
Which dashed on plains the pelting rain;
It lasted but one half hour.
On vapors spread, far overhead,
The rainbow, each end in a bower;
Thus ended the April shower.

MAY MORNING.

One morning, in the month of May,
 I rambled down the vale,
 Where blue bells fair and daisies gay,
 Awoke sunbeams to hail.

Whose lustre spread upon the skies;
 When sang melodious lark,
 The wren and mocking bird replies,
 Ranging the woodland park.

The red birds and the linnets call,
 Sings joyously and clear;
 In rocky walls and forest tall,
 The robin sang their cheer.

Nimble squirrels, and rabbits roved,
 A hidden nut to find;
 The bramble thickets, in the grove
 With partridges were lined.

JUNE.

Month of roses, the regina
 Of the circling year;
 Fair thou art in Carolina,
 Where birdlings sing their cheer;
 Month of blushing flowers and berries,
 Roving lovers in thee dream;
 Blithe thy mornings, gay and merry,
 Laughing in thy rosy sheen.

THE ARK.

Great vessel, greatest of the past,
Thy fame historical will last,
The measurement for which were given,
By Maker of earth, sea, and heaven.

Ships may be built, of greater magnitude,
But none for purposes so well understood;
Nor none in time shall long retain,
Such world renowned honor and fame.

Nor will any vessel sail a sea,
So great a one as floated thee;
While time, ages and traditions last,
Known thou art; greatest of the past.

The landmark first, that after flood,
On Ararat's tall mountain stood;
The remnant, last of a race undone,
Were saved in thee; thou greatest one.

THE SCOT'S DEFIANCE.

Strike not for me chords of sorrow,
 Let wild numbers sing on high,
 Suited for a Scot's to-morrow,
 When the hour of battle's nigh.

Let no sound of wailing hover
 In the air on mountain side;
 Should I fall, let thistles cover
 Me, where mists of morning bide.

Let sopranos, waters greeting,
 Send their music sweetly o'er;
 Tell of parting and of meeting
 On a bright supernal shore.

Let the pipes and timbrels blending,
 Tell I falter not, nor fear;
 Let each cadence beauty lending,
 Tell of those I love most dear.

Make each note sing one undaunted,
 Faithful, keeping every vow,
 Even when by fiends supplanted,
 Ceasing not till demons bow.

Close with trump's triumphant trios,
 Even though the heavens fall;
 Or should the sun, in zenith glow,
 Let each note defiance call.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, thou fairest of beautiful lands;
 Von glittering sun, with its luminous sheen,
Awakens rare flowrets, from out of thy sands,
 That's blooming, and blushing, in carpeting green.

Superbly dressed songsters, in sylvany groves,
 Each joyously sing, thro' the midsummer hours,
Their carols unwritten, are soaring above,
 And echoes rejoice, in the nectar of flowers.

Soft zephyrs are ruffling the ripening wheat,
 In valleys where dew, and sweet odors, distills;
And shepherds are watching, in rural retreat,
 Their numberless flocks feed by pastoral rills.

Columbia, the home for the pilgrim forlorn,
 That wanders from many a far distant realm;
Oh yes, she's the home for the stranger that's borne
 O'er briny seas, guided by compass and helm.

The school boy shall read of her patriots brave;
 The farmer shall sing of her orchards and corn;
While warriors repeat, let the tri-colors wave
 On uplands and prairies, which sunlight adorn.

The mariner tells of her glory afar,
 Describing her havens that rival old Tyre;
He places aloft, in his rapture, the star
 Of freedom which lighteth her valleys with fire.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

'Tis the Fourth of July morning; standing in light
 Of the radiance from the orient streams,
 Looking eastward from the Appalachian hight,
 That is burnished with refulgent gleams;
 Embellishing States, so youthful in dreams,
 Where the third generation of liberty's crew
 Looks back on a century out of sunbeams;
 Scanning evenings and morning when clouds hid the blue
 Darkening the realms where freedom her famed wand threw.

Happy Fourth of July, with thee no days compare;
 The wonder of nations, this united continent,
 Where liberty floats the tri-colors in air,
 Illumined with satellites truly resplendent,
 To the mountain and prairies a century's lent.
 Joy and freedom of feelings rivaling the old,
 Let this day in the future in ecstacy be spent;
 Surrounding each cottage with bliss manifold,
 While the azure above them is all tinged with gold.

Happy Fourth of July, let thy aim ever be,
 To guard parental vows and each patriot's speech;
 Let no dark contingent ever trouble the free;
 Let no tyranny thy fealty impeach;
 Let the fire of independence mountain top reach,
 On thy altars grow brighter and brighter in time;
 E pluribus unum, the motto for each,
 Love and security established sublime,
 From the centre to bound one true fraternal line.

Happy Fourth of July, may thy gleams ever prove
All that's beautiful, hopeful, resplendent and bright;
Bright, oh brighter, than flashes of star-light above,
Whose soft lustre dispels gloom and banishes night,
From thy mountains and valleys, with glory bedight,
While fac-simile on banners shall blaze in the day
From the vessel's tall mast, or the pinnacles high;
Onward, onward, while centuries eternal survey,
Children unborn shall spread flowers in liberty's pathway.

Happy Fourth of July, how romancing thy charm,
That quickens the feelings, gives rapturous glow,
To the cities, the village, the homestead, or farm,
Boldly stands forth the rival of all days that we know,
Marks a beginning no other nation can show;
All the glory of commonwealths placed in a scale,
The franchise of our country could not overthrow;
'Tis restrengthening mankind, and defining his fate,
While peace and prosperity bless the United States.

AURORA.

I saw Aurora fling her red
 Above the ocean's furrowed bed;
 In haste the moon before it fled,
 Then hidden was each twinkling star
 In spacious ether's depths afar.

Brilliant upon the vapors' dun,
 Lay rainbow colors wove as one;
 Through flame and scarlet drove the sun;
 The chariot dazzling to behold,
 The steeds in trappings fringed with gold,

The gates of morning bursting wide
 Across the heaven's glory glide,
 And day appears in costume of a bride;
 The forest, fields and waters sang,
 From opening flowers sweet odors sprang.

On hill and vale the feathered throng
 Harmonious notes with joy prolong,
 Filling the air with mirth and song;
 Tender as hymen's soft refrain
 The cadence trembles o'er again.

Above the mountain turrets high
 Is heard the musical reply,
 On zephyrs far the raptures fly;
 Scattering in skies the cheer,
 The heaven lists to hemisphere.

The chords unseen, with planet roll,
 Euphonies cross from pole to pole,
 Celestial space the tuneful scroll,
 In every age forever chime,
 Inaudibly, All is Divine.

NATURE'S SYMPHONIES.

There is music in the zephyrs
That is darting thro' the bowers,
Lightly lifting fragrant incense
Stolen from the open flowers;
Out of earth's uncultured gardens,
Nurseries of rosy bloom,
Where the wood nymphs bathe in nectar,
Whispering enchanting tune.

There is music in the fountains
Coursing onward to the sea,
Gaily thrilling sloping mountains;
Chanting nature's symphony;
In the swaying oaken branches,
Or in reeds where Naiads bide;
And in thirst allaying waters
That by mossy margins glide.

There is music by the ocean
In the marching of the swells,
As rapidly the briny billows
Roll above the sea side shells;
Deep toned, the foaming breakers,
Roar from surf exulting throats,
Where the 'Tritons' trumpets sounding
Weird and lamenting notes.

AN ODE.

In the splendor of noon-day on mountains I rove,
Where the branches and mists are uniting above;
Where the forests in lofty luxuriance rise,
Over summits celestial spaces surprise.

As I step on the land of my birth with delight,
All the beauties of nature illumine my sight;
And I ponder each hue of the foliage and sky,
Where enchantment revealing its magic to eye.

Through the oak, and the aspen, and evergreen tall,
Sounds the horn of the hunter, and turkey's wild call;
Over brambles the roe, and fawn, skip in their flight,
Up from eyries grey eagles are winging sunlight.

Down the waters are coursing and gliding, they roam,
Rolling, sparkling, and leaping, the ridges of stone;
Between margins of mossy beds crystal gems weep,
Singing dirges by mounds where aborigines sleep.

Then I view where Aurora flings Orient rays,
And where vapor of purple at eventide plays;
From cool fountains where father of waters is fed,
Freedom sublimely rests to where sunny plains spread.

All the planets above us, refulgently shed
Golden beams on the land that to liberty's wed;
Nicely balanced clouds wreath its tall mountain towers,
And warm sunshine decks daily the fields and the flowers.

From ethereal depths with emotion I turn,
And my prayer is while stars shall resplendently burn,
In the bosoms of children will glow living fire
Of true freemen, whose flames inborn never expire.

I recall bygone ages, when ships ploughing the waves,
Bore from out oppressed regions the pioneer braves;
Here they builded new homes, new hearths, and new fires,
Where to-day float their ensigns, and towers their spires.

I look back down the century, scanning the years,
In that vision see gleaming their helmets and spears;
And the matchless steeds foaming, that patriots ride;
On fields standards are streaming in battle's red tide.

I hear boom of their guns, as their ramparts they line,
With the robes snow-white from their gardens sublime;
When the vessels of foemen flee pierced through the hold,
Over victors the heavens in grandeur unfold.

From the glens and woodlands rise loftiest cheer,
And the echoes are soaring the vales far and near;
Even mothers and maidens exult in their hearts,
And the starlight in banners a halo imparts.

For their country and children they warred on the plain,
Around them independence united with fame;
In each triumph rang louder the echo of hope,
Which reverberates still on that far reaching slope.

Where from strand to the strand, lightning flashed on the
 sea,
Now is floating the flag of the brave and the free;
Where the thunder of cannon once roared on the plain,
Now the chariot reapers move harvesting grain.

Oh, superb was the morning, when peals of the bell,
Rang the rapturous warning, the glorious swell;
When the valleys went sounding the lofty refrain,
And the chorus went bounding o'er mountain and main.

Guard, O scions, freemen your prairies and hills,
In each home let your voices ring musical thrills.
Swelling numbers rejoicing that's telling on high
Waft ye winds over Union the choral reply.

Fling to the breezes our banner, wide blazon its field,
'Tis the type of all glory, our emblem and shield.
When this trio with stars to the sun is unfurled
'Tis the dread of the tory, and pride of the world.

AMOROSO.

In spring time hours I often muse
Where winds unseen are fanning lea;
That moistened with the early dews,
Much farther than the eye can see;
Then methinks where'er I go,
I hear in numbers soft and low,
I love thee well—I love thee well!

In summer morns, when rosy light
The curtains opens of the night,
And light and darkness disunite,
And nature laughs with pure delight,
In every path where'er I go,
I hear the music soft and low,
I love thee well—I love thee well!

In autumn, when the midday's sun
Marketh high twelve the dials on,
While weary hours descending run,
Until each toiler's work is done;
In every way, where'er I go,
The music follows soft and low,
I love thee well—I love thee well!

In wintry eves, methinks the bells
Concave roof hold the lyric spell,
The well sung swells of silver bells
Ring symphonies that sweetly tell,
That voices sing where'er I go.
Repeating in a minor low,
I love thee well—I love thee well!

LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Land of my birth, land of my love,
Where winds are waft from heaven above;
Could breezes speak, in notes sublime
They'd tell thou wert the fairest clime.

Beneath the deep blue arching sky
Where brilliant stars shall ever lie,
Around the golden orbit bright
That gives to sailing moon her light.

Reflecting through the milky ways,
The mellow beams which nightly plays
Upon our hills and mountain towers,
That robed with vines and sylvan bowers.

Above rich vales, where golden grain
And orchards wave upon the plain;
On sloping knolls the fleecy flocks,
At silver rills drink out the rocks.

Their waters roll through spreading shades,
Where stately deer are roaming glades;
And unbacked steeds with charger's pride,
Are coursing plains where bisons glide.

Across the verdant prairies wide
Grand rivers roll on to the tide;
Where steaming crafts are tracing streams
And smoking curls above them gleam.

Their driven wheels the crystal whirls,
Shattering spray in diamond pearls;
As proudly on they swiftly rush
And even seek where fountains gush.

The fiery car with chariot train
Rends air upon the hill and plain,
And flying, leap the water's flow,—
The tallest mountains bending low.

Drives tunnel depths in wild career,
At sundered rock rings echo clear;
In dreary nights where sentry true
Display the torch, red, white or blue.

The tourist grasp enchanting dreams,
In climbing mounts and crossing streams;
Each proud refrain shall long proclaim
Upon our plains the lightning tame.

Oh glorious States; Oh mighty land;
United great by freemen manned;
Whose bulwarks are the ocean wave,
Whose strength abides in sinews brave.

Where nature spreads her lavish wealth,
With purest air for people's health;
Where science follows e'en the plow,
And arts stand on mountain's brow,

Where labor well rewards the toil,
No privileged class can own her soil;
For equal each upon it stands
The ruling power in voters' hands.

May bright her stars in banners blaze,
Abroad in splendor glinting rays,
Let golden links thy plains entwine,
Unfading glory on them shine.

O proud Columbia, let thy hills
Re-echo high a magic thrill;
Above tall summits crowned with fir,
Let freedom's God long defend her.

SUMMER DAY.

I wandered in the summer time
Where zephyrs round me play'd;
A wafting charm which still entwine
The banks on which I strayed.

The birds were singing loud and shrill,
Where nests on branches swing;
Amid the forests on the hill
The notes of gladness ring.

About me stood the golden day
The sunshine fell from blue;
And clouds were lost in sunny spray,
Where stars once peeped through.

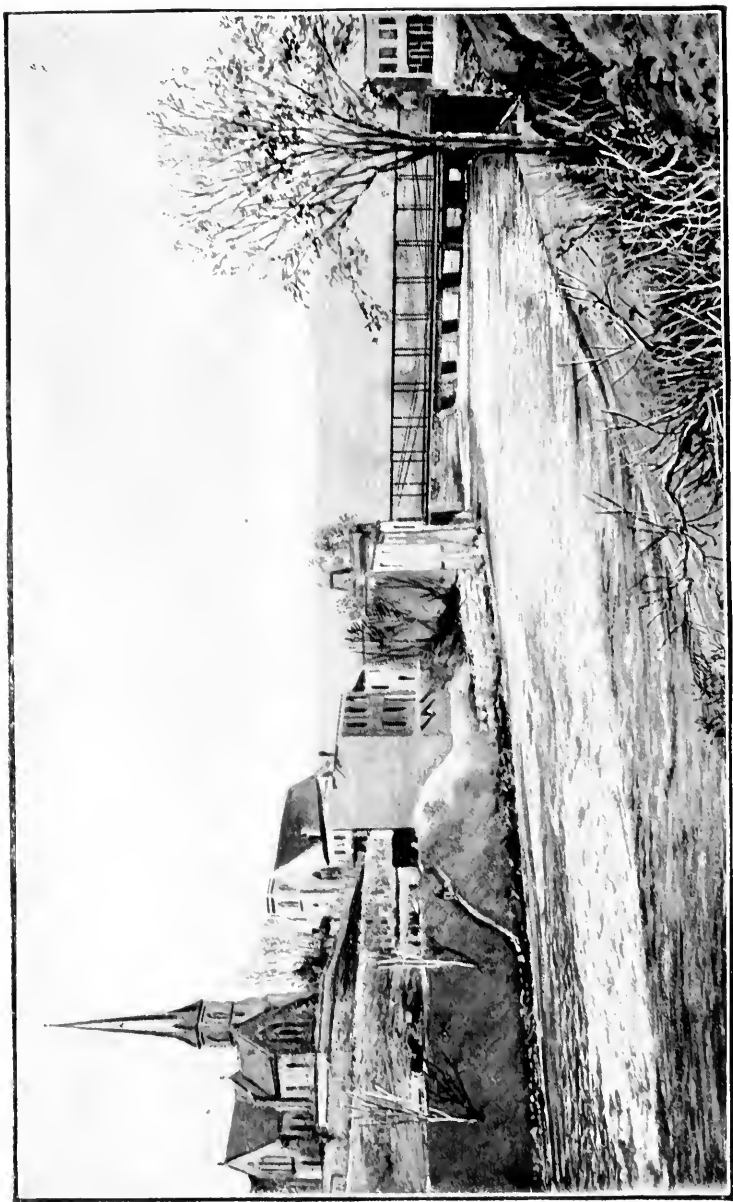
The waters swept enchanted stream,
That's winding on to sea;
And slender reeds were bending seen,
While on the ripple flee.

And over meadows, broad and sweet,
The breezes gently play;
Which bore the fragrance to complete,
The happy, cheerful day.

I fancy yet I see the skies
And hills adown the west;
As when I roamed that paradise,
And sun retired to rest.

Alike that day our race we run,
Night screens about us fall;
Which gathers brightest rays in one,
And glory hides of all.





SITE OF FORT CUMBERLAND

*QUEEN CITY.**

In Alleghany's hills and dales,
Where forests sway on mountains tall;
A thousand rills traverse the vales,
And fairest green bedeck it all.

There morning with its aerial glow
Illumines hemisphere and sky;
And west winds through the foliage blow
Where gladsome birds with song reply.

Like a jewel in a diadem,
Queen City in those mountains stand;
And granite piles in narrows grim
The gateway of thee, Cumberland.

Here once on bluffs stood fortress gates,
And morn's tattoo call'd men to arms,
Before were known United States,
Where freedom now wide spreads her charms.

The city seems a fairy scene,
Embosomed in the hilly hight,
When noon-day spreads its golden sheen,
And crystal flow reflects its light.

Its winding streets and alleys meet,
Bounded with homes and spreading trees;
Where velvet lawns are green and neat,
And fragrant flowers perfume the breeze.

* Cumberland's Poetical Name.

The school, and college, church, and spire,
And stately hall with turrets high,
Oft quiver in the golden fire
That's stealing o'er them from the sky.

'Tis the abode of lore, and art;
Sage bankers o'er their counters bend;
And printers latest news impart,
E'en from the earth's remotest end.

Around is drawn the mountain line,
With cultured fields in vast array,
Beneath in currents boats entwine,
And when well laden pass away.

The hum of commerce rings around,
Here crosses many an iron belt;
Shrill noise of steam in hills abound,
And in the air smoke columns melt.

When early jar of morn begins,
The mill-wheels sing their roundelay;
And factories, with ceaseless din,
Are busy till the close of day.

The homestead of a sturdy race,
The glory of our mighty land;
Each finds in hill and dell a place,
Where plenty waves her magic wand.

And all enjoy industry's might,
Amid the lumber, grain and ore;
And diamonds black pass on in flight
To seek a mart on ocean shore.

Potomac flows adown the way,
 And crystal wills from verdant night;
 In their bright waves the fishes play,
 Where waters blue turn red and white.

And freedom gives each man a place,
 It loves to dwell on mountains high;
 No place on earth excels in grace
 Those hills that rear to meet the sky.

On terrace hight, by cottage bright,
 Artful and gay the children play;
 Their hearts are right and games delight,
 They pass away the joyful day.

Proud Cumberland homes, bright and fair,
 With graceful dames, coy as the dove;
 In household joy each heart does share,
 And spread around the beams of love.

Proud Cumberland homes, bright and fair,
 Rejoicing on the mountain breast;
 Where belfry peals, aloud in air,
 Are heard upon the day of rest.

May happiness with fortune twine;
 Around thee Queen of Maryland.
 And years renew thy bays divine,
 Prosperity within expand.

YOUTH.

Once about me, world was napping,
 When my years were young and bright;
 Then I heard a gentle tapping,
 Echoes bringing me delight;
 Gaily blissful mornings' rappings,
 Calling me unnumbered nights;
 Symphonies in rarest trappings,
 Rising music left and right.

Eager, warmly, ever chanting,
 Artless raptures silver sweet;
 Peeping out I saw a slanting,
 Drooping wings, that touched the feet,
 Then I smiled my cheerful granting,
 Fairer far than brightest June;
 Cupid then, a dart was planting,
 In a heart that gave him room.

All around the same was twining,
 Garlands bearing flowers of love;
 Snow white lilies there were shining,
 Bearing dew pearls from above.
 Sweetest nectar buds were lining,
 Rising incense in a flame;
 Lo! a pen, the names were signing
 Jewels encircled the same.

Jaspers, and the sapphires, gleaming;
 Chalcedonies stood in gold;
 Emerald, and sardonyx beaming,
 Sardius, chrysolites enfold.
 Beryl, topaz, chrysopratus, streaming,
 Diamonds round the jacinths rolled,
 Amethysts shed out the meaning,
 In hieroglyphics bold.

MEMORIES.

Oh charm of memory which can bring
 From wave of time the cup anew;
 For when we sip from crystal spring
 Our early joys appear to view.

No veil of years can hide from sight
 A scene of youth which love beget;
 Its beauties rise with fresh delight
 And often seal a fond regret.

When I recall the days that's past,
 Then fairy scenes around me dwell;
 Spring time again its pleasures cast,
 Of happy hours its music tell.

Far back I see the river shore
 Where very sight and sound was dear;
 Where gladsome children play'd in yore,—
 Their voices rang in air so clear.

It speaks to me of friends and home;
 I see again the mountains tall;
 Where forest trees in air are shown,
 From azure skies the sunbeams fall,

Aback I see the school of fame,
 That stood upon the beach alone;
 The brow of age can yet proclaim,
 That rubies there in minds were strown.

The Conemaugh rolls on its way,
'Twas there I studied, fished and played;
It flows into the ocean spray,
The learned youths around it said.

The birds sung sweet, in branches high,
The squirrels to the tree top ran;
Around the apple orchards lie,—
Such scene is near forgot by man.

The sunny bank, beside the stream.
Even the pebbles on the shore,
All pass before me like a dream,
The waves roll on as in yore.

That white school house, with whittled seats,
I yet espy its scribbled wall
On which the names of nymphs so neat,
Were pictured fine upon them all.

I see the roguish little miss
Beside the youthful, soft and fair;
She placed upon his cheek a kiss,
His cries then rose aloud in air.

Many remembered legend
And tales that peaceful streams surround;
They taught the mind then to ascend
The hight upon which wisdom's found,

There hope was born, and fancies wrought,
Beneath the trees, whose lovely shade,
Then sweet enchantment to us brought,
For there we all like fairies play'd.

Around in air glad voices ring,
So sweet and clear each summer morn;
Like harmonies from golden string,
That rose in sky when new days born.

The river still flows swift and bright,
That village school we may regret,
Is ever hidden from our sight,
Memory retains the landmarks yet.

How sweet to all the verdant grove
Where merry games brought us good cheer,
To scholars who, the world yet rove,
Its beauty still in minds appear.

It gladdens hearts in realms afar,
And yet recalls each sunny sight;
It hovers like the crest of Mars,
Above the darkest hour of night.

Its youths have trod the distant plain,
'Mid clash of arms and sound of war;
On stately ships that skims the main
It rose in minds the brightest star.

Was that bright spot to live and bloom,
In the young minds who won the bays,
Was it the gem to light their plume,
Above the storm to end of days.

Familiar faces then in classes met,
They meet in other scenes to-day;
Glimpses of youth return and set
The morn of life in bright array.

May beauty of their well spent lives
Be admired by all and revered;
Their memories the years survive,
Their graces make them all endeared.

We can forget the loudest sounds
Of bells that call from gilded towers,
But it makes aged hearts rebound,
To think again of youthful hours.

Who hath not heard old voices ring,
When youthful scenes around them hie;
'Tis like when the Aurora springs
From ocean up into the sky.

In fancy now I viewed that town,
And lo?—It spreads afar on plain;
And Clio wrote of its renown,
And placed it on the page of fame.

The storied grounds ever remain,
No column o'er it fell a shade;
But many a tongue whispers names
Of youth and damsel that here play'd.

More stately schools have rung the lyre
On fancy wings in grander hall,
But none have shed a brighter fire,
This was the rival of them all.

SAILING ON THE LAKE.

Brisk the gales are blowing
Over the billows blue;
Speedily my barque is going,
And the gentle winds pursue.

In unfurled sails a flowing,
Winds with their own consent;
Gaily we sped, with knowing,
Whence they came or whither sent.

From the west to the east we drifted,
Phoebus let fall his ray;
Lightly balmy winds us lifted,
O'er the billows spray,

On before the zephyrs rifted,
Sped we, upon our way.
On the waters, there was sifted
Sunbeams, cheerful and gay.

While beneath the depths of azure,
West winds ever shall blow;
Sailing will always grace leisure,
Long as billows shall flow.

Shores arrayed in leafy treasure,
Where birds rare music throw;
Harmonies in every measure,
Over the crystals flow.

Evening rays we now discover,
With it my song must cease;
And dream in dreams, the billows over,
That bore us on in peace.

There we play anew the rover,
Seeking for realms that please;
For the pillow bears many a lover,
Sailing dreamlands at ease.

THROUGH THE FOREST'S WAY.

I saw the morning's golden ray
Spread gladness over hill and dale;
I heard the lark salute the day,
From wide spread boughs, in yonder vale.

I wandered then where falls the shade,
And sipped from the crystal spring;
Around which grows the mossy blade,
And far the ferny carpets cling.

And over pebbled beds, that sleep,
The rippling waters onward stray;
And gather from the rugged steep,
Each drop of dew along the way.

The hours sped on and noonday's sun,
Effulgence, found on hills a place;
How swift the daily shadows run,
Alike the thoughts our minds do trace.

While radiance fell from glinting shield,
The zephyrs mild swept o'er the lea;
And ripening grain, on many a field,
Rolled like the waves upon the sea.

While nature's queen, enrobed in green,
List to resistless transports blest;
But evening came and broke my dream,
The sun declining in the west.

The shepherd's horn blew loud and shrill,
Adown the slopes, came fleecy flocks;
The cattle wandered to the rill,
The goats were skipping from the rocks.

And while I gazed on fairest things,
Methought how well the earth was blest;
Where every flower its incense flings,
To soothe the mind and bring it rest.

Make springs of thought with pleasure swell,
When sauntering in rustic ways;
Or gazing where enchantments dwell,
Renewing dreams of early days.

We seek in air like birds on wing,
To soar above the mountain crest;
Where every thought ecstacies bring,
Where fancy's fascinations rest.

Our fairy dreams relieve the mind,
Like daisies fresh they incense bring;
And chase away each thought unkind,
And joyous transports round us fling.

SHENANDOAH.

Shenandoah, pearl of waters,
 Could I weave thy name in rhyme,
 Sing I would thy flowing river,
 Fairest in Virginia's clime.
 Beautiful thou art, and truly
 Splendor to thy banks belong;
 Clear thy waves, the most unruly,
 Sang in legends, or in song.

Far across thy deep blue mountains,
 Morning flings her rosy red;
 Golden gleams adorn thy fountains,
 Ever to thy currents wed.
 In uplands, where night mists linger,
 Dew distills in fissures deep;
 There among the mosses tender,
 Pearl drops trickle down thy steep.

Thou art queen of valleys ever;
 Ruler of unnumbered rills;
 Reigning where upheavals sever,
 Rugged gateways in the hills.
 Eastward granite ridges line thee,
 Showing turrets grand to view;
 Rough, uneven borders bind thee,
 Every winding marvels new.

Artist's skill hath never chiselled,
 Turrets equalling thy own;
 Prehistoric ages leveled,
 Each unwieldy corner stone.

Plumed pinnacles and gables,
Placed aloft in days of yore;
Long ere builders of old Babel,
Trode upon Euphrates' shore.

Thine imposing sublime splendor,
Vapors blue environ peaks;
Thine the sedge and lilies slender
Where refreshing waters creep.
Gushing oft betwixt the clover,
Parts around miniature isles,
Warbling birds above thee hover
Carols, summer's hours beguile.

Southward stretch green plains and cattle,
Fleecy flocks on hillsides feed;
Over highways wagons rattle,
Drawn by handsome mettled steed.
Beauty flaunts her fairest banners
On each pathway by the shore,
Balm of flowers o'er thee saunters,
High above grey eagles soar.

Cupid on thy margins waken
Love in bosoms, young and gay;
Plighted troths beside thee taken
Last still spirits pass away.
Mirth and music charms, enchanting
Every nook and glen explore;
Crystals over pebbles dancing,
Swell the chorus ever more.

Where, O most enchanting river,
Are thy Ab-o-rig-i-nes?
Who armed with bow and quiver,
Roved by thee long centuries;

They in early ages named thee,
 In their soft and mellow tongue;
 And thy pleasing gardens famed thee,
 Ages after to be sung.

Taught by nature self-reliance,
 Red men's courage was in soul;
 When their war-whoops bid defiance,
 Well they strove to win the goal.
 Ask yon sunset, west of mountains,
 Blazoning gold and red;
 Ask the tints on limpid fountains,
 Where their light canoe has fled.

Where's thy dusky maids, whose magic
 Once rejoiced hill and dell;
 Why desert thy banks so tragic,
 Never more on them to dwell.
 Ask thy margins, waters, tresses,
 Where lie scattered pearly shell;
 Or the craggy rocks' recesses,
 Re-echoing evening bells.

Where's thy Sachem,* once so gifted,
 Tense to very finger tips;
 Fashioned words which ever sifted,
 Wisdom from dilated lips.
 Hearts despising chaff of malice
 Scorning every root of wrong,
 Spake as if they drank from chalice,
 Filled at the fount of song.

Bring me idioms unromantic,
 Breathing grief in every strain,
 For the gales in tones pathetic,
 Chant for them a sad refrain.

* Logan.

Gone, their notes ring out together,
When the twilight veils the glen;
Whispers low among the heather,
Seeking everywhere for them.

Gone, as if some loved one claiming,
Forests wild ejaculate;
Weirdly calling, lost one's naming,
Swept off by relentless fate.
Gone, thy borders chime together,
And thy waves repeat the same;
Gone, but none shalt from thee sever,
Hieroglyphic of their fame.

KISKIMINETAS.

How beautiful thy margins,
 Shining Kiskiminetas;
 When Flora comes, renewing,
 Flowers that in Eden was.

There bloom gems, blue and bonny,
 Gracing many a favored spot;
 Beneath sheltering rushes,
 Opens the forget-me-not.

There the violets and roses
 Nod through summer hours,
 Love making tribal beauties,
 Woo and wed in shady bowers.

Pansies, and the buttercup,
 Bright with hope in youth's fair morn;
 Beautify the rivulets,
 Seeming in the hillsides born.

Red, white, and yellow blossoms,
 Arching boughs, meadows green,
 Embellish slopes and valleys,
 Adds enchantment to the scene.

While, over all that river,
 Naiads seem to spread perfume;
 And voice of songsters quiver,
 Caroling mirthful tune.

Art, never yet hath painted,
 Landscapes fairer than thine has;
 May beauty long beside thee
 Live, Oh! Kiskiminetas.

THE WAITING BRIDE.

Oh! its snowing and blowing,
 The wild winds are throwing,
 The hurricane far and wide;
 The forest is shaking,
 The great earth is quaking,
 And higher riseth the tide.
 Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
 And to-morrow is our wedding day.

Out on the Patapsco river
 I see the tall masts quiver;
 The ships rock from side to side;
 I watch the hours flying,
 Ever and anon trying,
 Phantoms from my brain to drive.
 Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
 And to-morrow is our wedding day.

E'en the ceiling and rafter,
 Are ringing with laughter,
 Have my friends' minds gone aside;
 Oh! it's bewildering,
 The old folk and children,
 Add to my torture beside.
 Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
 And to-morrow is our wedding day.

Oh! my heart's affrighted,
 I fear love's benighted;
 Snowbound on some dark hill side;

Maybe a rail has broken;
Oh! ain't it provoking,
 To be a waiting bride.
Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
And to-morrow is our wedding day.

No girl should ever, ever,
Make such a promise no; never,
 While by Patapsco, she bides;
To join hands with a lover,
While the winter's above her,
 And he, on Ohio's riverside.
Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
And to-morrow is our wedding day.

My eyes are dim crying,
Gales everywhere sighing,
 Seeming me to deride;
The tempests are saying;
Thy lover's delaying;
 I to none my troubles confide.
Oh! my love's one hundred leagues away,
And to-morrow is our wedding day.

THE SOUTHERN GIRL'S LAMENT.

The chill northland with mountains grand,
 Hath never a charm for me;
 I love the pleasant sunny strand,
 Bordering Mexican sea,
 'Tis there Apollo's car divine;
 Follows bright Aurora's banner,
 'Till earth and air and ocean shine;
 With dawn's effulgent grandeur.

The Crescent city's mystic charms,
 Shows types, and figures, oriental;
 Phantasma; chariots, men in arms,
 Darts, and lances transcendental.
 Pan, Naiads; plumed horses prancing;
 Near Cupid, Psyche, and Venus,
 Piping fawns and nomads dancing;
 Round Comus, Jove and Bacchus.

King Cotton, he resideth there,
 Rivaling myths, the rest nowhere;
 He drives across the fields, whose glare
 Seems to hide a hemisphere.
 Atlantic ships whose guide, a star,
 Rides into port, decked with streamers;
 On Father of Waters from afar,
 Comes gliding palatial steamers.

Far along wide esplanades,
 Through summer's long procession;
 Beauties sublime, what magic shades,
 Usher in calm succession.

The poplar, plane, and pine,
Blend grateful shades together;
Silver leaves, and golden vine,
Gild labyrinth and heather.

E'en the cattle, they are dapple;
Flocks and herds feed on the plain,
Environed by groves of pine apple,
And luscious fruits I need not name.
Southern scenes and smiling faces,
In visions oft remind me,
Of the wonders and the graces,
That I have left behind me.

O'er plateaus green, canzonet rings,
Symphonies rich and mellow;
Every branch yields harmonic strings,
Like Eolian harp and cello,
Round Meche Sebe,* joyous swells,
Chime at sunrise and sunset;
Vibrating melodies of bells;
Seem to sing around me yet.

The delta's tides break in foam,
As oft against the cliffs they're hurled;
The ebbing seas turn back and roam,
Where currents of gulf stream are whirled;
The voice of waves enchanting floats,
Sweet music in the tuneful wind;
Reminding us of Memnon notes,
That once to morning song was timed.

And stars delight in summer night,
The leveled waves in calm repose,
Refulgence bright, a silver light,
Glistens where the current flows,

* Meche Sebe—the Indian name of the Mississippi river.

While fancy holds her seat, the chimes
Of youth I will remember;
The rhapsodies of Austral climes,
That knoweth not December.

Let me go to those realms again,
My home under the rainbow;
I watched it when scattering rain,
Pattered on my chamber window.
Honeysuckles climbed the casement,
Within it was my cosy nest:
Sweet Williams circled basement;
I always loved that home the best.

'Twas built among the orange trees,
In offing grew palmettos gay;
Balm sauntered forth on summer breeze,
Flora smiled on every way.
And mocking birds in tranquil bowers,
Sang beneath luxuriant green;
In childhood there I gathered flowers,
Wandering lilies white between.

Memory calls up, and ever will,
Paths I trod in earliest year;
They ran along the whispering rill,
Where sipped I of crystals clear.
There first I heard the song of praise,
That nature gave to limpid stream;
Oh send me back to hear the lays
And live in an unending dream.

Let me go to the savanna,
Sweet with aromatic herb;
Then I'll rove fair Louisiana,
Where enjoyments are superb.
Oh! send me to those fairy regions,
I wish to no further stray,
Adieu, chill north; Adieu, frost's legions,
Eden's garden is south to-day.

SERAPHINE.

Sing muse, now sing, of Seraphine,
The child of Rhenish hills;
Let music soar above sublime,
And ring like laughing rills.

Child of the grand, romantic strand,
Beyond the furrowed brine;
Child of that ancient Fatherland,
Where gently flows the Rhine.

Her youth was passed in a cottage white,
Around were orchards tall;
Which shadows cast in the sunlight,
Beyond the vine-clad wall.

She sang old legends, and of sprites,
That dwell in forest shades;
And pictured well the spirits white,
That roam in lonely glades.

She rambled oft along the shore
Where castles tower high;
Above the stream that evermore,
Rolls rocky fortress by.

She sailed in a ship to cross the sea,
Industry was its name:
The north winds blew, and wrecked was she,
In the fierce hurricane,

Tempestuous gales shrieked through the shrouds,
The masts went overboard,
The darkness hovered thick in clouds,
And loud the billows roared.

The breakers swept the vessel's deck,
The keel struck on the strands;
The surging waves, left ship a wreck,
On hidden reefs and sands.

She sang, when billows rolled afar,
And lightning arrowed skies;
She sang, when whirlwinds broke the spars,
And surges loud replies.

Loud was her voice on ocean bed,
Where swept the foam and spray;
And sweet when all, from ship had fled,
On raft a castaway.

She sang on isles, among the twigs,
Where moonbeams faintly fell;
And round the woodland's branching sprigs,
She rung the anthem well.

At break of day, this maiden fair,
Dashed tear-drops from her eyes,
And wrung the foam from auburn hair,
On beach where billows rise.

Then lo! a steamer hove in sight;
They heard her voice afar;
They bore her on in great delight,
Where balmy zephyrs are.

And on, and on, through life she sang,
So sweet, so loud, and long;
In after years, like romance rang,
The music of her song.

Thrice happy she, among the few,
Whose songs shall bring reward,
Should Seraphine this page review,
She'll bless mysterious bard.

ON RECEIVING A BABY'S PICTURE.

And who art thou, with dimpled cheek?
 Ah! thy snow white raiment doth bespeak;
 The infant babe by Castleman.
 A few short years, and winter's snow,
 Above thy head shall onward flow;
 And thou shalt tread the earth a man.

Then let each sun which sets in west,
 Recall a day thou wert caressed;
 In childhood by a mother's love.
 For her let smiles bear loving glance,
 As on, and on, you shall advance
 Through life, and earthly wilds you rove.

Let wisdom well to thee, unfold
 Her treasures, brighter far than gold;
 May genius beam upon thy heart.
 To help thee fathom depth and hight;
 Let worthy aims be thy delight;
 To thee may health the fire impart.

For search shall bring thy life a prize,
 And make thee grateful, good, and wise,
 When hoary locks shall mantle brow;
 Let step be firm, as father's were,
 When first he met a damsel fair,
 Where Castleman is rolling now.

On banks that nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lily white, and blushing rose;
 Whose song so sweetly soars in flight,
 Its echoes shaped the world to please;
 Each cadence kissed the laughing breeze;
 In rapture lost was youthful knight.

THE 'SOUTHERN YOUTH'S DECLAMATION.

'Twas midnight, when the trumpet's martial strains
Rang warlike notes on Southern plains;
And skies rang, with the clang, of artillery trains.

Ere morn, each maiden's eye, blazed defiance;
For them we drew the sword, and flung the lance,
To meet in fray every courser pranced.

E'en from their nostrils went a fiery breath;
Each rider sought to win his land a wreath,
Though he should reap it on the field of death.

On plains, on shores, the battle shouts resound;
Yon mighty sea, returned the echo's bound,
Then from our ranks flashed glory all around.

We reared our flag where stood plumed ranks in might,
And waved its folds in the terrific fight,
Around it long we battled for our right.

We mustered oft beneath the morning star,
When peals of cannon, hurling shot afar,
Eclipsed the hum of hosts, and clating car.

When bombs, in mid-air, loomed with aspect dire,
And broke the night, with meteor rays of fire,
Defiance rang, on every Southern lyre.

It mingled with the loud guns' mighty roar,
On field of carnage, where weltering in gore,
Lay warrior men, whose days of strife were o'er.

Now the bugle's call is hushed in our land,
But granite pillars, whose epitaphs shall band
The world, mark where our braves lie 'neath the sand.

While o'er their tombs shall smile the morning ray,
While planets roll, in their celestial way,
Honor shall guard where lie the men in grey.

Long as above shall stand yon vaulted sky,
And round us, Southern lands and waters lie,
We shall rejoice to own such ancestry.

REMEMBER OUR SIRES.

Remember our sires,
 Who builded the fires,
 And awakened the lyres,
 That inspired with freedom, mankind,
 Remember the swell,
 Of liberty's bell,
 Whose transports the empyrean lined,
 Down through a century comes the reply,
 Ever keep sacred the Fourth of July!

Superb was the morning,
 To tyrants a warning,
 When freemen were scorning,
 And their plaudits to heaven upcurled;
 Each patriot's heart,
 Bade foemen depart;
 Their magical notes thrilled a world.
 Down through a century comes the reply,
 Ever keep sacred the Fourth of July.

Let banners be raised,
 Let the honored be praised,
 While the welkin blazed,
 Our years high noon' illumines the sky.
 Bring trumpet and cymbal,
 Bring lute and the trimbrel,
 Musical raptures commingle on high.
 Down through a century comes the reply,
 Ever keep sacred the Fourth of July.

On through ages hoary,
Typical of glory,
Youths shall sing the story,
Echoing hills, and woods rejoicing;
Combining love and duty,
Wedding mirth and beauty,
Columbia's valleys gladdening.
As on thro' centuries comes the reply,
Ever keep sacred the Fourth of July.

*THE ARK AND THE DOVE.**

The morning was glorious, behind the high seas,
 Gallant barques spread their canvas, to gales and the
 breeze;

They were led in the day, by an orbit of fire,
 Every star, in the evening, appears to inspire.

And yon moon, that rolls nightly across spangled skies,
 O'er the main threw its beams, where the argent waves
 rise;

And each mariner's eye scans the compass and path,
 Far around them the ocean, seemed joyous to laugh.

The sun stood in the zenith, and silent the shore,
 When the good vessels, that sped the salt billows o'er;
 With the matron, the stripling, and maidens so gay;
 Reefed sail, and hove anchor, in Chesapeake's bay.

Bearing youths, in whose bosom was lit freedom's flame;
 And fair nymphs, in whose hearts was a spark of the same;
 With the dames who are storied, on history's pages,
 And by them worthy chieftains, and wisest of sages.

No proud banners at mizzen top, blazons the sun;
 Not a sound of a trumpet, a cymbal or drum;
 By the shore, where the beauties of nature increase;
 Stood the Ark, and the Dove, on a mission of peace.

And the murmuring wave rested calmly asleep,
 For the tempest was still, on the Chesapeake's deep;

* The Ark and Dove, were the vessels of Lord Baltimore that brought his colony to Maryland.

But their hymns, in the air, with the anthem's refrain,
Rose above the still waters, the forest and plain.

And it charmed dusky maidens, a fairy like throng,
Who in groves list delighted, to the pale faces' song;
Even caught up, sweet echoes, around them that fell,
Gaily sang their new carols, in woodland and dell.

The red sons of the forest, enraptured lent ear,
To the chorus that's wafted in air, far and near;
It was heard in the morning, amid the wild flowers,
At noontide in the vales, and at eve in the bowers.

Oh yes! voices still float in the zephyr's soft breeze,
Magic chants ever soar in the gales of the seas;
When the dash of the ocean spreads far with the foam,
Then we hear, silver tones, where the white surges roam.

They re-echo the sound of the wild bounding main,
And sing glees in the branches, and leaflets again;
Mingling notes with the bells, as they call from the spires,
Where their children still honor the land of their sires.

Yet to-day, with enchantment, they list to the roar
Of the surf, as it swells on the sands of the shore;
And the music of waves rings its magical spell,
Hurling back the sweet anthems that over it fell.

May the same spirit live in their sons, and inspire
Them to guard the bright gem, and still cherish the fire;
As it burned in their father's first hymnals of love,
When they fell on the plains, they were answered above.

Let the rays of yon sun gild the column's high crest,
And their base mark where pioneers' ashes still rest;
While the cypress and bay shall adorn where they sleep,
Our proud emblem of three, shall expand on the deep.

*MIRAMICHI.**

Sweep on, sweep on, to ocean's blue,
Romantic Miramichi;
As when the red men's light canoe
Was launched first on thee.

Long ages, after ages long,
Their shade on waters cast,
And things that once did by you throng,
Are fading in the past.

Where step the ploughing steeds and boy,
Once stood the forest shade,
Crossed by the trail of Iroquois,
That hunted on the glade.

Or took the rinds of birchen tree;
To build the swift chemung,
Which did across thy currents flee,
When art itself was young.

Unyielding rocks and bluffs beguile,
Thy waves continual sweep;
Which parts around the heathry isles,
That mark thy course to deep.

To thee from Brunswick rural charm,
A thousand streamlets glide;
All journey on to ocean's arm,
With every ebbing tide.

* A river in New Brunswick, Canada.

Thy crystals gather in wildwood,
Where dews of night distill;
There wigwams for centuries stood,
And Indians wander still.

Once dark-browed maidens tripped along
Thy banks in joyous glee,
Then brambles hid the partridge throng,
And wild flowers, busy bee.

Time never can to forest child,
Such bliss again restore,
As when their hunters swept the wild,
And moose sped on before.

Then nature chanted symphonies,
Weird, magical, sublime;
Thy groves to aborigines,
Were realms almost divine.

Thy synonyme for ever breathe
The accents of their tongue,
Thy borders always shall bequeath
Tales worthy to be sung.

Sweep on, thro' forest, glade and glens,
Romantic Miramichi,
As when the stalwart Julinens,
Proud owners were of thee.

They lived and loved on vale and hill,
They swept thy shore in chase,
And fearless rang the warwhoop shrill,
Ere whites did them displace.

Their altar, sacred once to flame,
A disc on valley rests,

Recordeth Ship Bellerophon came,*
To anchor on thy crest.

Tradition tells of seamen five,
Who rowed the gig ashore;
Red warriors captured them alive,—
On that stone burned four.

Beside that pyre, a storied dame,
One captive claimed, her boon;
A Nimrod, mighty he became,
Ere passed by three moons.

Scarce was the embers' smouldering fire;
Extinguished on that rock,
When pale face ire, with tumult dire,
Woke plains with cannon shock.

Each voice, vindictive vengeance calls;
Again the foe meet foe,
And fire encircles chapel's walls,
The flames with fury glow.

From out the windows, arrows fly,
That blazing, sweep the field;
While curling wreaths of smoke in sky,
Appear to heaven shield.

The hollow tower, that's piercing air,
Tottering with the bell,
A requiem rings amid the glare,
Falls with lamenting knell.

* Quebec was taken on the 13th day of September, 1759, and the Ship Bellerophon was detailed to bear the remains of Gen'l Wolfe to Halifax for interment.

Each frenzied white, in wild delight,
Bore a fallen angel's form;
And even mused in visions bright,
If hades was half as warm.

Devoid of sympathetic thought,
Or reason's calm control,
Revenge they to the red men taught;
First sentiment in soul.

No Caucasian dares declaim,
His dogmas on that spot;
For every breeze, around proclaim,
A weird forget me not.

In days gone by, the wild alarm;
Of fire in forest shades,*
Confusion spread on every farm,
'Mong settlers on thy glades.

Then smoking columns touched the sky,
And ashes fell in showers;
While burning brands and cinders fly,
In fury from thy bowers.

Then every crevice in the rocks
Was sending serpents forth,
And forest denizens in flocks,
Were fleeing from the North.

As thunderbolt on thunderbolt,
And crashes rent the air;
Tornadoes seemed the earth to jolt,
With flashes everywhere.

* The great fire occurred on the borders of the Miramichi River on the 6th of October, 1825.

Tempestuous winds, from boreal hall,
Came driving thro' the wood;
Before which stately forests fall,
Whose flame dries up the flood.

And whirling on red hisses bound,
With tongues of fire in smoke,
Which left a charcoal bed thy ground,
Ruin wrapt the birch and oak.

Stiff with amaze beholders stand,
And viewed the darkened skies,
And bended knees sank low in sand,
That's wet with swimming eyes.

The red hot fires fell dusky pines
That stood an hundred year;
Its path was a dismantled line,
Which made thy valley drear.

For whirlwinds drove the flames to sea,
And left a blackened shore;
Which the bold hand of destiny,
Had never wrecked in yore.

Sweep on, sweep on, towards the brine,
Romantic Miramichi;
The silver moon shall on thee shine,
While tides roll up from sea.

From upland springs to Chatham town,
Thy sea-green waters sweep;
To mingle with waves of renown,
That feeds Atlantic deep.

Above you gleam the morning's beam,
Which mirth and beauty hail;
Whose dazzling lustres brighten stream,
Where drives the unreefed sail.

Beside thee Celt and Saxon dwell,
Their homes adorn the leas;
From tapering towers, church going bells,
Send music on the breeze.

When summer looks on furrowed fields,
They teem with golden grain;
And gladdens with its shining shield,
All beauties on thy plain.

When setting sun, receding West,
Illumines harvest sheaves,
It scans a realm by nature blest,
Where wonders interweave.

Soon as the storms of winter blow,
Across Kanata's vales,
Vast forests stand in fields of snow,
And quiver in the gales.

On highways sing the sleighing bells,
Where falls the fleecy snow;
Their music rings among the dells,
As swiftly on they go.

The dingling shells of jingling bells,
On prancing steeds reply;
Their tingling spells and mingling swells,—
Sends echoes into sky.

While Arctic frosts are reigning king,
Ice covers water's flow;
Then in the woods sharp axes ring,
That fell the pine trees low.

At eventide when glowing fires
Light up the cottage wall,
In oaken chair, the hardy sire,
Reigns chief within the hall.

'Tis there you see the mother smile,
While merry children play;
Mysterions legends hours beguile,
And thus they end the day.

Roll on thy waves, through sylvan shades,
Romantic river roll,
As when red braves, and dusky maids,
Did over valley stroll.

Roll on between thy margins green;
Like time forever roll;
Three times thirteen years intervene,
Since I parted from thy knoll.

While snow and rain shall gladden plain,
And waters glide to sea,
Thy mellow name shall tell thy fame,
Romantic Miramichi.

DREAMS.

Hid from me charms once I cherished,
 But rapture of mind hath not fled;
 Some worldly baubles may have perished,
 But Hope's fair flower is never dead.

I hear sweet music in my dreams,
 Enchanted words it bears to me;
 In balmy sleep the vision gleams,
 New glories spreading far I see.

I hear the laugh, I hear the song,
 As if it were on fairy plains;
 Unnumbered harmonies prolong,
 There never ending music reigns.

There every beauty wreathes the bowers,
 Rare myrtles in the gardens grow,
 And cornet strains in unmeasured hours,
 Mingle with accents sweet and low.

Glory unseen my vision fills,
 Which poet's raptures never sung;
 There golden sands roll down the rills,
 And rubies on their beds are flung.

And thus I scan the realms of sleep,
 I cannot measure one by one;
 They hidden are in labyrinths deep
 For morning has returned the sun.

DAYBREAK.

Orient aureates lustres were starting,
Brighter and brighter its gold and its red,
Charms of the morning, around me were darting,
Gilding the gardens were geraniums wed.

Orchards magnificent threw branches to heaven,
Apples were peeping through sylvany folds;
Fairer than olives to paradise given,
Colored with scarlet and tinged with gold.

Goblets of pearl stood by dew dripping fountain,
Overflowed with draughts, purer than wine;
Tempting the mortals from hillside and mountain,
Down to the valleys, seeming divine.

There all the hearts of the flowers sprang open,
Zephyrs bore balm over carpeted plain;
Naught but the songs of sweet warblers were spoken,
Melodies glorious everywhere reign.

Language would fail me such harmonies telling,
Music one symphony never could speak;
Every cadence and measure parted in swelling,
Charming the ears with their raptures complete.

Breathing true love and bewitching each charmer,
Every eye flashed the starlight in air;
Cupid there wandered, bearing his armor,
Glittering arrows his quiver did bear.

Even his bow like a crescent was bending,
Opening wounds, but no crimson was seen;
Within and without all beauties are blending,
Gazing intently I woke from my dream.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

MORNING.

Ere the harbingers of sunrise glisten,
 Long before appears the king of days,
 Shades of night retreating, halt and listen,
 To the resonance of hallowed praise;
 When the notes of sacred songs are stealing,
 Out upon the listless silent air;
 Many by the holy shrines are kneeling,
 Offering up their morning prayer.

NOON.

When the noonday sun is lustre throwing
 Far around on hemisphere below;
 Gilding rivulets and rivers flowing
 Seaward, rolling never ceasing flow;
 Even then beneath refulgent splendor,
 When the light of heaven hath possession,
 Out of life's unresting sea voices render
 Praise and prayerful intercession.

EVENING.

Twilight veil is fading fast, a fading,
 Wrapping all in gloomy shades of night,
 And the evening star peeps thro' the shading,
 Looking down upon the sombre sight;
 From the hallow spires again is pealing,
 Harmonies of Sabbath evening chimes;
 Lips of age and youth are anthems sealing,
 Angels hearken at the day's decline.

THE POET'S SONG.

Come muse, and sing the poet's song,
The bard is roaming hill;
Where reveries enchanting throng,
The mind with visions fill.

He gathers notes sweet voices sing
And laughing lip replies,
Whose intonations gaily ring
Their numbers in the skies.

He beauty blends surpassing earth,
For the universe smiled;
When Phœbus, the morn of his birth,
Blessed poetical child.

In youth he sang of blithesome spring,
And of Aurora's rays;
He loved to sing and gladness ring,
His lyre rang forth the lays.

And when his thoughts inspired his pen,
He writ of summer's glow;
And painted daisies in the glen,
And budding beauties show.

He interwove with fairest flowers
The mocking bird's reply;
And placed in rhyme the evening hours,
When twilight curtains sky.

He pictured morn, and youths at play
Beneath the orchards tall;
Which shadows cast in sunny days,
Beyond the vine-clad wall.

He shows the loving mother mild,
Blue-eyed with auburn hair;
With arms around her darling child,
So comely and so fair.

He drew the father and the boy,
With many a happy day;
And home-like scenes, without alloy,
The matchless daughters gay.

Described the scenes in far off land,
Where rustic lovers stray;
That's promenading hand in hand,
And strolling every way.

Where Cupid, watching from the trees,
Armed with a bended bow;
Where youth's infatuation interweaves
Falls the well aimed arrow.

He sang of the romantic leas,
All vernal beauties show;
Then painted Neptune riding seas,
Where tempests wildly blow.

When martial strains broke on his ear,
He sung aloud of Mars;
Measuring numbers, soft and clear,
Revolving like the stars.

A world of wonders he unfolds
Upon terrestrial ball;
And rubies seek, their worth untold,
And finds a place for all.

He sang of mountains towering high,
Of cliffs and rugged rocks;
And pleasing slopes that round them lie,
Where shepherds feed their flocks.

He sang of purple and the gold,
The rainbow's arch adorning,
And its beauty when extolled,
Rivalled tints of morning.

In age he sang of where he roved,
And pictured lovely sights;
And of true friends and those he loved,
And of boyhood's delights.

And of abodes that brighter still,
Where eternal glories reign,
Excelling all, for angel's fill,
Those realms no tongue can name.

He sang of an infinite hand,
Which grasps supernal space;
And of Omnipotence, which spanned,
The realms which planets trace.

And when he quit the world, it sang
His euphonies so long,
That lore in after ages rang
With the music of his song.

THE POET'S OPINION OF LOVE.

How could a Poet's pen inspire,
Had he not felt the inward fire
Of Love; and from his heart-strings leaped sighs,
When love's returned by witching eyes,
That wrapt his soul in sweet surprise.

How could a line with inspiration beam,
Or soaring thoughts sweep lands of dream,
Reap rubies of its own creating;
Had not heaven, and earth, been mating,
Where Love and beauty stood in waiting.

Each honest heart attraction finds,
Like magnets together, true minds
Are drawn, in each a gem shall glow,
More resplendent than sunlight flow,
Renewing Paradise below.

Cupid seeks the canopied bowers,
Where bloom affection's rarest flowers,
Blessed with dew from lawns above;
There he bestrews the darts of love,
In bosom of the blushing dove.

Mortals have painted Cupid blind,
They had not eyes, nor balanced mind;
Love needs both judgment and good taste,
Truth and gentleness, pure and chaste,
And should not be displayed in haste.

Love needs both wings and watchful eyes,
Not to be taken by surprise;

A brain with purest knowledge filled,
And hands in many an art well skilled,
A cheerful face, a heart good willed.

So that when fortune round shall flow,
And on green banks new lilies grow,

'Twill aim perfection for to spread,
And rid the land to virtue wed,
Of aimless minds, and eyeless head.

Or when on troubled billows shaken,
The ship in storms cannot be taken;

Or when we hear the trumpet's tone,
Meet martial music with our own,
Then few will tread this earth alone.

THE POET'S PAINTING.

Blithe poets often dream and sing,
 And beauties paint of rosy spring;
 Show vernal vales and youths a Maying,
 Picturing slopes of flowery hills,
 Where softly murmur winding rills,
 Through meadows where the lambkins playing.

Makes fair as day the summer night,
 When moonbeams fall their mellow light;
 And sing of rustic youths delaying
 Where faintly rise the lover's sighs;
 How Cupid's arrows swiftly flies,
 When love begins in joyous straying.

He rhymeth how affections grow,
 Hears whispers soft, accented low;
 Divining thoughts that each are weighing;
 He brightens morn, when friends are by,
 Portrays the lovers, fair and shy;
 Who list to what the parson's saying.

He paints upon the finger flung,
 A band of gold that's ever young;
 The warmth from heart 'neath circle playing,
 No flowers of May, nor sweets of June,
 Can equal that endearing boon;
 His pen reflects the gems inlaying.

He pictures home a cottage bright,
 Where ever loving hearts unite;
 With cheer and pleasure love arraying
 In hours of joy and perfect bliss;
 They still recall the moonlight kiss
 Remembering they once went Maying.

MYSTERIOUS SONNETS.

Hark ! I hear mysterious sonnets,
 Wafting on the summer breeze,
 Turning playfully upon it,
 Pealing forth alluring glees.

Beautifully notes are changing;
 Touching chords that sing sublime;
 Rich and sweet the carols ranging,
 Soar aloft in mystic chime.

Listen, trios crossing meadows
 Rove amid the flowery throng,
 Dancing in the lilies shadows,
 Luring as the siren's song.

Hush ! 'tis chants of many daughters,
 Breathing joy in every strain,
 Mingling with the voice of waters,
 That is coursing down the plain.

Joining all in song romantic,
 Weird the chorus skimming sky;
 Swelling love with charms pathetic,
 Thrilling ear of passer-by

Song shall never lose it power,
 Where'er footsteps light may go;
 Mirth would flee from worldly bowers,
 If the cadence ceased to flow.

ADAM'S APPLE.

Had I a harp with charmed string,
That would a soul-like rapture sing,
And would unknown harmonies ring;

Or could my notes awake the wire
Whose cords shall give poetic fire,
Display my theme and grand desire,

I'd whisper in the sweetest rhyme.
Portray events of passing time,
Re-echoing all in airs sublime.

Tell Mother Eve, some fruit just tasted,
To save the same from being wasted,
Some rival that wicked story pasted.

Hide all the past in noble swell,
And of her race the legends tell,
That proves to worlds 'twas Adam fell.

Convincing all that this soft fellow,
Could not tell red, nor green, from yellow,
And cried whenever cattle bellow.

That wondrous tale I would all untie,
Show that good Eve would never lie,
Nor one of her descent, Oh fie !

ADAM AND EVE.

The records of the world since time began,
Afford no argument, but this one Adam;
And through its ruins, we still can him trace;
And honor him as first of human race.

The second much more important was Eve,
She ate the apple we all can believe;
The art of tasting learnt, no harm was meant,
All women now do same with good intent.

THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENT.

If we raise just one wee porker, 'tis so,
For rent down some Englishman's throat he must go;
'Tis not the most pleasant joke for to crack,
To stamp the piggy and pass him for a greenback.

FIRST AND LAST DISCOVERIES.

The sun shone upon Cain, a physician first of the band,
He caused Abel to die, and discovered Nod's distant land;
A second Eve found he there, the twain became one,
And when considering the weather, he scanned the sun.

Hill, last physician's policy, was let Abel live,
He discovered a comet, to the Sun, first news give;
The Sun presented him a gold medal rich and rare,
May he long live; his much honored tribute to wear.

It was wrote on this medal, and emblazoned thereon,
A hill, upon it Abel, with a comet, lighting the Sun.
May the Sun; with comets be Abel, 'mong hills, to shed light;
And Hill be Abel to send Comets to Sun at first sight.

* *THE COMET VS. GARFIELD.*

Hast thou watched in Heaven's vaulted spaces,
And saw planets moving on in their places;
Found ye in vast expanse a comet's fiery tail,
Heard ye a lamenting nation wail?

Was it placed in skies to be a sign
Unknown to us, and fixed by hands divine?
If comets rule by destiny, 'tis a strange fate;
In vain will rulers shun such orbs, but when too late.

Statesmen eternally may meet in granite halls,
Yet by some mortal aim the Chief Magistrate falls;
He no longer meets the cabinet face to face,
But finds beneath a stone a resting place.

His name will live on History's pages,
His virtues be admired in coming ages;
By the youths of our land and by its sages,
As they pass in review on Life's seven stages.

Fill his place with men honest and noted for wisdom,
Each stroke preparing you to withstand coming storm;
Hold fast to your Government, and that with good will,
Be known to the world the land of freedom still.

* The ancients supposed the appearance of comets in skies denoted a change of rulers on the earth.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

On Antietam I gazed, when in battle array
Met full ten score thousand all armed for the fray;
And the glitter of morn on their vast legions played,
Giving lustre to eagles, with gold overlaid.

Like a forest arose polished bayonets of steel;
There stood coursers whose gallop made broad meadows reel;
And on high streamed banners, where martial drum roll'd,
As the cymbal and fife, with the trumpets all told,
Launched defiance far over waters and plain,
Whence the clarion's proud echoes hurled back the refrain.

Then unsheathed was the sabres, and dashing of steeds,
Like a wave on the ocean, their troopers wild speeds,
And the footmen came down from the knolls and the ridge,
Swiftly marching in well marshaled ranks to the bridge.

On that charge swept the valiant of a numberless host,
Each well laying the grappling for a victory's boast;
And the boom from the guns on the clattering car,
Went resounding their peals thro' the valleys afar,
Leaping thence they redoubled their fury on high,
In the corners of earth fiercely clamors reply.

When the smoke veiled Heaven, terrific the roar,
But bright was the darkness where red rockets soar;
From the rifles fell hail, from the mortars leapt shell,
And grim death reaped a harvest, for history to swell.

Europe, Asia, and farthermost isle looked on
Antietam, the end of that conflict to see;

And their soldiers and statesmen declared battle drawn,
No victory awarding McClellan or Lee.

There met might of a nation, its strength and its pride,
And there battling fell warriors, and chiefs by their side;
E'en the name of the river which winds thro' the plain,
Doth foreshadow the havoc that fell by the same.

Lo! I looked on that field, when the queen of night drove
'Thro' the skies, and was scanning where cohorts had strove,
And there lay shattered columns of war steeds and men,
And the shimmering starlight fell softly on them.

There appeared not a dim colored cloud on the blue,
But below burnished armor was rusting with dew;
Not a soul-stirring note on a bugle was sung,
Not a whisper was heard where the clash of arms rung.

Not a reed trembled upon the trampled hillside;
Not a breath of wind flowed where the battle shout died;
All was silent, each sentry patrolled his beat,
While the tranquil Antietam rolled on at their feet.

TACITURN.

Tell me thunder's deafening roar,
When the lightning cleaves the sky,
And the rain in torrents pour,
Or when whirlwinds passing by.

Tell me in yon trackless way,
Where ye roll the wondrous sound;
Where the dazzling arrows play,
Have ye yet a heaven found?

Tell me planets hidden far,
In the depths unknown to eye;
Doth it hover like a star,
Soar above all worlds on high?

Tell me wings of light, whose ray
Piercing farthest verge of space,
Have ye found eternal day,
Dwell on confines which ye trace?

Tell me vaster things than this;
Seek me realms of brighter birth;
Tell me where the soul bath bliss,
When it passes from the earth?

THE SONG OF ERIN'S SON.

I listened long to a stranger's song,
The burden came from home;
His heart was light, his spirit strong,
But far his muse did roam.

He sang of Erin's vernal vales,
And where bright waters meet;
Portrayed in rhyme his wond'rous tales,
No land to him so sweet.

Grand sights, said he, by beach are seen,
Wild birds the heavens wing,
And like an emerald in its sheen,
The billows round her cling.

A jewel in the ocean spray
That fair green island stands;
While granite cliffs and fortress grey,
Each haven doth command.

He pictured glens and mountains tall,
Brought them full near my view,
And many a fount and waterfall,
Fed with raindrops and dew.

Of rocks he sang, that covenants keep,
And lonely dales they fill;
And how savants, those landmarks seek,
For glory guards them still.

There nature spreads her flowers fair,—
Shamrocks and lilies white,—
Which fill with fragrance all the air,
When morning's cleft from night.

He warriors praised, mighty and brave,
Who bore the lance and shield;
And told how Erin they would save,
When battling on the field.

Those fearless chieftains, silent sleep
Within abbeys of yore;
And the Banshees sit by the deep,
Wailing them evermore.

He sang of shafts and statues fine,
That tower in each town,
Around them flung memories sublime;
And clothed them with renown.

Of daughters fair, he spake with pride,
Their tresses all aglow;
No traitor, place found by their side,
Or where her banners flow.

His anthem, Erin's blighted isle,
Recalled a pang so keen,
E'en nature there had lost its smile,
And joy no more was seen.

Then sighs bespoke remembrance wrong;—
The tears flowed down his cheek,—
Her glories fled he told in song,—
For this he crossed the deep.

The harp chords ring for her no more
In 'Tara's ancient hall;
But waves rebound against the shore;
That seem to hide her fall.

Then sorrow tinged each note and line;—
His face had lost its fire,—
But said to-morrow she would shine,
And ring again her lyre.

He prayed to skies her star would rise,
And flash anew its light;
Her sons united, brave and wise,
Would stand again for right.

Before him then that isle unfolds,
Its hills with azure glow;
And wondrous tales of love he told,
Which from his bosom flow.

He saw the wood where he delayed,
To see his source of joy;
And where around him fairies played,
In days without alloy.

He sang of heathers' purpling flume,
Among the banks and braes,
And of the dainty primrose bloom,
That grow along the ways.

He sang of all that's sweet and fair,—
Of damsels good to see,—
Of hearth and home and friendship rare;
It brought delight to me.

He sang of her that he loved best;—
Re-echoing her name,—
He praised her more than all the rest,
And spread abroad her fame.

Fairer far, than his native isle,
To him was Erin's daughters;
He never met so sweet a smile,
In lands beyond the waters.

*THE VALE OF IGNORANCE, AND THE VALE
OF UNDERSTANDING.*

In by-gone days a worthy youth,
One morning went in search of truth,
Briars and rue the wayside marked,—
At every crossing the small dogs barked,—
 At rickety carts and stubborn donkey,
Whose owners were a sort of being,
 With brains scarce equal Darwin's monkey,—
In all that place no two agreeing.

Though politics was there unknown,
Each resort was full of drones;
The mud was axle-deep on thoroughfares,
The traders bought and sold poor wares;
On every meadow bloomed tares,
Each hut was some booby's abode,—
No Socrates had gone that road.

On it was built no town or city,
 No village school, with chiming bell;
The children knew no song nor ditty,
 None could a cheerful story tell:
They knew not A. B. C., what a pity,
 The youth saw in each dweller's glance,
 This was the vale of Ignorance.

He journeyed on where two ways led
In front a blazing signal read,—
Keep to the right, it brought him joy,
He saw the road bore much alloy,
It never was by levels rolled,

There upturned boulders sparkled gold,
This was the vale of Understanding,
Art's rudiments was there expanding.

The schoolman, scholar and graduate,
With linguists and philosophers wait;
Geologists, geometrists and gecrapher,
All studied beneath the oak and fir;
Cliffs towering high above the plain
On every side was carved name,
Solon, Plato, and Archimedes,
Firdonsi, Homer, Virgil, Ossian,
Burns, Byron, Moore, and Hemans; these
Gave the vale musical emotion.

The names of savants long since dead,
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin read;
Hosts of wise men writ over head,
This road he said may bring relief,
As out on zephyrs passed his grief;
The gentle winds returned a sigh,
And like an omen, weird and strange,
Orange and olive leaves reply;
Their voice in branches interchange,
The sounding twigs reverberate;
Be content for 'tis thy fate
To master knowledge, learn and wait.

He turned to a stream that rolled down
From a tall mount's supernal crown,
Where stands a temple of renown,
O'erlooking pinnacles that frown;
He crystals asked from learning's grange,
Hast thou hid in thy mystic sand,
The key which opens science door;
The answering crystals thus replied,
As ripples dashed against the shore,
Drink thou of the exhaustless tide,

As wise men has done ages before,
 Onward, upward, enter the gate,
 Whose architraves articulate;
 'Twill thy ultimatum create
 All things come to those who learn and wait.

He goblet dipped in learning's fountain,
 And while he sipped, he saw the mountain,
 Above which rolled noon's triumphant car;
 Utterly astonished, gazing far,
 He said; Oh! sun, grant me the change,
 Give fairest gleams the valley strange;
 Apollo darted forth brighter rays
 Setting the hillsides all ablaze.

The pebbles on his pathway shone,
 Their very radiance seemed to say;
 Thy value to the world unknown,
 Let naught on earth thy heart dismay;
 All nature, even the inanimate,
 In sybil tones reiterate,
 Youths gathering wisdom, learn and wait,
 Time registers the worthy great.

WISE MEN'S SAYING ON KISSING.

“ When the sweet winds did Kiss the trees.”—SHAKESPEARE.

There's magic in affection's kiss,
That's known not in seraphic bliss;
In murmurs soft that soar above,
Each heart reciprocating love.

When lip to lip shall other meet;
When lip to lip shall other greet;
The world it's wealth and rubies fine,
Are all forgotten for the time.

Sweet symphonies glide soft and low,
Trembling as if loth to go;
Enchanting their euphonious chime,
To lovers seeming all divine.

Solomon, writ on vellum white,
Of kisses bringing rare delight;
Of kisses better far than wine,—
All wise men will to end of time.

Where falls the Orient ray
Mark Anthony threw realms away,
To gain the kiss of Egypt's Queen,
And revel in her starry sheen.

Queen Margaret to Chartiers gave,
A kiss, although the homeliest brave,
That ever saw a maiden's glance,
Or trod the balmy vales of France.

I kiss not man, but lyric strings,
Said she; I kiss the soul that sings;
When Poets sleep, they gather bliss,
And mine now may not come amiss.

Of Georgianna 'tis ever wrote
She kissed a butcher for his vote,
And cheerfully paid it in a trice,—
'Twas for the same a mighty price.

The Duchess Gordon, fairest Jane,
Recruited a regiment the same;
And daring men both strong and bold,
From far and near in ranks enrolled.

And England's Queen, the Virgin Bess,
The art enjoyed more or less;
For when a friend, true, kind and bold,
Placed a kiss she never told.

When Washington did Martha woo,
'Tis hinted that she often threw,
Back kindly kisses, which he laid,
Interest bearing, interest paid.

A mother's kiss made West a light,
He penciled on the canvas bright.
In colors true the work of art,
Which to his name a fame impart.

Paul Richter's narrations tell,
He Catharine Barin kissed well,
To rapture write with ink said he,
Would take enough to fill a sea.

No paradise the words could know,
That would express the bliss below;
It was the rarest minutes pearl,
That in ethereal blue could whirl.

The memory of a youthful kiss,
Brought Sidney Smith sunshine and bliss,
On visage spread the laughing cheer,
Which lasted him full forty year.

Youth nor age, never finds the hour,
When's lost to them their sunny power;
Eld bosoms leap with childish joy,
As when their days knew no alloy.

In youth, and in declining year
They bring to hearts the gladsome cheer;
Reverberating sweet refrain,
In every clime on every plain.

TO MOTHER.

Home is home, where loving mother,
Fills a place in every heart;
To its circle no one other,
Can a sunshine glow impart.

Mother, when high noon is shining,
Or when clouds on sky appear,
Same thou art at day's declining;
Same thou art throughout the year.

Thou like Iris on the heaven
Hopeful shining out the storm;
Filling hearts with joyous leaven,
Making troubles easy borne.

Like the Lode Star nightly gleaming,
Guiding seamen where's no path,
Mother watches babes when dreaming,
Who in peaceful slumbers laugh.

Mother e'entide vigils keeping,
Breathe prayers beside each bed;
Whilst thou kiss the brow that's sleeping,
Angels hover overhead.

Yes, in vaulted spaces glisten,
Light on thee from every star,
Where on thresholds seraphs listen,
Looking from the gates ajar.

Mother, heaven's love inspires thee,
Morning, noon and midnight hours;
Mother, long shall worlds admire thee,
Guarding well the tender flowers.

PETIT FILLE.

An infant came to this world of ours,
To ramble vales and gather flowers;
To fill a place in mystic streams,
Where revel wild enchanting dreams.

To gaze on white winged ships at sea;
To watch the streamlets wind the lea;
To look upon the mountain crown,
And wander valleys up and down.

To list to birds in branches sing,
Whose carols sweet in heaven ring,
When morning spreading rosy light,
That cheers the soul and brings delight.

To hear the bells in turrets high,
Whose intonations sweet reply,
When Sabbath skies with beauty glows,
And nature seeks a calm repose.

Ring silver bells the welcome bold;
Ring out the peals you never told;
Ring numbers sounding sweet hereafter,
And lassies fill with joyous laughter.

Swing all your rhyming chimes together;
Tell sprites that rove the highland heather,
Tell naiads by the prattling water,
At home we have a tiny daughter.

*WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG MAN ON RECEIVING
A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.*

Bright was the Sabbath morning sun,
And sweet the winds across the lea;
Your letter then, your welcome one,
From home, dear mother came to me.

I read its lines with joyous eyes,
Of mother thought my dearest friend;
Throughout long years her love survives,
How sweet the words in message penned.

Emotion youthful clings to mind,
Time never can from it efface;
Thy loving accents, good and kind,
Their mem'ry in my heart finds place.

Mother, I think of thee at morn,
When blushing sunrise gladdens sky;
When to the world new day is born,
And heaven gilds before my eye.

When noontide sun in zenith stands,
And golden gleams around me flow;
Then I recall yon taught my hands,
Rise blessings ask long years ago.

Mother, methinks of thee, when bells
From the church spire on Sabbath's call;
I think of thee when voices swell,
And choral chants about me fall.

My boyhood's love remains for thee;
Dear mother my lips still impart,
Each night for thee, on bended knee,
A prayer ascends from my heart.

ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

Joyous may thy mother greet thee,
 Vigils keeping for thee long;
 Kindred lips shall welcome greet thee,
 Spread thou mirth their hearts among;
 Heavenward for thee prayers are stealing,
 Angels with them wing the air,
 Reaching portal that's revealing,
 Seraphic footprints everywhere;
 When at eventide's devotion,
 Octaves chant thy mother sung;
 Offer up with true emotion,
 Divers prayers thou lisped when young.

WRITTEN ON A POSTAL CARD.

Your welcome letter came this morn,
 Here springtime reigns the matchless queen;
 Here furrows open for seed corn,
 And orchard trees are budding seen;
 Here well plumed songsters sing again.
 On sloping hills the lambkins play,—
 And crystals course the pleasant vales,—
 Through myrtles blooming zephyrs stray;
 I papers mail from Baltimore,
 With news from earth's remotest parts;
 And hope by Miramichi's shore
 Their annals new will cheer thy heart.

THE STORIED KISS.

While muses sing of that and this,
When mellow gleams from moon are falling,
They nightly tell of a moment's bliss,
And of some cute ma, at window calling.

From rosy lips which never miss,
Tenderness sweetly, swiftly darting;
Whose impress leaves a loving kiss,
Such as Cupid taught Eve, when life starting.

Endearment used by nymph, and wight;
And wider spread than ancient classic,
Men and matrons, whose locks are white:
Say often; nothing can surpass it.

Without it there could be no good-night;
Upon this mundane sphere be given;
It tells of bliss the purest type,
Forbid to dwellers in high heaven.

VOICE OF GUITAR.

I hear in the twilight voice of guitar,
Lending harmonies to wind,
While Cupid riding in rhapsody's car,
Through arbors laden with vine,
Singing love ever be mine.

Every note on the musical bar;
Breathes love in bosom enshrined,
Every symphony sings afar,
Sweetly notes to me incline
Singing love ever be mine.

While effulgence of the glimmering star,
Looks where linden boughs entwine;
Raptures excelling the sirens by far,
Seeming in heaven to climb,
Sings love, love, I will be thine.

Love's euphonies sighing softly unbars;
Infatuates hearts divine,
Whose responsive thrill like unto guitar,
Worship the passionate chime,
Sings I will ever be thine.

CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

The kitchen in charge of Kitty;
Serene, happy and gay,
Her movements are so pretty
Bearing the breakfast tray.

She's always up bright and early,
E'en before the sunrise;
Her auburn tresses are curly,
Dangling over blue eyes.

She never keepeth one waiting,
None need hurry her up,
For in style, truly elating,
She fills the coffee cup.

She brings the hot rolls and butter,
Pressed in exquisite mold;
Nobody ever can mutter
Of rich gravies being cold.

Sirloin steaks, the chops and springlets,
She broils, but never fries;
She cuts the doughnuts in ringlets,
And bakes sweet pumpkin pies.

She wanders paths at evening,
Watching the dazzling west;
There pondering, and often singing,
Of one she loveth best.

Not long with us will she tarry,
Next week she has to stop;
The smiling butcher boy to marry
That did the question pop.

CUPID IN THE TWILIGHT.

Once Cupid watched the sunset ray,
When gold and purple lined the west,
And lovers saw on terrace way,
The birdlings all had gone to rest.

The evening bells in hollow towers,
Re-echoes flung across the plain;
And weirdly wove in twilight hours
Some quaint old chime over again.

But Cupid heard above it all,
A voice of love and earthly bliss,
His bow was sprung, the arrows fall,
Concealed in a storied kiss.

The legend old, and always new,
And ever wafting on the breeze;
When Cupid wandered Eden through,
The art was known to but a few.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Full half a century swiftly fled;
Years rolling back in flood of time,
Compassing days since grandsires wed,
To battle life's storms and sunshine.

Grandchildren come to greeting pay,
Bestrewing flowers of sweet perfume;
Commingling happiness with ray
Of sun in the midsummer's noon.

Join we all, no tribute repressing,
For every heart brimful of cheers;
We ask to-day our grandsires' blessing,
Praying joy may tend their coming years.

WILLS CREEK.

By the streamlet Wills I wander,
Scanning peaks that tower to skies;
And with awe I often ponder,
A mystery before me lies.

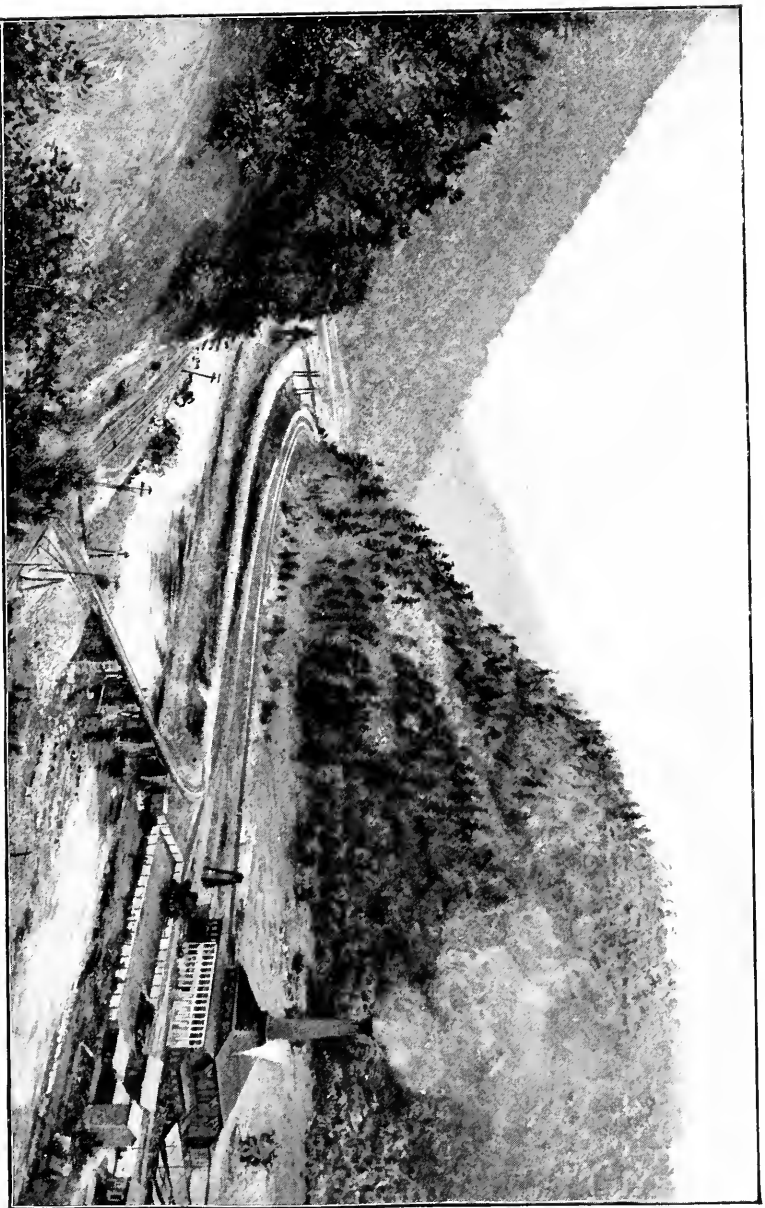
Earth's upheaval rent asunder,
Mountains reeling, shook afar,
Waking world, with voice of thunder,
Left wild gorges marked with scar.

Flame and fire upward roaming,
Passage forced through granite rock;
On the crevice boulders groaning,
Seem repelling invaders shock.

Downward mighty lakes descending;
Onward rush through broken walls;
Sweeping torrents, vales are rending,
Hiding every waterfall.

Naught is left but Wills fountain,
Where distills the early dew;
Cooling springs flow from the mountain.
Warblers wake the groves anew.

Crystals wander from the ridges,
Wills Creek currents gather all;
Now the waters crossed by bridges,
Rolls along Queen City's wall.



NARROWS AND WILLS CREEK AT CUMBERLAND.

Joins Potomac's flow, before us,
Green eld Nobley's architraves;
Nebo's view is truly glorious,
Eastward far the river laves.

Temples adorn declivities,
Mansions hid by blooming trees;
Cottages rustic simplicity,
Every beauty eye to please.

Summer's zephyrs sweetly singing,
Play the choicest airs in June,
Like the silver cymbals ringing,
Glees and symphonious tune.

THE HERMIT JOAN.

A noiseless brook, unknown to fame;
Nor writ of in romance,
Now humbly owns a hermit's name,
He came from La Belle France.

A genius strange and unromantic,
The legends sayeth, yet,
He crossed the great Atlantic,
In ship with La Fayette.

Why wandered he from haunts of men,
Tradition never told;
Ha! perhaps some heartless maiden,
Had made his bosom cold.

That heartless dame, if such can be,
Immortalized his name;
But the chill hand of destiny,
Has hidden her's from fame.

For now across that streamlet's vein,
Is flung the arch Joan;
Full nine score feet the keystones reign
In air, upholding span.

It tells of one a pilgrim here,
Whose errand now is shown;
His name is sang in waters clear,
Spanned by an arch of stone.

In balmy France, his boyhood's love,
Where first he rambled, blithe and gay,
He little thought, in Columbia's grove,
To while his life away.

Half hidden in the cedar shade,
Joan's log cabin stood;
And sunbeams scarcely ever strayed
Into the solitude.

He shunned the crowds who love to dwell,
Where steeples tower high;
And never thought his name would tell
Of waters flowing by.

Fate fixed his predestined path,
While time furrowed his brow;
No music, mirth nor joyous laugh;
Did blind impulse allow.

While roving dames muse in their heart,
And with enchantment gaze,
Upon this stately work of art,
They never Joan praise.

SPRING.

The woodlands and the blooming flowers,
The grass upon the plain,
All tell us that the spring time hours,
Are gracing earth again.

The soft winds crossing lovely glades,
Now wave the butter-cup,
Red clover and timothy blades
Half hide the johnny-jump-up.

Blue violets and budding rose,
Their petals ope to sun;
And here and there wrapt in repose,
The lily's life's begun.

Across the lea pale arbutus,
An odor fragrant flings,
On rustic arbors round us,
The honeysuckle clings.

Thus Flora's train in passing years,
Vie with fields elysian,
Embellishing the hemisphere,
We enjoy the vision.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Thou mocking birds, that hover;
 Over summer's blooming train,
 Which spreads upon the fields a cover,
 Of the purest vernal grain.

Mimic born, with thee a duty,
 To make life's harmony;
 None of the feathered beauties,
 Give us a song in greater glee.

For thy nest is builded ever,
 Where dame nature's minstrels sing.
 There thy parodies clever,
 Imitate each happy thing.

All the birds around the fountain,
 Spins a joyous spell for thee;
 While thy rapture climbs the mountain,
 Where thy notes are ringing free.

Many birds in lovely measure
 Carol to a finer string;
 Yet they give no greater pleasure,
 Than the travesties thou sing.

Sing and stimulate unbidden,
 To the beams of golden light;
 Nightly rest thy cot is hidden,
 In a thicket out of sight.

MORNING IS BREAKING.

Flourish the trumpets, the morning is breaking,
Orient scarlet, whose tints are untold,
Skies and the earth and the ocean are waking,
Under the bright stream of glittering gold.

Strike on the timbrels, the zephyrs are winging,
Odor of roses thro' luxuriant groves;
Where all the feathered songsters are singing,
Raptures to mates, ever telling their loves.

Bring from the harp-string some passionate story,
Commingle voices, in unison sound;
Pastorals swelling mysterious glory,
Pealing forth songs to earth's uttermost bound.

Vibrate the cymbals, all nature enhancing,
Mountain and valley shall weirdly reply;
Even their magical echoes entrancing,
Shall waft the music aloft in the sky.

Memnon now wrapped in ages of slumber,
Chanted the music that sunbeams have rang;
Even the portals of heaven, in number,
Rejoiced in epochs when morning stars sang.

Think not alone we in ether are sailing,
Farthermost planets have their birds and bowers;
Orbits that never allow us a hailing,
Bear in their pathway stars clothed with flowers.

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

On the meadows, the wheatlands and heather,
Fell the rays of the swift setting sun;
And the birds, clad in beautiful feather,
Hushed carolling—day it was done.

Distant towers to vespers were calling,
On the summer's winds float the refrain,
Of the anthems whose harmonies falling,
Musical notes rejoiced all the plain.

And the cadence in woodlands were darting,
Ringing and swinging its roundelay;
Where the gold from the terraces parting,
Giving twilight a place on the way.

Over hemisphere darkness came stealing,
Veiling nature for rest and repose;
While many a lip, prayers were sealing,
That to heaven's bright portals arose.

How dear to the bosom, evening's glory,
When home, sweet home, the sunseting star;
Where falls beauties surpassing the story
Of Eden in bygone ages afar.

THE TO-MORROW.

“One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—FRANKLIN.

Never wait for the to-morrow,
 Hide that rover's fancy sheen;
 Never let him visions borrow,
 Paint for thee delusive dream.

Wisdom gather by degrees,
 Youth the time, the hour is now,
 Bygone ages passed decree,
 All things must to knowledge bow.

Learning tends to give enjoyment,
 When wisdom and worth convene;
 Give to hearth and home refinement,
 Lends enchantment to its scene.

Where the pleasing smile should hover,
 Sprinkling gladness with good cheer;
 Gladdens heart of sire and mother,
 Strengthening affection dear.

Knowledge be it ever written,
 'Tis the key that opes all things;
 From it nothing can be hidden,
 Honor to it ever clings.

Never wait for the to-morrow—
 Boundless its unmeasured line;
 Unbidden cometh age and sorrow,
 Wisdom gather; youth the time.

ORAL LEGENDS.

Oral legends weave the song,
Of antique years that's fled for long;
In rustic homes traditions throng,
 Recalling ancient glory.

Chivalry's tales in winter's night,
To artless lads and lassies bright,
Bring fervent thrills and fond delight,
 When wrapt in rhyming story.

So long as time shall spread her wing,
And freedom to our nation cling,
Our youths shall of defenders sing,
 When driven out were Tories.

When side by side the young and old,
In armed array met tyrants bold,
And clouds of dun above them rolled,
 In battles, hot and gory.

Those heroes said, while winds shall flee,
And billows roll upon the sea,
Their hearths, their homes, and lands were free,
 Across whose plains flashed victory.

Let worthy sires the transport swell,
In martial airs record it well;
Their children shall in triumph tell,
 The tales when they are hoary.

THE FOREST'S BEAUTY.

I see the poplar, plane and oaken tree,
Blend grateful shade where streamlets wander;
Through scalloped leaves float balmy breeze,
On their luxuriance often ponder.

The sloping hills with verdure rare,
Bedecked with dews borne from the ocean;
The flocks and shepherd saunters there,
Dame Nature's beauties all in motion.

The thyme and daisies swathe the brow,
Of rugged heights romancing,
Where sombre clouds oft times bow,
Scattering pearls, that downward dancing,

Through gorges glide where stately pines,
Well adorn the upland regions;
To smile among the silver vines,
That border way to briny regions.

MORNING RAMBLE.

I walked abroad where daisies blue,
 And buttercups their folds undo;
 The pearly drops of early dew,
 Were sparkling clear
 On lilies white,
 Each blade and ear,
 Were all bedight.

I rambled on among the trees,
 Luxuriant their scalloped leaves,
 Which fanned the nectar on the breeze;
 The vernal vales
 Our joy prolong,
 Sweet birds regale
 Us with their song.

The morning spread a glittering sheen,
 On forest, field and sparkling stream,
 All things in that refulgent gleam
 Their Maker praised;—
 All things, but man;
 Their voices raised,
 As when time began.

THE FAIRIES.

In sylvan groves dwell the fairies,
Lithesome beauties never bold;
Their vestures buoyant and airy,
Forms conceal of highest mold.

No one yet hath counted number,
That abide in quiet nooks;
None have ever seen them slumber,
Nor their footprints found by brooks.

Those ancient storied foresters,
Love the depths of solitude;
They dine upon the sweetest nectar,
That's distilled in flowery wood.

They climb luxuriant maples,
Stand atween the earth and sky,
Inhaling choicest fragrance,
The west winds are bearing by.

When the twilight fades at evening,
And the queen moon watches night,
Sees bright-eyed sylphs steps achieving,
That put master's eld to flight.

'Tis said they lived in Paradise,
In most exquisite beauty,
And still retain fictitious name,
Adam gave when on duty.

TWILIGHT BELLS.

Sweetly the notes of evening bells,
Falls from the spiral towers;
To sacred song their soothing swells,
Call in the twilight hours.

In valleys wide, in forest dells,
Resound their glorious quiver,
It sallies forth where shadows dwell
On margins of the river.

Vibrating intonations, tell,
The soft winds hath a voice in,
That binds us with a magic spell,
We hear the hills rejoicing.

Those ringing bells, those swinging bells
When nightfall veils the green;
Calls us from airy citadels,
Revere the power unseen.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

When twilight flees to other lands,
 And darkness veils the field and wood;
 When Morpheus plies his magic wand,
 And gives sweet dreams to childhood.

Their sleeping minds sees wonders deep,
 While gazing into realms unknown;
 Where panoramas onward sweep
 Down paths that's never marked with stone.

Sleep, children sleep, while nature spread,
 Her mystic bliss upon each thought;
 'Tis ointment nature pours on head,
 Which never can for price be bought.

NIGHT SHADES.

Where darkly fall the shades of night,
 Swift visions cross my mind;
 Which shows to me, in new-born light,
 The waste of time behind.

In them I read the minutes past,
 Which fill the years of man;
 Their numbers are but emblems cast
 The leaders in the van.

They show to me the dreams of youth
 Long since passed away;
 Amid the brightest scenes is truth,
 Tho' nude is fair as day.

MADRIGAL.

DEAR SUSIE MAY,

Your welcome letter came this morn,
 From Shenandoah's lovely vale;
 It tells me furrows ope for corn,
 And many a curious tale.

I see in visions Blue Ridge rise,
 The mountain lines are sharply drawn,
 And fair Aurora's purpling sky,
 The glitter lightning velvet lawns.

The wagons jar on sloping hill,
 Around which winds the streamlet's arms;
 And chanticleers, with clarion shrill,
 Are crowing loudly on the farms.

All round there's bleating, barking, lowing,
 And chirping birds with many a song;
 The ploughboys through the fields are going,
 The milkmaid's voice is loud and strong.

Her merry raptures weirdly throwing,
 The forest, field and sky rejoices;
 The great tin horn, for breakfast blowing,
 The manse is glad with children's voices.

The mill wheels over sluices whirls,
 Shattering waters into spray;
 They toss around the crystal pearls,
 Where busy millers laugh all day.

Kind Miss, I am glad your health
 Is blessed in fair Virginia's dales;
 Where purest air and nature's wealth,
 Commingle with romantic tales.

May summer's time, on joyous wing,
Cast fragrant flowers in thy way;
And well plumed songsters for the trees,
Carolling mirthful roundelays.

While southern zephyrs fan the trees,
As to and fro on leas they run,
Gathering balms that interweaves
Their sweetest perfumes all in one.

At morn, at noon, and evenings late,
May muses ever by thee dwell;
When thou, in rustic arbor wait,
May wood nymphs to thee stories tell.

HEARD YE THE BILLOWS.

Heard ye the voice of the billows,
Which furrow the bottomless deep;
Where the wild waves are rocking the pillows,
Upon which the mariners sleep.

Heard ye the gales, thro' the rattlings driven,
Which forever wild revels keep;
Where the topmast touches heaven,
As vessel's prow cleaveth the deep.

Where the white canvas rejoices the water,
The seaman dreams nightly of home;
Seeth mother, son or daughter,
Or lover beside the hearthstone.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cumberland, Maryland, 12, 26, 1882.

TO ALEX. A. COWDEN, Nelson, N. B.

Your welcome letter came to-day,
 A riding o'er long leagues of steel;
 In postal car, that rolls the way,
 Drawn by the steaming driving wheel.

Of chariot, that swiftly whirls,
 Along the vales and never tires;
 And flings aloft the smoking curls
 That breathed from its blazing fires.

Climbs mountain hights in wild career,
 And crosses bridges, where below,
 Grand rivers roll their crystals clear,
 And pebbled rills music low.

To me your pleasing message tells
 Of sunny hearts in frosty lands,
 In measure free, the cadence swells,
 And echoes from the page expands.

Methinks I see Canadian vales,
 The field and forest robed in snow,
 Above them floats the wintry gales,
 Pictures weird before me glow.

In woodlands, axes sharply ring,
 That's thinning fast the sylvan groves;
 Where climbing vines to branches cling,
 And browsing moose o'er brambles rove.

Luxuriant rise the birchen tree,
Whose leaflets gather heaven's dew;
It once gave bark to red men free,
To build their light and swift canoe.

Which danced upon the tossing wave,
Of Miramichi's sea green waters;
Bore dusky warriors, wild and brave,
And their blithesome dark hair'd daughters.

Yes !
Your missive to me quaintly shows
On river's surface ices strong;
Around where hidden water flows,
Are beauties fit for Virgil's song.

Far east Aurora's breaking light,
To frosty morn with early red,
The world awakes with glad delight,
Upon a hemisphere its spread.

When dawn returns its gleam on high,
And strikes the cities' silver spires,
From many a home into the sky
Rise wreaths of smoke from glowing fires.

On highway rings the sleighing bells,
Around the steeds that's frosted grey;
They prancing ring the merry swells
And glide with racers' speed away.

Their reaching hoofs are keeping time,
The jingle, jingle, echoes high,
O'er farmhouse roof the music chime,
Sends jingle, jingle, up to sky.

Methinks I see your home and hearth,—
A kitten frolics on the floor,
The watchful dog enjoys the mirth,
Resting on mat beside the door.

And uncle fills the old arm chair,
The latest news upon his knee;
Aunt Susan, with a grandchild there,
Makes cheerful pictures fine to see.

Yes!

Uncle, I'm glad you happy dwell
Where sunset paints a purple glow;
Each evening pleasing stories tell,
Of things that passed by long ago.

When youthful memories round you throng,
In many a bleak and wintry night,
Recite legends, sing antique song,
Bring joy to faces young and bright.

Let flowery thoughts like garlands twine,
Instilling wisdom's jeweled truth;
'Twill fairer than the starlight shine,
And glory shed around the youth.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

The President's message lately out,
Some ideas good, some very small;
No American will become a lout,
England ne'er shall rule Isthmus canal.

He speaks of Russia and the Jew,
A story to us long ages known;
Could I advise, I'd say Hebrew,
Rebuild a nation of your own.

ENGLISH NEWS.

Queen Vic, now opens courts of law,
And grotesquely passes o'er the key,
Of justice, that hides many a flaw,
'Twill so remain till men are free.

The soldiers of 'Tel-el-Kiber,
She decorates with ribbon bands,
For spoiling by the Nile's old river,
Pharoah's proudly sculptured lands.

REMARKS ON SAME.

Could Bruce or Wallace rose that day,
Saw highland's lads, sic tassels take,
They'd flung their bonnets in the Tay,
And Scotia banks and braes forsake.

Could Burns have sang beneath that sun,
Laments and tears would span the rhyme;
A scornful laugh would laughing run,
His chorus through, to end of time.

There Cleopatra reigned a queen,
Beside the Nile rare viands spread;
When Phœbus shed his brightest gleam,
In ship of state o'er waters sped.

Egypt saw Tyre and Babylon fall,
Troy, Carthage, Jerusalem and Rome;
And yet will stand tho' aged and small,
When lofty England's overthrown.

Many a chieftain, in their day,
With phalanx bold trod Egypt's sand;
Before her all have passed away,
Mysteries o'er her still expand.

Amid the world of passing dreams,
Which writes upon each princely wall,
Hath taught to us in bygone gleams,
Touch Pharoah's realm, your empire falls.

PLANET NEWS.

In realms above, where planets run,
December sixth was a lovely day,
And Venus fair drove round the sun,
A riding through celestial way.

The transit seen by many a sage,
Shall never more to them appear,
But Clio's pen shall light the page,
For savants new in coming year.

Of Venus fair, and courts of Jove,
Bard Homer sang in lofty rhyme;
Enchanting was his queen of love,
Whose beauty made his echoes chime.

Amid the morning stars she sang,*
When light through chaos first was shown;
The planets' lyres around her rang,
Above the earth's great corner stone.

Uncle, adieu, a kind adieu,
The sun is purpling vapors west;
This message writ for aunt and you,
And now my pen retires to rest.

* Job 38, 4, 7 verses. The first transit of Venus recorded in modern times, that I have noticed, is under date of Dec. 4th, 1639. The next June 6th, 1761, June 5th, 1769, Dec. 8th, 1874, Dec. 6th, 1882, the last one.

The next one occurs in the year 2004, June the 7th, and again in the year 2013, June 5th. I have no doubt they were well known to the ancients, and records were made, and in all probability lost.

Yours Truly, W. F. COWDEN.

POETICAL ART.

Art in verse should ever seek,
 To bring from wisdom depths profound,
 Knowledge that truthfully speak,
 Enhancing charms with the sound.

Rhythm touches tender chords,
 And brings from bosom admiration ;
 Lyrics sweetly blending words
 Ennobles inspiration.

Nature's mystic, untaught lays,
 Hovers o'er every rocky chasm,
 Man imitates creation's praise
 That wafts around enthusiasm.

Mountains and uncultured plains,
 When morning rays are on them shining,
 Laud their sweet harmonious strains,
 Until the day's declining.

Art is earnest, keep it pure,
 Building verse is a vocation ;
 Poesy instructions oft allure
 Youths to list to wise ministration.

I HEAR A SONG.

I hear a song upon the air,
The whisper sails around ;
It cheerfully floats here and there,
The music with it bound.

When moon's pale light falls out the sky,
And spreads along the mere,
Above the forest, towering high,
That voice sings loud and clear.

When swift my bark speeds o'er the wave,
And breezes gently blow,
On waters where the billows lave,
The carols softly flow.

I hear the voice, still loud and clear,
The strains were sang for me,
By one who lov'd for me to hear,
The cheerful melody.

Above the storm, when gales are strong,
And waves dash fierce and high,
I hear the anthems, loud and long,
Same as in nights gone by.

On the ocean of life I hear,
The chorus sweetly ring ;
It bids me still be of good cheer,
The notes around me cling.

And now above I see a star,
With smiles upon its face ;
Below I hear the song afar,
Each stanza I can trace.

It bids me still to breathe a prayer,
As once in days gone by ;
The songster hovers in the air,
And asks me to reply.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

January, opens portals of the year;
February, melts the snows of winter time;
March winds over mountains and the valleys leer;
April scatters rain drops, through the bright sunshine;
May's the month of opening buds and blooming flowers;
June the pride of seasons, gladdens all the plains;
July gives to us the harvest's golden hours;
August after, drives through orchards with her train;
September moons come weirdly changing sky;
October noons tint the forests fading leaves;
November gales through the woods fantastic sigh;
December frosts, wakes the fires in winter eves;
Thus the cycle ever onward, circles round,
Measuring time that's lost in depths profound.

WHAT SAILORS TELL.

I've rounded tempestuous capes,
Where the gales wildly blow ;
I've sheered by reefs and rocks that gape,
From the depth of oceans low.

I have crossed the northernmost sea,
When the fierce boreal gale
Bent the fore and mizzenmast to lee,
Rending the topgallant sail.

With a master spirit at the helm,
Watchfully his restless eye
Scanned the billows that overwhelm,
Barque as they are rolling by.

Hiding bowsprit and jib in rout, ,
Leave no trace of vessel's track ;
In shreds the skysail streamed out,—
Never, never looking back.

Until soft winds from southern shores,
Cause the wild winds to lower ;
And hardy mariners restore,
Vessel's deck as heretofore.

And when we anchor safe in port,
It gives the pulse a quick'ning thrill ;
While the storms behind us sport,
Our perils would vast volumes fill.

THE BANKS OF NEUSE.

Green grow the ferns on banks of Neuse,
 There daisies milk white spring ;
 There brightly gleam the early dews,
 There warblers gaily sing.

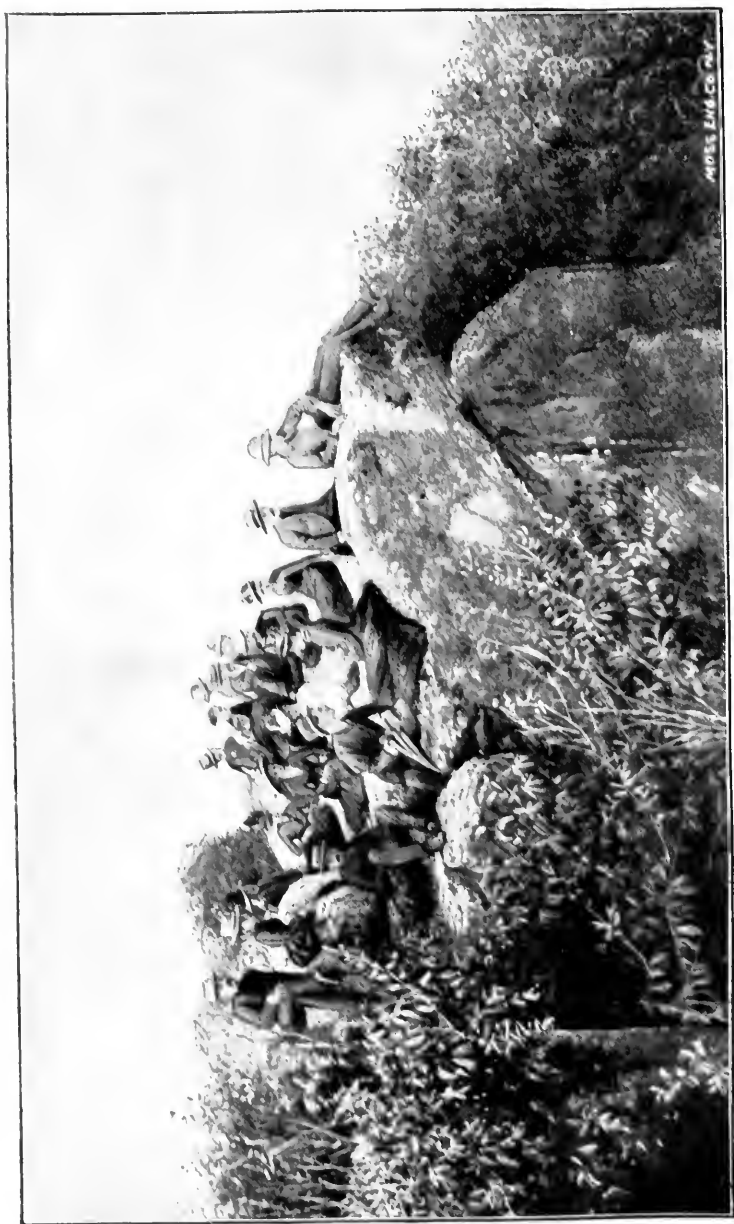
There lilies in the springtime wed,
 And golden buttercups ;
 The fragrant myrtle shelter beds,
 Of wild johnny-jump-ups.

There sail beautiful curved necked swans,
 That northward emigrate ;
 Ere summer warms the verdant lawns,
 Of Carolina's State.

On banks of Neuse, that stream of health,
 Wandering birchen grove,
 I dreamt my earliest dreams, a wealth
 Of never ending love.

As days flit by I ponder o'er,
 Review thy margins green,
 In visions scan again thy shore,
 Recalling fancy's dream.

That pleasures of Elysian brings,
 When fascinations flow ;
 Reminding us that memory clings,
 To joys that youth bestow.



DAN'S ROCK, 11 MILES WEST OF CUMBERLAND.

HEIGHT 48 1/2 FT. C.T. 2337 FEET

HEIGHT ABOVE MEAN TIDE AT WASHINGTON D C 2608 FEET

MOSS LIME CO. N.Y.

*DAN'S ROCK.**

Ponderous granite;
 Gigantic elevation,
 Uplifted by a mysterious hand,
 Beyond the power of divination;
 To solve the day, or solve the hour,
 When first thy fabric great was planned,
 Or laid was thy foundation.

Created long ere time was known,
 Afloat the bounds of myths and lore;
 Before the centuries began,
 Antiquity describes as yore.
 The flight of years brings not a revelation;
 Tho' primeval ages, wreath thy brow.
 Time immemorial, and their fading nations
 Have viewed thee, as we view thee now.

Gorgeous thy crest, when day is dawning;
 Beautiful when high noon is shining;
 Grand in the midsummer afternoon;
 Magnificent when setting sun declining;
 Weird when twilight lets her curtain down.
 Then every abyss round thee yawning,
 And satellites adorn thy crown.
 When on thy rugged slopes of adamantine,
 The queen of night bestrewn her crystalline;
 Of all the sights that eye can greet,
 Thou art the most supernal and complete.

*Dan's Rock, 11 miles west of Cumberland, Md., height above City, 2287 feet, height above mean tide at Washington, D. C. 2898 feet.

*THE SITE OF FORT CUMBERLAND BY MOON-
LIGHT.*

The city slept, and Alleghany's tall ranges,
Drew their long lines, for leagues around,
Dotted with mansions, cottages and granges,
Quietude reigned to the farthestmost bound.

Towering peaks, and slopes of upturned granite,
Were illumined far, and silvered near;
For the Queen of Heaven smiled sweetly on it,
Burnishing deep embosomed crystals clear.

From the fountains of Potomac's winding river,
To where the billows, capped with pearly spray,
Phosphorent glimmerings on the margins quiver,
Gracing shrines bordering romantic way.

While over the site of an ancient fortress,
Shimmering rays and mellow moonbeams fell,
And there upreared in ethereal lucidness,
Tapering spire, within hung silent bell.

Time honored ivies, clasping, creeping, vining,
Roots imbed in crevices of rocky wall,
Gothic portals, lattice, and the cornice twining,
Well adorning gables and the turrets tall.

Place side by side the present and time historic;
Review the site where stood inscribed to Mars;
Bastions and ramparts, trod by sentinels heroic,
Long ere the city's spires loomed to the stars.

SPRING TIME MUSINGS.

Come muse and spread thy wings for flight,
 The woods are green again,
 The golden sunbeams shed their light,
 Where spring time drives her train.

Bring fancy fair, thy sister sprite,
 And poesy fling amain,
 That sing of beauties which unite
 Symphony's sweetest strain.

Bring magic from the weird elf land,
 That charming every heart ;
 Bring dancing rills, rejoicing sand,
 That music rich impart.

Then sing me intonations grand,
 Immortalize the art;
 Let numbers soft and sweet expand
 As morn from night depart.

Oh sing me her, that's ever young,
 And fairer than the dove;
 To whom in early years I flung
 The emblems first of love.

Go bring me chords which never sung,
 On zephyrs soft above,
 Then let a cadence new be rung,
 That transports sing of love.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Come, when morning's purple gates,
Opens light upon the lakes;
When its flood of lucid fire,
Music wages on lute and lyre.

Come where Apollo drives his steed,
Whirling car at rapid speed;
Gilding earth and air and sea,
Riding on in majesty.

Painting far the occident,
Making glad the mountain rent;
Where the soul refreshing rill,
Leaps and dances down the hill.

Come, when sweet enchanting sound,
Wakes the slopes for leagues around;
Come, and wander in the bowers,
Well adorned with buds and flowers.

Bring the maidens to the dells,
Garlands fashion for the belles;
Lilies weave with roses red,
Place them on each queenly head.

Knights will ride the tournament,
Each on crowning beauty bent;
When the coursers cross the green,
And the errant-knight is seen.

Every eye shall sparkle light,
When the brow of spotless white,
Bears the flowers which all convene,
Beautifying Knighted Queen.

THE LARK TO THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

Mountain boy, for thee I'm singing,
 When the morning falls its fire;
 Full merrily for thee ringing,
 Early carols on my lyre.

High above the forest winging,
 Sweetest chimes and mellow lays;
 Playing rover, wildly flinging,
 Far the joyous notes of praise.

Blithesome boy I sing by waters,
 Where the dews of night distill;
 Weaving music for the daughters,
 Rambling by the silver rill.

When my melodies are flowing,
 Soaring high in upper air;
 Proud am I my raptures throwing
 O'er the youthful and the fair.

Mountain boy, when day rejoices,
 Through the tangled sylvan bowers,
 Join we all with mingling voices,
 Where the incense balm the flowers.

When our carols cease infesting
 The azure curtained sky;
 In the brambles we are resting,
 Katydid's around reply.

When the firefly lights the forest,
 And the twilight round is laid,
 Rocked are we in downy nest,
 By the zephyrs on the glade.

Mountain boy, when moon is sailing
Through the spacious heaven deep;
When the clouds its crescent veiling,
Cozy in our nest we sleep.

TO LIZZIE.

Your precious gift to hand in time,
For which I send you thanks in rhyme,
And hope that bliss upon the wing.
Shall round thy home her mantle fling.

May each beginning flood of light,
Around you fall with elfin sleight;
May thy fair children each day wake,
And of their elders' joy partake.

Their voices ring like song of lark,
That warbles high above the park;
When sunlight scatters with its beams,
Aurora's rapid fading gleams.

Gilds farstretched vale, and mountain line,
Bedecked with robes of summer time;
May July Fourth, each coming year,
Bring to ye pleasure and good cheer.

I WATCH THEE IN THY DREAMS, MY BOY.

I watch thee in thy dreams, my boy,
 No sound shall wake thy balmy sleep;
 Thy spirit wafts a source of joy,
 And silent I my thoughts do keep.

I look on thee with blissful glee,
 When birdlings chirp their morning song;
 At night I send a prayer for thee
 On high where bide the angel throng.

I sing for thee my gems of praise,
 My heart-strings mingle with the mirth;
 My voice shall ring forth merry lays,
 Around thy cheerful home and hearth.

Fair boy, methinks, when youth was borne,
 Upon my own once childlike brow;
 I pray on thine shall long be worn,
 The garlands pure as wraps them now.

WONDERS.

A world of wonders
 And things begot;
 A world of thunders,
 That roar and stop;
 A world of blunders,
 Where some's on top,
 And others under
 That's soon forgot.

AFTER THOUGHT.

Tell me not of things bright and fair,
 Nor starlit skies beyond compare,
 For I have lost what I acquired,
 And missed the mark at which I fired.

Once battling world with good intent,
 My days were not idly spent;
 My arrow has been turned aside,
 In quiver many more reside.

Of it all I am well aware,
 But tell me who shall ever dare,
 To measure e'en my well won prize,
 Victory comes oft in disguise.

We value not the mountain peaks,
 But gems and pearls that crevice seek;
 The ebb when low turns ocean's tide,
 And cast new pearls on the seaside.

I GAZED ON THE OCEAN.

I gazed on the ocean, when dawn was adorning
 The deep furrowed sea, that was rolling afar;
 And I wrote of that tempestuous soul-stirring morning.
 When canvas drew tighter and tighter on spar;
 I looked on the leveled waves, when the sunset was burning,
 On horizon west, with an exquisite flame,
 Which rivalled in beauty Aurora's returning;
 I recorded them each on the vellum of fame.

AUTUMN.

Autumn days are swiftly fleeing,
 Thro' narrowing suns they pass;
 Leaves are tinted, fates decreeing,
 Fall upon the wilting grass.

Fierce the gales, whose strength is blasting,
 Hurl the forest glory down;
 Fading beauty wildly wasting,
 Stripping mountains of their crown.

On the hillsides terraced spaces,
 Lie the tokens matting steep;
 Wondrous nature changing faces,
 While we mortals are asleep.

Cottage fires are brightly burning,
 Youth around the hearthside play;
 Some the leaves of books are turning,
 Cheerful evenings pass away.

THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM.

Let science, truth, and zeal unite,
 An altar build in every bower;
 Whose fires shall light each mountain height,
 Illumine earth with freemen's power;
 Set up the beacon, and dismiss
 Oppression from plain and upland tower,
 Then freedom's flame the world shall kiss;
 Before it, tyranny shall cower.

GENIUS. *

Genius is skill and wisdom combined,
 It faces reverses undaunted;
 'Tis not to any one race confined,
 Though in many a tribe its wanted.

Child of nature, inspired and animated,
 Born with spark of vital flame;
 Promethean creature, ah! created,
 A disc to light the path of fame.

Ever lives with strategy triumphant:
 Wars against tyranny and oppression;
 Flourishes amidst enlightenment,
 Never knowing retrogression.

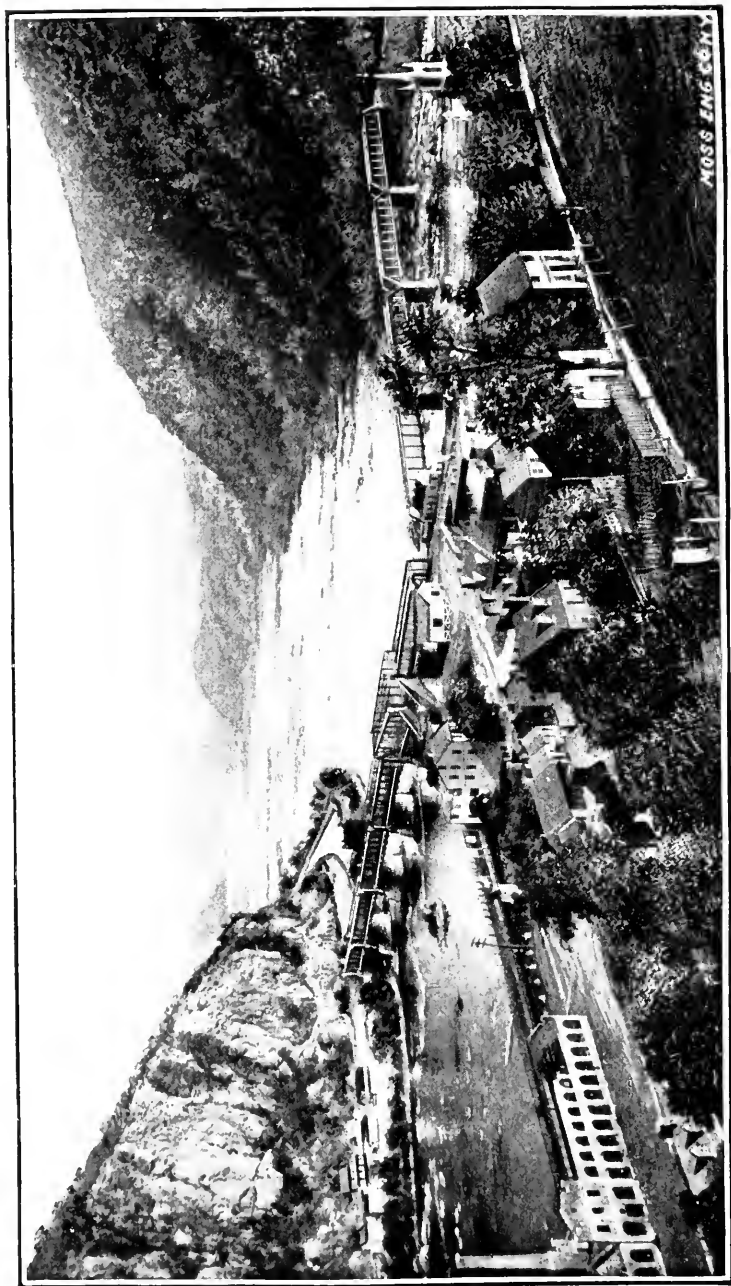
Wealth nor power never can create it:
 Poverty can never, never crush it;
 Nor plumb nor level yet hath lined it:
 Rhetoric has failed to define it.

How oft its been in a log cabin born,
 Or nurtured on some rugged hillside;
 Ofttimes it meets contempt and scorn,
 Where envious dolts and witlings ride.

Like celestial sunlight, it is free,
 A gift which gold has never bought;
 Unmeasured what its future yet shall be,
 Owner of mysteries untaught.

*Among the ancients a good or evil spirit, or Genii, was supposed to preside over a man's destiny in life; that is to direct his birth, and actions, and to be his guard and guide throughout life.





HARPERS FERRY. JUNCTION OF POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS

HARPER'S FERRY.

Oh! storied town, with memories great,
 Majestic as thy mountain tower,
 That guard the hoary Blue Ridge gate,
 And seem in air, sway sovereign power.

Thy rough grey boulders gape ajar,
 In massy walls of granite rock;
 Beholders gaze on breaks and scars,
 That rended seem by earthquake shock.

Here nature wisely plied her art,
 Bid grandeur in wild gorges rise,
 And waters meet from vales apart,
 Beneath the cliffs which melt in skies.

Earth's dignity, thy mountain line;
 Thy peaks ascending tower high;
 Ne'er hath a landscape so divine,
 Elsewhere enchanted mortal eye.

Go and climb those lofty summits,
 That swings in heaven's purity;
 Resistless is the impress on it,
 Of their Creator's majesty.

Jefferson scanned those granite height,
 And justly said, with astonished eyes,
 'Tis worth a trip, over oceans great,
 To gaze on such declivities.

Wast thou thus marked, in bygone ages,
 By this great rent in mountain chain;
 To rise a disc, on history's pages,
 To stand a Salem on our plain.

Ararat boasts of Noah and the ark;
Ida and Olympus crown the deep;
Caucasus and Alps is set apart,
To the world's conquerors that sleep.

Lo! age with garlands wreath thy brow;
Like Thermopylae, thou hast found place;
Time will around thee legends throw,
And on thy rocks hieroglyphics trace.

Around thy mounts and waving waters,
Are seen to pause as if spell-bound,
Columbia's beautiful daughters,
To gaze on turrets heaven crowned.

Here all must drink delight, whose eyes
Have gazed upon thy terraced height;
Or trod the cliffs which rugged rise,
Where children play in the sunlight.

Here first appears Aurora's glance,
That lights thy brow with early morn;
The evening shade seem to enhance,
The sombreness in twilight worn.

Here telegraphs reach golden gate;
Commerce on rails, through gorges sweep;
At granite lock is seen to wait,
Well laden boats, a passing fleet.

Afric's race, in far distant lands,
Shall of thee tell, record and claim;
That here was struck first blow by hands,
That severed their well forged chain.

History will tell and long proclaim,
A score and two held brick fort's gates;
That awful night, when terror reigned,
That shook the harmony of States.

They wandered here, they knew not why,
They guided seemed by ruthless fate;
Ages may solve the mystery,
Of their antipathy and hate.

'Twill tell of her, who wheeled away
A citizen, when he was shot;
And paint sunbeams that round did play,
When woman went where man dared not.

History describes eventful day,
When here met southern sons of Mars;
In arms arrayed, for warlike fray,
Defiant stood prepared for wars.

Then rolled the sympathetic wave,
In distant homes of every State;
Which like a sound the whirlwind gave,
Across Columbia reverberate.

Steel-clad sons, from the northern mountains,
Stepped quickly to the trumpets' call;
Chivalry met from southern plains,
To play their part in Afric's ball.

'Then eager footfalls woke thy steeps,
When civil strife shook country's core;
As cautious up some chieftain creeps,
To view his foe on adverse shore.

Alternate swells with hope and fear,
His heart as from thy airy dome,
He views the works of former year,
That fall before the scythe of doom.

With martial step, proud legions march,
Ten thousands on to battle-fields;
In combat met, and countermarch,
And in the onset none would yield.

Then pontoons crossed Potomac's stream,
Which eastward winds from distant mounts;
And hurried lines of bayonets gleam,
Along Shenandoah's bubbling founts.

The valiant rushed to fields of war,
From every State and river shore;
Their plumed ranks waved like billows far,
When lines were broke by cannon roar.

Then youths, the joy of glorious age,
In arms arrayed with veterans fought;
In meeting ranks that's red with rage,
Each faced his foe and danger sought.

In sunny south were mournful eyes,
Which veiled a depth, unfathomed woes;
A gloom o'erhung the northern skies,
Beneath which many a tear drop flows.

Yet woman stood, as of olden time,
Their voices thrilled, when bugles sung,
Chants eulogies, and battle rhyme,
And banners wove, on standards hung.

E'en maidens cared for wounded braves,
Renewing courage with their breath;
Soft as the mildest zephyr laves,
Was never silenced but in death.

We envy not the ancient knight,
Nor chivalry that died with race;
Ours blazon forth triumphs more bright,
And fills on earth the highest place.

Here midst general consternation,
The northern band was put in fright;
Resulting in capitulation,
And southern arms placed on thy height.

Those mounts then bore three-score and six
Great guns, and none could be persuaded,
When heavy shot for Miles, they'd fix;
Those lofty heights could be invaded.

How oft did the artillery's peal,
Hurl its dun colored clouds in air;
While martial notes aloft did steal,
And wildly mingle with it there.

Grim visaged war has smoothed her front,
Now peace and unity hold sway;
Progress and art, seek for new fount,
Where blessings flow in vast array.

But thou wilt, in our war-like lore,
Be foremost on the page arrayed;
That fames the flags the cohorts bore,
And valor of each bold brigade.

When generations new hold sway,
And hark to tales which round thee dwell;
Recalling scenes of bygone day,
And legends by their hearthstones tell.

Let northern blasts, which winter blows
From boreal realms, thy sole invader be;
'Twill deck thy walls with ice and snow,
And fringe thy rugged cliffs for thee.

But sunlight glow, and summer breeze,
Shall on Utopian vales descend;
Glittering gold shall burnish leas,
Whose beauty never yet was penned.

Let peace and plenty ever reign,
And wisdom new delights employ;
Gladdening mountains, and the plain,
Spreading abroad exulting joy.

Blessing Shenandoah's lovely vales,
And banks which blue Potomac lave;
Each valley's boast romancing tales,
Home of the fair, land of the brave.

TO JOSEPHINE.

Wherever thy barque is tossed,
Let Faith thy pilot be;
Know this: God rules the starry host
And things that's hid from thee.

Should thou tempests have to face,
Let Hope thy anchor be;
Sunshine shall all clouds erase,
Gladness oil the waves for thee.

Like heaven's air and heaven's sun,
Thy Charity for all;
Thy record read, 'tis well done,
Sweet the resonance fall.

Faith, Hope and Charity,
Engrave with magic pen;
'Twill live adown eternity,
Inscribed on hearts of men.

AUTUMN.

Leaves are falling from the willow,
 Maple, oak, the elm, and all;
 Riding on with gales or billow,
 Downward ever they must fall.

All must die, the stately forests'
 Leafy burdens seem to say;
 As the vapors color far west,
 Ever vanishing away.

Eventide with crimson glory,
 Forerunner of twilight grey,
 Tableaus for us the story,
 At the close of every day.

Oft we gaze and oft remember,
 When the sun equator crossed,
 Rolling time, up to December,
 With the winter's snow and frost.

ACROSTIC.

Justice, Truth and Mercy shine,
 Overriding fleeting years of time;
 Surpassing patience most sublime,
 Ever while air and light combine,
 Poets shall rise, from time to time;
 Heavenward shall their musings climb,
 Illumined with names, amongst them thine;
 Names around which Love and Freedom twine,
 Encomiums almost divine.

THE SEWING BASKET.

Seraphine, Seraphine,
 Oh! how could you ask it;
 Have one wasting precious time,
 Mending such a sewing basket!

Had it been for another,
 Then I would have said avast it;
 But I knew you had none other,
 So methought I would recast it.

With a hoop of gold I'd bind it,
 Had it been a broken casket,
 And placed rare gems around it,
 That would have brighter flashed it.

Now when I am done repairing,
 A pun will place in the basket,
 You can read what I am declaring,
 It will tell you how to task it.

Cheerful Seraphine, now take it,
 And oh never harshly grasp it;
 For I never shall relate it
 If again you ever blast it.

Take it, fill it full of clover,
 Long may thy industry clasp it;
 May memories pleasant hover
 Round thee and thy useful basket.

THE PHARMACEUTIST.

Good people all attention give,
 Come listen while the sonnet's rhyme;
 The lyric tells invention lives,
 Come, hearken to the music's chime.

I'll sing not silks, nor bonnets new,
 Nor slippers, Cinderella's size;
 I'll never sit in cushioned pew,
 To watch fair nymphs with laughing eyes.

Hark! Poesy sings Alphonso's fame,
 Who flavors tonics with champagne;
 Those mixtures drive afar all pain,
 And blasts the de'il's melancholy train.

When ta'en in honey, or in cream,
 Where falls the sunshine or the snow,
 Will cheer the heart, give pleasant dream,
 And drive dull care to regions low.

'Tis good for blades just off a frolic,
 That sow wild oats on every side;
 'Tis good for babes, who have the colic,
 And lads in mud with shoes untied.

Come, youth and age, attention give,
 And listen while the banjo plays;
 The music sings invention lives,
 Come hearken to my roundelays.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
 Invalids come, the charms enhance;
 When the two lips, with balm is blessed,
 The halt can leap, the lame can dance.

THE BOUQUET.

Come, festoon me in garlands gay,
Flowers fresh from Flora's bower;
Whose petals dryads fill with spray,
Early in the morning hour.

There intermingle amethysts,
With callas and camelias;
Wild rose and olive, moist with mist,
'Twixt fuschias and the dahlias.

Bring mignonette, and tips of fir,
Hyacinths and jessamine,
Houstanian, and the fragrant myrrh,
Also twigs of stately pine.

Let lilacs and the lilies dwell
'Side crocus and magnolia;
Place volkamenias, and blue bell,
With beech, and arborvita.

Their sentiments shall ever thus,
Read a token to remind us,
Of those who have been kind to us,
That we have left behind us.

BEAVER RIVER.

By Beaver stream I chanced to rove,
When evening sun the west was gilding,
Across the fields, soft zephyrs glide,
Where yellow corn were tassels yielding.

My prancing courser, milky white,
Sped highway, crossing sloping ridges;
Along the base below the height,
The limpid waters spanned by bridges.

The sentry stood the toll to take.
For southern tourists here were many;
Lo! when I charged upon the gate,
His well trained voice cried out "a penny."

My pacer halts, he knew the song,
And I pulled out a silver dollar;
The keeper's eye ran it along,
Prepared to change it like a scholar.

Lo! when I gazed upon his purse,
To my surprise it was a whopper;
The change he rhymed in jostling verse,
And every stanza filled with copper.

He smiled a quaint but honest grin,
The coin expands my wallet thicker,
His purse then shrunk most awful thin,
The weight slacked my courser's double quicker.

Lo! further on a lassie throws,
Me a bouquet; not a word was spoken;
A blue bell blushed beside a rose,
And each entwined a lily token.

I oft have thought of coquette fair,
Whose starlit eyes I well remember ;
Who joking threw the trio rare,
From out the gloveless hand so tender.

I often think of the sweet flowers,
And of that maiden's blushes;
Whose footsteps rambled in the bowers,
That grace the banks where Beaver rushes.

Memory recalls from passing life,
Those happy scenes that's ever ending;
Which gaily shed on toil and strife,
Their joyous mirth, and sunshine lending.

When peace and pleasure travelers greet,
The worthy mind forgetteth never;
We unknown angels oft-times meet;
Rambling some soul-refreshing river.

LOVE.

Love, thou art a game of chance,
Thy chains are adamantine;
Starry eyes their witching glance,
Darting forth the crystalline.
Fatal gleams from quiver dart,
Aimless seem when bowstrings bend;
Strike haphazard in the heart,
Rending bosom in the end.

THE ORCHARD.

Go to yon orchard when morning is waking,
 The blooming buds open to light;
 Over the meadows the fragrance is breaking,
 Enchanting the nectar's delight.

Robins are building on wide-spreading branches,
 In blossomings beautiful drest;
 Weaving their cots where the chirrup enhances,
 The charms of the builder and nest.

Safely on topmost limb workers are clinging,
 There fastening castles in air;
 Sweetly the twitters about them are ringing,
 They circle and smoothen with care.

Level the balance, with wee ones and mother,
 There hide when rain falling from sky;
 And when the berries are gathered like rovers
 To southernmost greenwoods they fly.

PETRIFIED MUSIC.

Petrified music brings harmonies near,
 Fashions for vision its beauties so clear;
 Every sight shows some pleasant surprise,
 Waking the soul and enchanting the eyes;
 Matchless is nature which ever imparts,
 Ideas that's mimicked by lovers of art.

SENEX VIS PEUR.

May success attend thy wanderings,
 So keep thy wheels upon the line;
 Let mirthful voices notes of gladness ring,
 That with thy rattle keeping time.

Let ever childish harmonies
 Sweep realms of ethereal air,
 And swell with its sweet symphonies
 Every throbbing pulse of care.

And wake in bosom pure emotion,
 Recalling scenes in days gone by,
 When morning brightened earth and ocean
 And fairies danced 'twixt earth and sky.

While orbs on high are ever sending
 Beams to brighten cherub's laugh,
 Let us to little ones be lending
 Flowrets fair to strew their path.

Haste is a mark of immaturity, and he who is certain of himself, and master of his tools, knows that he is able, and neither hurries nor worries, but the rank weed shoots up in a day, and as quickly dies. But the long growing olive tree stands from century to century, and drops from its boughs the ripe fruits throughout the quiet autumn air.

OUT OF THE MIST.

Out of the mist of the morning,—
 Out of the orient afar,—
 Darts Aurora's red adorning,
 The ultramarinden bar.

Out of the mist over the ocean;
 Billows that ruffling grand,
 Darts the effulgence where, in motion,
 Surging waves drive on headland.

Out of the mist sunbeams glancing,
 Light the forest and the dale;
 Illumines waterfalls dancing,
 Whose music is waft on the gale.

Out of the mist to sublimities,
 In the grey eagle's possession,
 Darting rays on declivities,
 Until noon's retrogression.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia's land, the beautiful land,
 Encircled by deep briny oceans;
 Every hamlet on hill, vale and strand,
 Is blessed with liberty's notions;
 Starlight brightens far her mountain heights,
 That mortal footsteps never trod.
 Whose towering domes watch far the sights,
 Where full three score millions worship God.

DESTINY.

Though destiny with determined will
Drive thee in the subtle paths of time,
Fear not, seek thou for wisdom still,
And knowledge in a garland twine.

Nay! like a phœnix there shall spring
A healthful plant, a blooming tree;
In spreading branches, harpen strings
Shall joyous music wake for thee.

Nay! from the smallest twig shall rise
Notes sweeter than a siren song;
Vibrating silver toned replies,
Re-echoing wild wood among.

The sombre darkness turns to light,
When on it opens light of heaven;
Let waves of passion in their flight,
Go down with the sun at even.

To accomplish great things, is the study of years;
Not by idly dreaming, nor in the shedding of tears,
Up and be doing, stick to and patiently plan;
Let the ending ever show to the world, you're ever a man.

FOREVER BE' FREE.

From the heights of Columbia's mountains,
From the billows which roll to her gates,
From the crystals of musical fountains,
Flow the songs of our glorious States.
From the storms which are roving the highlands,
From the whirlwinds wherever they be,
From the tempests surrounding the islands,
Flow the chorus, forever be free.

From the arrows of lightning on azure,
From the torrents enriching her plain,
From the thunder's obstreperous measure,
Flow the echoes around us again.
From the zephyrs that's wandering meadows,
From the leaflets adorning each tree,
From the wild flowers waving their shadows,
Flow the chorus, forever be free.

In the hearts of our mothers its ringing,
In the bosoms of freemen its dear,
For the maidens and striplings are singing,
And the music reverberates clear.
On the confines of earth it shall quiver,
And the cadence tell nations that be,
From the raptures of spheres like a river,
Flow the chorus, forever be free.

CUMBERLAND.

Far up the hills of Maryland,
On southern slopes the fairest,
There's built the city Cumberland,
Amid landscapes the rarest.

There springtime opens out delights,
Through sunshine falls the showers;
Gives life to lilies blooming white,
And fills the glade with flowers.

Wills Mountain towers above the spires,
On rocks the ivy's clinging;
In verdant vales the feathered choirs,
Throughout the summer singing.

The robin, linnet and the thrush,
Join blackbirds in the chorus;
And all the songsters in the bush,
Chirrup melodies glorious.

The streamlet Wills winds round the hill,
Between the broken ledges,
Whose shining rills, dewdrops distill,
O'er pebbled beds and sedges.

Along the shore red squirrels bide,
With pheasants, and the otters,
And hundreds of the finny tribe,
Traverse the limpid waters.

Wills crystals mingle with the lymph
Of blue Potomac River,
Whose fame is known to every nymph;
That's heard of Cupid's quiver.

The barge lies moored to its banks,
And wherries skim the waters;
On terraces the boys play pranks,
There laugh the winsome daughters.

Whose voices charm the southern breeze,
When bright the morning shining;
And wafts in air alluring glees,
When evening sun declining.

How dear the sights, to those who strayed,
In youth along the river;
Memory enshrines where once they played,
The scene forgotten never.

EPITAPH.

A young Irishman asked me to write him an epitaph and I wrote thus.

Beneath this mound a storied truth,
Here Michael Rochford rests, dead as a poker,
For two and twenty years a worthy youth,
But through the same a wondrous joker.

The Chinese in Sinbad's wash house,
Waylaid this youth, with locks so yellow;
He caught a cold from many a souse,
They brought to grief the laughing fellow.

While round this stone shall fall the hail;
'Twill tell he was from County Clare,
Lo! Erin's Isle his loss bewail;
He has gone his friends know not where.

CAPTURE OF GENS. CROOKS AND KELLY.

When midnight hung its curtain round,
And winter wrapt the height,
Where Wills Creek and Potomac bound
In icy fetters tight.

There lay ten thousand armed men,
Encamped upon the hill;
But not a musket woke the glen,
Nor bugle sounding shrill.

At midnight on Virginia's shore,
MacNeil ranged his daring clan,
That numbered full three score,
To surprise the northern van.

With hearts of steel defying fate,
The resolute command
Crossed boundaries of native State,
With well tried swords in hand.

While Morpheus waved his poppy leaves,
In every snow-white tent;
Confederates the guards deceives
On Cumberland's pavement.

Deep silence reigned, while a muffled tramp
Of troopers on the snow,
That's gliding past the lurid lamp,
Whose rays are flickering low.

The clock struck one, they list and wait,
Before Revere's tall front;
Whose portals they quick penetrate,
As warriors are wont.

Within the mansion, wrapt in dreams,
Proud Crooks and Kelly lay;
They wake to see the sabres gleam,
Awe struck and in dismay.

For southern voices cried, Up and dress!
Haste thee! and don't be slow,
Ere long in Richmond you shall mess;
Swift chargers wait below.

With guards they pass the opening door,
And mount on saddled steed,
Horsemen behind, horsemen before,
Rush them on breakneck speed.

Across the ford and up the hill,
The city's left behind;
On with an impetuous will,
Their gallop wakes the wind.

On hillsides, where the tempests blow,
Each hoof emitting fire,
The hanging rocks, bereft of snow,
Look down with aspect dire.

From mountain tops, the sentries call,
To arms! ring loud amain;
The fortress guns, both great and small,
Hurl missiles over plain.

The northern legions all awake,
As wildly rolls the drum,
Along the lines the panic breaks,
For terror strikes them dumb.

The southern fair, applauds the band,
And honored Dixie more;
'Twas heralded throughout their land,
And sang on every shore.

And now at e'entide aged sires,
Beside their hearthstones tell,
The martial tales of their camp fires
And youths enjoy it well.

THE PLUMBERS.

In Cumberland's fair city.
There is quite a number,
Of renowned celebrities,
Every one a plumber.

They are workers of tin,
They are workers of brass,
Let them once get within,
Your portals; Alas!

Fixing pipes and a socket,
From cellar to deck,
They will lighten your pocket,
And gather your check.

Their accounts in bank are immense,
Walking your house around,
They charge to you as expense,
Bill it from gable to ground.

How clever those gentlemen,
If short of cash you be;
Thy will say every now and then,
Pass building over to me.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

At noonday on the Bluffs of Ball,
The bugles flourished wild refrains;
That mingled with the lusty call,
Of warlike men upon the plains.

'Mid clash of arms, the martial lays
Pealed forth from cymbal, fife and drum;
The marshaled ranks were all ablaze,
And filled the skies with clouds of dun.

Charge! Charge! rang loud and loud amain;
The sabres flashing crossed their steel;
Steeds swift as wind, unchecked by rein
Bore riders where the bayonets reel.

Grape and canister fell pell-mell,
Fierce driven from unlimbered car;
And soaring high in air was shell
Which bursting, spread the havoc far.

While roaring guns shook earth and sky,
On crimson turf lay parting souls;
The hills gave back a weird reply,
As peaceful on the water rolls.

The setting sun fled down the west,
Behind Shenandoah's mountains;
And the pale moon hid silver crest,
That night from Potomac fountains.

LOSS OF THE JEANETTE.

It was the queenly barque Jeanette
That ready stood for sea,
And when the master his crew met,
They numbered thirty-three.

From stem to stern, from deck to keel,
From starboard to the lee,
With gig, life boats and pilot wheel,
A well rigged ship was she.

The order came one afternoon,
For them to anchor weigh;
Her white wings caught the breezes soon,
Her streamers floated gay.

Her well curved prow cleaved rushing tide,
Whose crests leaped everywhere;
The waves roll back, as on she rides,
'Twixt waters and the air.

She plowed where gales tempestuous greet
The roaring waves in might;
Beyond which ice and ether meet
Beneath a northern night.

In Polar Sea found islands three,
That were unknown to fame;
Each clad with snow eternally,
They gave to each a name.

The boreal winds were bleak and cold,
The hoar frost caught her fast,
And crystal columns manifold
Tower high above her mast.

The far off sun withdrew its gleams
From off the glacier flow;
The shrouds, the spars, and cordage seems
Add sombreness to woe.

With topsail reefed, the mainsail fast,
And jibboom frosted deep,
The sailors' gaze, for months, was cast
Where lode star vigils keep.

The master's eye scanned many a chart,
Of Arctic coast and sea;
The compass veered not from its art,
Defying destiny.

No better ship, with steam or sail,
Crossed Neptune's habitude;
Yet firmly locked in Polar mail
On Ides of June she stood.

The seamen fought with fearless heart,
To save their ship from wreck;
And each man acted well his part,
Upon the Jeanette's deck.

But icebergs smote and crushed amain,
That goodly vessel's side;
And glassy rocks none could restrain,
Burst in with bounding tide.

She creaked and rolled, and mastheads crossed
With snow tapped pinnacle;
The masts again were upward tossed,
And off went binnacle.

Just as the morning's cleft from night,
The ice floe parts in twain;
Above her deck chill waves unite,
Strong hearts are stung with pain.

Some gazed across the endless snow,
Where scowling ills did frown;
And others, one last look bestow,
Where their good ship went down.

The master silent stood, for then
No land around saw he,
And numbered o'er his band again,
All told were thirty-three.

WOMAN.

'Tis woman holds the cup of fame,
And guards the temple and the spring;
Seek not alone an honored name,
She over thee, may garlands fling.

While earth's illumined by the sun,
That radiant beams on all bestow;
While orbs through space revolving run,
That daily blesses things below.

But brighter far amid her race,
Is woman's sweet angelic light,
She fills on earth a brighter place,
Than shining worlds in trackless flight.

A perfect woman, who can tell?
Her worth beyond gems or rubies far;
In her fair form a spirit dwells,
Mingled with love;—a priceless star.

NATURE'S WONDERS.

Aurora burst night's misty bars,
And drove the crescent moon away,
Then hidden were the twinkling stars,
In depths of ethereal spray.

The dawn appeared and knit in one,
The scarlet trappings fringed with gold;
Then gorgeous tints of summer sun,
Across the skies in glory rolled.

The morning heralds traced the green,
Where bands of warblers sang their love;
And not a cloud was shown between,
The hemisphere and skies above.

How wonderful the golden ray
Of sun, that warms the verdant earth,
And wakes the flowers by every way,
That modesty assumes at birth.

And yet, we know the swelling corn,
Will push the upturned clod away,
And place a stalk just newly born,
With roots imbedded firm in clay.

I know that from the smallest seed,
Will rise the tall and stately tree,
And grasses spring upon the mead,
On wandering zephyrs germs will flee.

The forest, field, the glade, and lawn,
All smile when nature's robes abound;
Then each return of morning's dawn,
Looks on luxuriance leagues around.

Delightful banks, with carpets green,
Beside the winding waters lay;
And here and there, the daisies sheen,
Among blue bells, buttercups stray.

Dame Nature hath each garden dressed,
And scalloped the oak trees' leaves;
And prairies spread far to the west,
Where the tall grass interweaves.

Dame Nature forms the cotton field,
Beside the broad Mississippi;
And fashions the clustering yield,
That grow in vineyards of Engedi.

HOTEL ACCIDENT.

A teapot exploded in the kitchen of hotel,
Causing a disastrous feeling;
All of the waiters were enveloped in smoke
Which curled in clouds on the ceiling.

The omelet upset in a tub of potatoes,
Pumpkins were smeared on the window glasses,
And oysters went dancing through the tomatoes,
While the cooks peeped through veils of molasses.

The dessert's upset in the kettle of beef,
And all the rich gravies were spilled;
But the hotel manager said 'twas a relief,
To know that not one of his guests was killed.

THE BIRDS CHOOSE A KING.

Once upon a time,
 So ancient legends say,
 Birds of every clime
 Met on a certain day,
 To choose themselves a king.

In council they decreed,
 The bird that highest flew
 Should ever be the ruler
 Of all the feathered crew,
 And wear a golden ring.

Now, when the vote was taken,
 They elected Peacock judge,
 And he next appointment sold
 To the Owl, that old fudge,—
 The holder of the ring.

The Parrot gave the signal,
 And all sprang into air,
 Up to heaven flew every bird;
 Birds from everywhere;—
 All wishing to be king.

Far above all others
 The mighty Eagle flew,
 And from the dizzy height,
 Triumphant notes bestrew,—
 Behold your king.

Oh no ! hush your clacking,
A voice cried in his ear;
Lo, on his shoulder perched
A Wren, chirruping clear,—
I alone am your king.

The Wren now took to flight,
And winged the heaven higher;
Chirped from a greater height,
Then every songster's lyre
Carolled the Wren is king.

The Eagle, angry, weary,
And badly disappointed,
Heard all proclaim Wren king,
And by Peacock thus anointed,
Saying, long live our king.

The Owl was Eagle's friend,
And heard how things would go,
Did quickly for him send,
Said this joke we'll overthrow,
I have swallowed the ring.

THE SUN.

See! yon sun, with light and glory,
 Westward darting far its glare;
 How mysterious its story,
 Nothing in the skies so fair;
 Pencil, pen and tongue have sifted,
 All the words and figures writ,
 Nothing tells when thou wast lifted,
 And in arc celestial set.

Long to cast across the heaven
 Rays of prehistoric truth,
 Scattering thy golden leaven,
 As in mystic years of youth;
 King of days, thy lustre blazing,
 Sheds effulgence all thine own,
 Spreading radiance, space amazing,
 Nothing compares with thy throne.

Lo! behold, worlds look and wonder,
 Laden with pride, pomp and pelf,
 Groups of earthly mortals ponder,
 Nothing see peer of thyself;
 On the slave, in bondage fettered,
 On the master, giving task,
 On the Indian, unlettered,
 Each and all glitter in thy bask.

Savants wise, the world of learned,
 Training rich and teaching poor,
 Fail to tell when first thou turned,
 Light on mountain side and moor;

Gifted minds, in unwritten ages,
In earth's remotest nation,
Sought to open obscure pages,
Draw from thee a revelation.

Tell us king of light and glory,
What's the secret of thy power;
Startle genius with thy story,
Tell the tale in blooming bower;
Tell us, when from nothing springing,
Didst those planets round thee move;
Tell us, when in chaos clinging,
Did satellites their orbits rove.

Didst thou light unmeasured spaces,
When unseen fingers drew the line,
Poising stars in ulterior places:—
Hark! hark! from every planet's track,
Comes the answer back,—
None shall break the seal of time!
Reason to thee; ever showing,
Infinite wisdom never sleeps;
Orbs through centuries glowing,
Show creative power is deep.

ALGEONENIA.

In the narrows of Cumberland,
There's a traditional belief,
That Lake Algeonemia once spanned
Valley north of Wills frowning cliff.

Here the mists of the nights, and vapors
From the distant ocean strayed,
Lay between the mountain ranges
In a highland sea 'tis said.

Here the conch and periwinkle
On the shelving rocks did lay,
And through crystals like a mirror
Silver minnows ran in play.

And the restless wavelets ruffling,
Roll upon the pebbled beach;
Surging over one another
Tossing here and there a leach.

Climbing reefs and shady margins,
Vault the sparkling prattling wave;
Slender reeds and willows tremble,
Where pellucid crystals lave.

Often breakers furrow waters
Driven wildly to and fro;
When boreal winds tempestuous,
Blow their strong nor'wester blow.

Here the floods, with voice uplifted,
Weirdly rang triumphant din;
Noise of cataract was rifted,
Far along the mountain rim.

Legends tell beside those waters,
Sachems met in ka-ke-soo;
And passed round the calumet,
Value set on wampum true.

Formed of shells, white and purple,
Interwoven *versa vice*.
On deer sinews, jets inlaying,
Each belt bore its own device.

Painted braves wore tinted feathers,
And high colored moccasin;
Squaws attired picturesque,
Rustic wigwams lived within.

Atalantas of mountain passes,
Where rise gorges rough and tall;
Nymphs they were upon the grasses,
Where the oak tree shadows fall.

Here those damsels wild flowers gathered,
Roving banks where white swans sail;
Here they dreamed dreams more tender
Than a pale face dares to tell.

Here, at morn, they list to patter
Of the billows' revelries;
Which at even mimics sirens,
That reside beneath the seas.

Here they joined in mirthful laughter,
And rehearsed tales of cheer,
When the mellow moonbeams scatter
Gleams on forest and the mere.

Long before those mountain ranges
Were upturned with fire and smoke;
Long before dame Nature's changes
Base of rugged gorges broke.

Oft o'er Algeonenia's waters
Maidens paddled swift chemung;
Ruddy lovers woo'd those daughters,
In the soft Algonquin tongue.

Tales romantic, tell their tresses,
Graced figures that would make,
Models fitting for a sculptor
Rivalling what Greece awake.

None are left to tell the story;
Of those forest beauties now;
Time has written prehistoric,
On the defile's granite brow.

Overhanging mossy boulders
Seem to speak in sybil's tone;
Wake not the antiquated ages,
Preterlapsed, all unknown.

Gone the surf, that centuries strayed
Under shade of plane and willow;
Gone the finny tribes, that played
In the heaven born billow.

Dry the vale and slope of mountain,
Bottom boulders built in fence;
Not a wave, but lone Wills fountain
Wind through meadows flowing hence.

Gone the raven-haired regina,
Gone wild hunter and canoe,
Vanished all like Algeonenia
Once with margins fair to view.

THE LEGEND OF PEN-MAR.

The youth stood on the highest peak,
 Beside one young and fair;
 The flame of love did seem to seek,
 This lofty cliff in air.

Afar the hills skim line of sky,
 Enrobed in summer's green;
 Around them towns and manors lie,
 And rivers roll between.

Before the lovers visions march,
 Enchantment fills the eye,
 Below a slope, above an arch,
 They stood 'twixt earth and sky.

It was high noon; Apollo's car,
 Shed golden beams below;
 Resplendent rays fell on Pen-Mar,
 Round tresses all aglow.

They stood erect, graceful and calm,
 Warm blood distends each vein;
 They seemed like wooers 'neath date palm,
 On some sweet balmy plain.

Round rocky crest then swept a breath,
 Of zephyr's gentle breeze,
 Which purloined from the bridal wreath,
 Fragrance of orient trees.

The Parson's slow and measured voice,
 While loving hands entwine,
 Blessed the twain, they all rejoice
 When tied he knot divine.

Go! said he, heaven grant you grace,
From thee all grief debar;
May you on earth fill highest place,
Like granite rock Pen-Mar.

But none had asked a parent's say,
Before they were made one,
Hers a kind daughter lost that day,
And his a noble son.

The Parson, maid and youthful star,
They all had borne their parts,
And placed a legend on Pen-Mar,
Beneath two loving hearts.

NEVER MAKE AN ENEMY.

Never, never, make an enemy,
Of a friend that's lowly fallen;
For perchance some day you may be,
Called upon to fill his calling;
Never make an adversary,
Of a friend that's lowly fallen,
For perhaps again rise may he,
When thou thyself art sprawling.
Spirits bold retain a hidden fire,
That glows through years forsaken,
Memory lights the smouldering ire,
And vision past awaken.
Mortals, hark! hark! chagrin replies,
The world is full of troubles,
Ocean, earth, and upper skies,
Are full of melting bubbles.

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

Wandering banks of renowned Delaware,
Where gilded minarets pierce the sky,
Thinking of home, in the mountains afar,
Hid for a time, city's splendors from eye.

Boyhood had stolen away in long years;
Time in its ebbings, turns not again;
Every morning brings city good cheer,
Welcoming visitors from hill and plain.

Wondrous avenues, and high pillared hall,
Far stretching parks, well adorned with trees;
Memory would fail to ever recall,
Half of thy beauties, the vision to please.

Rambling on, the city rolled into night,
Darkness, and the tempest gained control;
Hurricanes riding from ocean unite,
Jostling the city, and high the tides roll.

Morning appearing, the storm it was past;
Roofs, at midnight, from buildings had fell;
Wide spreading trees were uprooted and cast,
Low on the pavements, the wreckage to swell.

Turrets soon blazoned, the glittering beams,
That out of the orient, radiance shed;
Glimmers of gold, in a refulgent stream,
Looked on quays, where ships from distant ports laid.

Often, when thinking of creation's vast zone,
Or wandering forests, that's gushing with song;
My thoughts return to that city alone,
Where every avenue wonders prolong.

Famed metropolis of brotherly love,
Long years have passed which memories recall;
Picturing thy beauties wherever I rove,
Upon this great terrestrial ball.

NOTE.—The cyclone swept the Middle Atlantic coast; striking the City of Philadelphia on the night of the 23rd of October, 1879, damaging property to the extent, or rather the approximated damage was about \$2,000,000.

DREAMERS AND THINKERS.

The world is full of dreamers, and a few persons do its thinking, taking mental tools and moulding, hammering, shaping, turning, with true genius and judgment, thoughts, until perfection fully develops the realities, and brings into existence the masterpiece.

Thinkers measure principles, watching, weighing, compassing, equalizing, balancing and counter-balancing, until perfection is reached.

Thinkers require determination, decision, contemplation, and premeditation, if they aim high.

Order, industry, patience, temperance and frugality, are requisite, if you desire to succeed in the world.

WINTER.

Winter is a chilly season,
 Wrapt in frost and snow;
 Still we love it for the reason,
 Bright fires maketh hearthstones glow.

Then icicles grace the fountains,
 Building turrets on the wall;
 While the storms are roving mountains,
 Blazing embers light the hall.

Then the fir upon the landscape,
 Clad in robes of sombre green;
 Looketh down upon the white lake,
 Where the youths are skating seen.

From the sloping hillside darting,
 Fleeting sleds and merry boys;
 Sleighing bells their mirth imparting,
 Blend their jingles with their joys.

Wintry hours and chilly season,
 Bless each mirthful innocent,
 Who will always gladly reason,
 They were from the heaven sent.

Winter with its many pleasures,
 Vanishes from the earth;
 Ever bringing seedling treasures,
 Manifold into birth.

Chang'ng skies and changing seasons,
 Fill the cycle of the year,
 And the God that gives us reason,
 Guides each hemisphere.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out! ring out! ye silver bells,
Let mirth and music springing;
Join all their peans, triumph swells,
The Christmas bells are ringing.

Ring, merry bells! thy mystic spell
O'er cottages transports flinging;
Let brazen tongues, with gladness tell,
The Christmas bells are ringing.

Ring, joyous bells! thy song impel,
Celestial spaces winging;
Let bronzed cells, resounding, tell
The Christmas bells are ringing.

Ring, merry bells! thy raptures well,
To children mirth and music bringing,
In snow-clad dells and wildwood tell
The Christmas bells are ringing.

LIBERTY.

The fiat gone forth,
The gates are flung open;
Their resonance north,
Tells trammels are broken.

On lowlands the bells,
Weird rhapsodies telling;
To snow land impels,
The jubilee swelling.

It sails to the east,
Where morning beams glisten;
'Neath echoes increased,
The mountain tops listen.

The song travels south,
Rare symphonies ringing;
Where silver tongued mouth,
The canzonet singing.

The herald gone west,
The music repeating;
Each upperland's crest,
The raptures are greeting.

Wide prairies reply,
And margins of ocean;
The planets on high,
Rejoice with emotion.

It drives through the skies,
'That mysterious decree,
Resound as it flies,
Liberty! Liberty!

TO THEE, MY HEROINE.

Orchards blooming gay with flowers,
 Birds rejoice the sylvan wood;
 Clover garnishes the meadows;
 Ferns embellish solitude.

Violets open in the grasses,
 Beauties modest and serene;
 Buttercups and dandelions,
 Golden petals, show on green.

Johnny-jump-ups and the daisies,
 Here and there appear in flocks;
 Gallant sweet-williams bound them;
 Mistletoes are climbing oaks.

Crystals ramble reeds and mosses;
 Tassels festoon maple trees;
 Herald queen of year is coming,
 Carpeting emerald leas.

Thyme and basil grace the gardens;
 Perrywinkles bring us thoughts;
 Myrtles stand around as wardens,
 Guarding the forget-me-nots.

Wreathe from those flowers a sweet bouquet,
 In a circling wheel entwine,
 Buds that dryads fill with spray,
 'Tis for my heroine.

'Take this garland, I have wreathed it for you,
 A gift too small for merit due;
 May a fairer one to thee be given,
 Which shall thy brow adorn in heaven.

THE THISTLE.

“Nemo me impune lacessit.”

The thistle, Scotia's proud emblem,
 Its merit's known to all her sons;
 Each look with pride on arrowed stem
 Whose darts are silvered by the sun.

'Tis Caledonia's simple boon,
 That spread alarm among the Danes;
 Who marched beneath the darkened moon,
 To battle Scots, on Scotia's plains.

A symbol honored years ago
 By Scotland's sages and their sires,
 Long ere Druids' famed mistletoe,
 Or Ossian rang his pleasing lyre.

Its petals graced first Eden's lawn;
 In armor stood by Persia's rills;
 But rambléd Flor, one rosy dawn,
 'Tranplanted it on Scotia's hills.

Its home is never pillared hall,
 Nor bears for tyrants perfumed scent;
 But harkens to retaliation's call,
 Wherever freedom's bow is bent.

It grows upon the rugged steep,
 And blooms amid the early dew,
 It well adorns where Wallace slept,
 And hosts of others just as true.

Above the chieftain's narrow bed,
It shows the past in glory bright;
It dwelleth still where warriors led
The Scots, and Burns portrays the fight.

“No one wounds me with impunity,”
Since time began the thistle taught;
Like Mede and Persian decree,
Through ages long it alters not.

It shall retain that mystic spell,
Wherever found on hills or plains,
And on through passing ages tell,
That Scotia's honor never wanes,

It garnishes virtue's bowers,
Vice seldom near its pathways roam;
It flourishes among wild flowers,
And often guards the lily's home.

'Tis Caledonia's true emblem,
Its worth is known to all her sons;
Her children love the prickly stem,
The rarest plant beneath the sun.

BIG BUSINESS BOOM.

From Oldtown comes a wondrous story,
A muskrat rends canal in twain,
And down towpath stalked in glory,
To take a drawing of the same.

He pictured each antique scene,
There stood an empty boat on end;
Wild waters swept off boy and team,
Down slippery poles the crew descend.

He sold to artists negatives,
Wood cuts illumined all the papers,
Causing all business to revive,
Hotels did have to hire more waiters.

The gas and oil men all excited,
Met bulls and bears in City Hall;
The lamb rushed in affrighted,
To hear the puts and fear the call.

The lawyers held a barbecue,
The bankers were invited;
The bakers had a heap to do;
The butchers were delighted.

The brewers spent a merry time,
Everybody had a frolic;
In doctors' pockets silver chimed,
Druggists prepared cures for colic.

The drummers came in force to town,
The Mayor ordered stores renumbered;
Reporters marched streets up and down
For news, while old folk slumbered.

The clergy all were overworked;
Bachelors were bent on marrying;
The license clerk he never shirked,
No girl believed in tarrying.

The printers caught the infection,
And blazoned walls with golden signs;
Knowing ones said on reflection,
“Our city’s seeing better times.”

The canal boss advertised wide,
Rewards for every rat’s scion;
And bought each employee beside,
Guns big enough to slay a lion.

This gave gun factories all a boom
And set the iron men invoicing;
The price of coal went up right soon,
The workmen now are all rejoicing.

POCAHONTAS.

Once when the Chief Powhatan reigned,
And held what warlike valor gained;
Victory came where swift arrows fell;
In forest wild, with war-whoop yell,
Made captive those that were not slain,
Or left them wander wild on plain.

His palace a wigwam of rude form,
Ancestors in the same were born;
Before pale face, in ships came o'er,
Or boom of guns awoke the shore,
Bright was his life, and few his cares,
His bosom proud, he knew no fears.

His daughter fair, a form divine,
The pride of that great Sachem's line;
Like a young fawn, which wild doth rove,
She of her tribe the graceful dove;
Sought, when she heard him whoop afar,
First to meet him from chase or war.

Swift were her feet, comely her brow,
Her raven locks in breezes flow;
Her bosom swells like waves in wind,
As left she the lone trail behind;
Her eyes were like the brightest star,
That glory shed from heaven far.

Beautiful was that maiden's pride;
Her heart was broad as ocean's wide,

And tears would flow at others' woes,
When the dark cloud on soul arose;
In her, all graces were combined,
Her hue scarce equals the great mind.

In light canoe she swept the wave,
While waters swell where paddles lave;
E'en from her bowstring there would fly,
Arrows that would pierce a needle's eye;
Or sing war song, 'midst the dell,
And hills resound where echoes fell;
Yet lived in the sylvan glen,
Unknown to science, art or pen.

'Twas morn, the sun doth soar on high,
And spread its beams where dry leaves lie;
Tall trees their gloomy shadows show,
And winter winds drive to and fro;
Awe seems to reign throughout the vale,
While footsteps wake the forest trail.

Of dusky warriors, whose attire
Show painted forms, that blazon ire;
And lo! betwixt Powhatan's band,
There's seen a face from foreign land;
Saxon visage, with dauntless air,
Moves calm his destined fate to bear;
The stern Chief's bidding must be done,
The captive stands beside the stone.

He scarce reeled by James' flowing fount,
Which sweeps along from distant mount,
When warriors waved the battle beam,
There sprang from bush, a maid unseen,
Her action, gleam of heaven tell,
Bounds like a deer, on captive fell.

'Neath flowing locks speak tearful eyes,
'The braves are stunned with surprise;
Uplifted at their Chief's command,
Each warrior swings the deadly brand,
Which seemed would make her heart the sheathe,
Mingle her blood with captive's death.

The savage sire with soaring mind,
Silent stood with thoughts confined;
While every brave their bowstrings bend,
Which quickly would the arrows send;
Powhatan's spear is seen to shake,
But says, unbind him for her sake.

'The hero rose with thoughts repressed,
But in his heart the maiden blessed;
Her grace and courage all admire,
That conquered warriors, sage and sire;
And round the calumet of peace,
The treaty's made that war should cease.

Now where's the tongue, that e'en would dare,
Hint aught but heaven placed her there;
Or that her race knew not of love,
Untutored minds, knew One above;
Such noble souls, the upright heart
On earth, fills in heaven a part;
To each clime a tribe is given,
All gems are not alike in heaven.

One act brings forth centuries of praise,
And to her memory legends raise;
No sculptured stone could speak so well,
Her name shall live, by James' swell;
While queenly acts are writ in fame,
Pocahontas shines brightest name.

*THE LAST OF THE ALGONQUINS ON THE
ALLEGHANIES.*

In the sunlight of a summer afternoon, on the towering hills which overlook the City of Cumberland, Md., was seen gathering the remnant of a tribe of red men, of whom Wills was then Chief; all the males of the tribe were present. It was the meeting of their last grand council; for many months the small band had been discussing many things pertaining to their migration westward, having sent three messengers, during the fall of the leaf, the season previous, to ascertain and inquire into the nature of the country west of the Ohio, where they desired to locate, they having returned bearing good tidings. All things was in preparation for an early removal.—Sadly they looked at one another and thought of the limited numbers of their once numerous race. A hush of silence overspread all as they gazed on the declining sun, or scanned the huge boulders which hung on the sloping sides of the adjacent “narrows;” while down the bottom of this mountain defile murmured the crystal dews from Alleghany summits; here and there breaking into foam around the masses of rock which lie in the bed of the stream. Every foot of the hills and valleys around was familiar to them. There was written, in imperishable characters, the memories of childhood, only to be obliterated when the eye saw not, the ear heard not, and the heart beat not.

At length Canoros, chief orator of the tribe, rose from his seat near the base of an oak, where stood his tomahawk, bow, and well filled quiver. In stature, he was rather less than his comrades, his complexion was a deep copper color unpainted, his plume of gay colored feathers waved jauntily in the soft breeze, his dress was ornamented profusely with

all the arts known then to the industrious toilers within the precincts of their rustic wigwams. His dark hair and eyes gave his visage an expression which would have been envied by sculptor, painter, or poet. His manners candid, artless and honest, seemed to infuse enthusiasm into the bosom of his listeners, and inspire them with confidence. He spake thus:

Sires, Warriors and Youths: By the council fire three moons ago we decided to move towards the setting sun, and seek for some uninhabited territory beyond the limits now trodden by the foot of the pale face. I have watched their progress since my earliest years. I have ranged their towns, camps, and work shops. We have all learned from them arts that are useful to ourselves.

But men, brethren and fathers: it is not our interest to bide here longer. We are outnumbered. The mighty waves of yon boundless ocean have thrown a new race on our shores, that is destined to overrun all this once beautiful hunting grounds of our forefathers. As for our possessions on the vast Alleghanies, they are no longer ours. The sooner we move the better, the summer's sun now gladdens the valleys, soft winds fan the maple groves: in song the bright birds are calling their loves. None of us desire to remain. Only our venerable Sachem Wills. For why I know not. We would not have left him on the field of battle to have been scalped by the enemy. (A shrill war-cry rose from the Aborigines, which echoed and re-echoed in the woodlands for leagues around.) If he will go with us, and cannot stand the fatigue of the journey, I will throw down the tomahawk, and give both hands to bear him. If he prefers to stay; to remain behind; to rest in the mounds of his forefathers, his memory shall long live with us. Three moons ago to-day, he promised his final answer; he will now speak for himself.

Wills rises. He was in person near about seven feet in height, his forehead broad and somewhat receding, his hair still held its dark color, his high cheek bones, an eagle eye,

though his visage showed marks of age. In form he was powerfully made, his countenance thoughtful, showing sternness, which his massy jaws and prominent nose well confirmed. Straightened to his fullest height, thus spake Wills:

Warriors, the dream of my youth is past, I am aged and infirm, my tomahawk ofttimes misses its mark, my quiver is empty, and my bow hangs unstrung on the wall of my wigwam. Sons, in youth I have fed many of you, in the chase I have led you, the hunters which ran with me in my early years are gone to their happier hunting grounds. I laid the implements of war and chase in the mounds by their side. I must remain and be laid in the same clay with them. My eyes fill with tears when I behold the vast hunting ground, once the pride of our ancestors, falling fast before the axe of the white man; the antlered deer, the roe, and the fawn, flies westward; the partridge and squirrel is scarce in the bush; the fox and wolf dread the white man's rifle. The white man tills our maize fields.

. Go hunters, behold yon sun touches now the bison plains. Go, seek a new home beyond the bounds of the pale face. Let thy chief remain to rest and repose on the mountains of his fathers. Go, ere the wind of winter whistle through the now pleasant vales.

The Messengers' report—Thus spake Onowanoron:

Sachems and Sires: On toward where the setting sun lifts its plume on the evening skies, followed we the hunters' trail to the Ohio. There we launched canoes on its bright and beautiful waters, which bore us down by the bluffs which stand in the mists of the morning. On its banks luxuriant forests spread their branches, laden with fruits, nuts and vines. There in the hollow trees hide the honey bees. There out of the rocks flow waters, cool in summer and warm in winter, which wind through green valleys, where far around is heard the voice of the sweet singing birds, the noise of beetles, the chirp of crickets and the music of katydids; while around the hunters' wigwam, wide spreading maize fields shake their tassels high in the air; every stalk

as stately as the Algonquin's spear, every ear full as a warrior's quiver. There soft winds wave the raven locks of beautiful, dark eyed maidens, whose mellow voices float down the valleys where wander the wild roes. There the hunter never grows weary; nor the boughs beside his lodge are never found empty.

TIME.

Time, endless time, never stay;
On, on, years speed on their way;
Hours are ever on the wing;
How exhaustless is the spring,
Of this priceless treasure,
Which sages cannot measure.

Minutes, they have never reckoned;
Nor in a balance placed a second;
On they come, always in line,
Fathomless the abyss of time
Hidden from beginning,—
On, on, ever winning.

Pearls so costly, rich and pure,
Never treasured, I am sure;
Reader mind, there's none to waste,
Longest life is but a taste,
Giving earthly joys or woe,
Passing as in years ago.

WILLS: AN ALGONQUIN CHIEF.

Was buried north of the City of Cumberland, Md., on the mountain that bears his name.

Thus said a great vain-glorious ruler,*
 Raise me no monument nor fane;
 Mount Caucasius, and River Taurus,
 And Caspian Sea shall note my fame.

'There's a lonely mound upon Wills Mountain,
 It remaineth unmarked still;
 That eminence adorned by fountain
 Now owns the name of Sachem Will.

Last of his tribe, once numerous,
 Placed in an upland grave to rest;
 Fitting tomb for men so generous
 When their sun fades in the west.

Sleep! sleep! low pillowed in the dust,
 The snows of winter cover thee,
 Yet each returning spring time must,
 Carpet anew thy mound for thee.

Wild flowers through midsummer span it,
 Autumn's withered leaves are on it spread;
 Huge grey walls, prehistoric granite,
 Support the aged Algonquin's bed.

Rest! rest! on towering highlands,
 They long shall claim thy name and fame;
 While Wills Creek loiters round the islands,
 The base will belt with dews and rain.

*Alexander the Great.

And groups of stars their silver shedding,
Lightly lay on thee, their mellow glows;
Silent watchers, glimmers spreading,
Join in marking thy last repose.

The last thou wert of aborigines,
Who on those hillsides sped in chase;
Here dwelt thy kin for centuries,
By a few mounds we do them trace.

When entombed, no sad dirges swelling,
Sent up to skies their requiems;
But pale faces were thy fairness telling,
Dwellers in thy maternal glens.

Westward thy tribe had gone forever,
Celt and Saxon by thy bier convene;
They laid thee low and placed thy quiver,
Beside bow wreathed in evergreen.

No starlit flags at half-mast flowing,
No antiphons their mourning rise,
But withered leaves around were blowing,
The murmuring brook alone replies.

But if thy faith were half fulfilled,
Thou roamest now elysian shades;
Leader of hunters, swift and skilled,
That chase wild deer through pleasing shades.

POTOMAC.

Roll gently, Potomac, among thy green shades;
 Roll, softly, the dew from thy upperland glades;
 There eagles build eyries, on peaks rising high,
 Where nature in beauty spreads out to the eye.
 The pheasant and partridge reside in the glens;
 There whistles the blackbirds, and chirrup the wrens:
 The foxes and conies each dwell in thy hills,
 And deer with wide antlers leap whispering rills.

Roll gently, Potomac, the voice of thy waves,
 Enraptures the forest, spread music in caves;
 'Tis filtered on highlands, in morning's first ray,
 Then tumbles, and dances, where finny tribes play.
 On borders the wild ducks in quietude feed,
 And dippers and loons sail through rushes and weed;
 The curved necked swan, yearly visits thy shore,
 Tho' lacking the numbers thou seen once in yore.

Roll swiftly, Potomac, along rugged heights,
 Which mark far to eastward thy waters in flight,
 How pleasing the sylvan groves sloping in air,
 In valleys bloom roses, and violets rare.
 On lindens are woven the cots of the dove,
 Whose cooings float softly in nectar above;
 On margins the sedge, and slender reeds bide,
 Where musical ripples sweep on to the tide.

Roll swiftly, Potomac, when rarest of dyes,
 Shall picture the rainbow, upon the blue skies;
 For under its circle thy full currents bound.
 Where cataract splendors re-echo the sound.

How level thy waters when evening's sun,
Rule purples with gold, and blend glory in one,
Then summer's mild zephyrs, breathe over the low,
And gladden with incense thy murmuring flow.

Roll gently, Potomac, thy romantic path;
Roll softly, thy crystals, and joyously laugh;
Thy legends, proud river, is sang over the brine,
Dame Nature bedecks thee, with wonders sublime.
How fair are thy nymphs, which on terraces dream,
Enchanting the grandeur, surrounding thy stream,
Where starlight looks down on the mountain and lea,
Bespangled with silver, thy surface to sea.

THE HONORED RIVER.

Potomac, honored river, from whence comes thy name?
Renowned thou art in the circle of fame;
Could the muses inspire me with magical power,
To portray thy landscape in a rapturous hour;
Or place between lips a symphonious tongue,
I'd sing amidst nature's grand works thou hast sprung.

Methinks on thy waves, that roll on to the brine,
And of the hero whose birthplace by you doth shine;
He marshaled the freemen and inspired the band,
Who battled for liberty, and native land;
They prevailed in their cause, 'twas a glorious strife,
To them freedom was valued more precious than life.

And yet, when his great work was finished and done,
His brow wreathed with honor, found no place like home;
From cradle to couch he had never sought fame,
But where on the earth find we so honored a name;
On thy margins the Pater Patria's fane,
As a Mecca appears, on our united plain.

When mariners survey it, at evening or morn,
They paint with artist taste, the ship of state, in storm.
With the hurricane rending the sails into shreds,
The vessel rides gallantly over billowy beds;
While tempestuous waves lash the shores of the west,
He anchors his barque safe in the haven of rest.

On thy banks aborigines once raised their mounds,
Entombing their Sachems in hallowed grounds;

When the pale faces sipped of the Indian springs,
It endowed their minds with primordinate things;
Now art and culture is obliterating trace
Of rustic simplicity, and aboriginal race.

Let us gather original and romancing theme,
And re-survey the beauty surrounding thy stream;
Or look on the splendors of art by your side,
Great arches and tunnels and bridges o'er waters wide;
Or gaze on thy dams, like stone giants in stream,
Retarding wild currents that tossing is seen.

But nature rivals art, when we view the Great Falls,
Prehistoric ages formed its rugged walls;
Bluffs of grey and blue limestone tower by your side,
Overlooking waves where the first steamer did ride;
Once overlaying waters, army pontoons were seen,
And upon them well marshaled hosts crossing thy stream.

On thy plains bold phalanxes met, clad in their steel,
And the heavens trembled with valorous peal;
When the star-spangled bannner, sang high in the air,
Dixie's famed harmonies vied with it there;
While the fife and the drum, and the cymbal's sweet sound,
Mingles with the bugles for long leagues around.

Then the thunder of war reverberates far,
And the shell from the bombs, and the rockets red star,
Lighted the dun colored heavens and plain,
Rending columns that rebuilt fronts solid again;
Where the chieftains are rushing their plumed ranks in might;
Meet long lines of bayonets,—terrific the fight.

When a banner fell, the standard-bearers vie,
To wave it in battle clouds that's floating on high;
While riderless steeds course the long lines between,
And the trooper lays low on the wide-spreading green;

And the trumpets disdainfully sings as before,
While bordering wavelets are crimsoning shore.

Thy crystals have made many a lymph, winding sheet,
Never staying their flow, that rolls down to the deep;
Oft behind the Blue Ridge was hidden the sun,
Ere the workings of carnage, beside thee, was done;
With regrets here we tell, they met no foreign foe,
They mingled in civil strife, in an inward woe.

Time forgets not the chieftains that crossed your tide,
Nor the noble ones that conversed by your side;
Who can erase from our history Antietam's name?
Yet its murmuring crystals roll onward the same;
Who can forget those who stood in the storm and the rain;
Or under white flags met, and wished for peace again?

The combat is over, thus forever let it remain,
When new generations review soul-stirring plain;
And gaze on thy beauties, entranced with delight,
That imprints on their memory imposing sight;
Where warriors battled as if to win the world's ends,
All that drank of thy crystals have parted as friends.

Thy valley equals Eden's fair garden of flowers,
Long may this illustrious paradise be ours;
Our Eves are the rivals of all that are known,
On thy margins Queen Beauty has erected her throne;
Those marvelous nymphs, that's enchanting our stream,
Turns the head of the tourist, he is lost in the scene.

He in uttermost parts of the earth tells the tales,
That sounds like a day-dream in the far distant vales;
Traditions tell where the long centuries lave,
'Twas the land of the fair and the home of the brave;
Then light canoes danced betwixt waters and air,
Bearing from sylvany groves, wild maidens fair.

On thy banks Cupid invented the quiver and bow,
Which red men imitated long ages ago;
Now the knight-errant, on their caparisoned steed,
Gather rings with their lances, terrific their speed;
And at the close of the tournament, beauty is crowned,
Rivaling in chivalry the ancients renowned.

Why should not our valley outvie all in romances,
Where starlit eyes every bosom entrances.
With summits so lofty, penetrating sky,
A picture of grandeur bewildering the eye;
At their base flow waters from upperlands green,
Whose crystal smile passing the gorges between.

On thy banks hear we grating and jarring of mill,
Grinding golden wheat, that's reaped from valley and hill;
Where millers are gathering toll, as happy and gay,
As the vendors of peanuts, and oranges by the way;
Thy dales re-echo with horns, and whistles of steam,
And the wires on thy banks pass the message unseen.

The plowboy and steeds are furrowing fields,
Where reapers in summer harvest the yields;
The song of the milkmaid, enchanting thy lawn,
When songsters awake to salute early dawn;
Wild deer ramble thy forests and evergreen glades,
The doe and the fawn browse in luxuriant shades.

Both nature and art with their gorgeous array,
Combine to enhance the charms enshrining thy way;
I have seen thee, fair river, with margins sublime,
And watched thy currents cross boundary line;
Traversed cities, and villages, on either side,
Viewed temples and schools with a national pride.

Conversed with boys, loving sports and their play,
Whose demeanor and etiquette, truthfully say,

We will be among the wise and learned some day;
The broker, the lawyer, the merchant over the way,
May be a Demosthenes, with oratorical grace,
Or a Nestor outvieing with wisdom his race.

'Tis not strange that thy margins so wondrous and grand,
Is the favored resort of the learned of our land;
When Ponce De Leon sought the fountain of youth;
Had he but saw thee, and heard marvelous truth;
All that would bask in fame's illuminating gleam,
Must drink of thy waters, or bathe in thy stream.

Its birthplace the hills, prehistoric its reign,
In ages may laurels surround it the same;
To describe all the legends that by you doth file,
Would show waters rivaling Pactolus or Nile;
Were each sacred spot marked with sculptured stone,
No river, ancient or modern, could equal our own.

Long as earth among planets celestial waits,
May liberty envelop with freedom our States;
Long as heavenly lustres shall burnish thy wave,
'Tis the land of the fair and the home of the brave;
Much honored river continue coursing with time,
While the great ocean's mark ever thy boundary line.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

The beautiful blue Potomac,
Towards the sea rolls on,
And upon its banks romantic,
The city Washington.

Where now are seen the marble halls,
Once stood the forest shade,
Where red men reared the wigwam walls,
And hunted in the glade.

A temple famed there now we find,
On which towers freedom's crest;
There savants meet, the nations mind,
From north, south, east, and west.

The mansion white thy lawns adorn;
Where bides Chief Magistrate;
Who at the helm, in lull of storm,
Guides the ship of State.

When morning rides, in all its pride,
Above thy sights sublime,
Embellishing the prairies wide,
And towering peaks divine.

Thou city grand, with a glorious fane,
That overlooks thy strand,
A monument to an honored name,
Renowned in every land.

When fancy on her highest wing,
Wakes patriotic emotions,
We hear the notes of freedom ring,
Betwixt the mighty oceans.

THE LITTLE BIRD ON THE SHIP.

“Lighted on the ship Michael Angelo, 300 miles from land.”

The Michael Angelo's cleaving prow
Was parting wide Atlantic sea,
When setting sun withdrew its glow,
In sight appears from off the lee.

A weary bird, which did alight
Upon the stays of mizzenmast,
And drooped its wings to rest for night,
Sheltered from the ocean blast.

The queen of night, with mellow rays,
Came riding through the troops of stars;
And her shimmering mantle lays
Whose fingers touched horizon far.

By taffrail stood a hardy boy,
Since childhood bred to know not fear;
His mirthful language lispings joy,
And thus he sang the bird to cheer.

Oh! little wanderer on the wing,
Why traverse ye the briny foam?
Why hast thou left where myrtles spring?
What seekest thou in heaven's dome?

Came thou from verdant prairies west,
Where the unfettered bison glide,
Or doth thy mate on mountain crest
Call in the shades above the tide?

Or sleepest he on southern vines,
Where west winds softly play in bowers,
Awaiting balm to distant climes
That's rising from the opening flowers?

Oh! tell me where thy cot of hair,
Doth birdlings yet a vigil keep,
While thou art rocking in the air,
And sleeping ride across the deep?

Sweet bird, I bid thee, now good night,
May pleasing dreams thy hours employ;
Let breezes fair prolong delight
And fill unreefed sail without alloy.

When rosy morning wakes the sky,
I'll place thy mess upon yon truck,
When thou shalt dine, then rise on high,
Go seek thy home, I wish you luck.

Go, with thy tale of rolling seas,
Where golden beams rejoice thy nest;
There raptures fling among the trees,
In robes of green luxuriance dressed.

Thy travels tell to well plumed throng,
On sloping hills, on sunny plain;
Where purest mirth is wrapt in song,
And sylvan pleasures ever reign.

Rove not again in trackless air,
Above the billows' rolling spray;
Leave not again thy forests fair,
Nor land one hundred leagues away.

*WHERE ARE THE PURPLES THAT GRACED
MY MORNINGS.*

Where are the purples which graced my mornings?
 Falling their beauties in colors of gold;
 Where are the roses my path once adorning
 Emitting incense from exquisite fold?

Then every songster was singing a measure,
 Ringing me symphonies, hiding all care;
 Tenderly caroling rhymes of pleasure,
 Ecstasies sported aloft in the air.

Is it that sunlight, forsaking the azure,
 Veiling forever the joys of my day;
 No, no, the flow'rets are fragrant with treasure,
 Beautiful warblers still chirrup their lay.

Luxuriant forests, adorning the mountains,
 Spreading their branches with leaflets unrolled;
 Shading the margins of cool mossy fountains,
 Gathering dewdrops, their value untold.

Rich are the spices, from myrtle so tender,
 Commingling balm that is kissing the breeze;
 Pale are the lilies, with attitude slender,
 Bordering crystals that flow on to seas.

Mingling with surf and the heavenward billow,
 Laving the beach with the tides at their full;
 Dancing in wavelets, through sedge and the willow,
 Bearing the boat which the quick paddles pull.

Even the sails that are skimming the ocean,
Glide with the vessels, in silver arrayed;
Everywhere blithesome and joyous emotion,
Matches the gorgeous sunlight displayed.

Music enchanting, the siren of summer,
Flings on the zephyrs its mirth as in youth;
Magical notes rise from caroling hummer,
Mimics repeat each song ennobled truth.

Yellow sheaves stand on the far stretched valleys,
Sun kissed fruit the orchards well adorn;
Numberless herds in their wanderings, salley
Over the meadows which reapers have shown.

Harvest repeats what old time is disclosing,
Back to the infinite everything thrown;
On rolls the world, with its scenes imposing,
Yearly its treasures appear on each zone.

Hours that have faded return me delight,
Memory recalleth its summers of love;
Years roll away and are hidden from sight,
Worlds are renewing their dramas above.

Rare is thy painting, oh, famous enchanter,
Dreaming of minutes which memories bless;
Dire is thy ending, oh, mighty supplanter,
Oft hast thou stolen, my lover's caress.

Bring me a song from my playground enchanting
Waking the past in its grandeur sublime,
Bring me a twig from yon oak tree that's slanting,
There in my youth grew the daisies so fine.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Leaves are dropping from the branches,
Where they flourished once in pride;
Bronzed vines and cultured orchards
Cast their foliage side by side.

Leaves have faded in the forest,
Where the birds in summer sing;
Leaves bestrew the lawns and terrace,
Thickly covering mossy spring.

Leaves are falling, autumn calling,
Round each vine-clad cottage door;
Orange, red and russet falling,
On the meadow and the moor.

Dropping softly by the river,
Where exhaustless currents flow;
Wandering zephyrs make them quiver,
Lifts and whirls them to and fro.

Leaves are floating where the willows
Overhang the riverside;
Lightly drift on tiny billows,
Which are coursing on to tide.

They are toppling where the sunlight,
Darts its rays of gold around,
Tumbling where the shades of night
Gather, hushing every sound.

Leaves are carpeting the wildwood
Where the winds of autumn sigh;
Back we look to days of childhood,
That like a pageant passes by.

Falling, yes, the leaves are falling,
Vanishing like scenes of youth;
Joys of bygone years recalling,
Weirdly painting many truths.

Leaves are falling, gently falling,
Where once early violets grew;
Mirthful, winsome, hours recalling,
When our days like minutes flew.

Withering where, in years that's left us,
Stood the oaken tree and swing,
Fairy scenes around them waft us,
To the mind the tableaux cling.

Leaves are falling on the playground,
Fancy shows me youthful days;
As when fife and drums did sound,
Then we stepped to martial lays.

Leaves now deck the fields of battle
Where we marched in ranks again,
When the musket's deafening rattle,
With artillery shook the plain.

Leaves are falling, pause and listen,
Hushed the sound and tramp of war;
Peaceful arts around us glisten,
Spreading harmony afar.

Let returning autumn find us,
Looking back upon our youth;
And the hour-glass still remind us
Of past pleasure, portrayed truth.

SUNSET.

At sunset hour, amid wild flowers,
 I open my little song;
 From mountain bower I scan the towers,
 Where rest the city's throng.

The evening bells, with music swell,
 How sweet their echoes chime;
 Resounding knells, helps fancy tell,
 A story weird in rhyme.

They softly throw, in cadence low,
 The quaintest notes to me;
 And zephyrs blow, the choral flow,
 About me tenderly.

On terrene plains now graceful reigns,
 The mellow moonbeam's light;
 Where rustic swains, and loving twains,
 Are basking in delight.

And lofty lays, the milky ways,
 Upon the spangled waste;
 A vast amaze, the comet's blaze,
 Is marching there in haste.

They whisk their tail, through heaven sail,
 And nations quake on earth;
 They fearless hail, the ruler's wail,
 They grant new chieftains birth.

On ship of war, on oceans far,
Where billows fling their spray,
The sturdy tar, on vessel's spar,
Hail empyrean ray.

Since the first beam, of starry teams,
Were seen on skies sublime;
The savants dream, their fiery gleams,
An epoch marks in time.

'Tis strange celestial bodies teach
To man on other spheres,
Beyond terrestrial scenes, they each,
Prove numbered are the years.

The sage delights, in the midnight,
To plumb and line the flame;
He measures light, weighs orb so bright,
And seeks to compass fame.

Of worlds we find there's little known,
They move by nature's law,
To human mind 'tis ever shown,
When formed they bore no flaw.

When light first looked from his throne,
Illumined earth and air,
Then chaos fled to realms unknown,
Light formed the forests fair.

Show me the mount where wisdom hies,
Of such the poets dream;
And I will drink where sipped the wise,
And gather joy serene.

REVERIES.

Often when the evening closing
As the twilight waning fast,
When the mind is calm, reposing,
Memory explores the past.

Then amid the watches dreary,
In my quiet lonely room,
Pondering often until weary,
Darkness cast about me gloom.

Days bygone arise before me,
Showing scenes once fair and bright;
Seeming to again restore me,
Faces hidden long from sight.

Then my bosom fills with yearning,
To be freed from every care,
And to hear the words endearing,
Which once floated everywhere.

But alas! I look around me,
On this world of grief and woe,
And ask where's its philanthropy,
That sages taught years ago.

Thus I muse beside the window,
Into which the moonbeams fall,
Shaping weird ungainly shadows,
On my chamber's snow white wall.

Then I look where stars are shining,
Shedding far their mellow light,
Through the skies cerulean lining,
Twinkling, twinkling, all the night.

Far above them heaven interlaces
Gates of pearl and streets of gold,
Rarest gems fill all the spaces
Jeweled angles light behold.

Seraphs guarding shining portals,
Watching left and watching right;
See the cares of earthly mortals,
In the darkest hours of night.

Thus I revel in the twilight,
Ere I rest upon my bed,
Morn returning its delight
Brightens azure overhead.

THE ARTIST GIRL.

Pencil in hand, stood an artist girl,
Finishing painting before her;
Numberless hues in its landscape unfurl,
Far along the highlands crowned with fir.

Waters like crystals trace valley green,
Winding thro' full blooming clover;
Even the dimpling eddies between,
Moss fringe whirl over and over.

On southern slope was a matchless home,
Round it happy children playing;
And on veranda a mother was shown,
Listening to what they're saying.

Lindens and pine, border each avenue;
Orchards well laden with sunkissed fruit,
Vintage emerging from morn's early dew,
Cluster where golden vines shoot.

Facing the east, were straw rick and barn,
Where peacocks strut with expanded feather;
And the milk maid's costume cast a charm,
As she flits over the heather.

Over green pastures horses roam;
Flocks and herds are here and there straying;
On the hillside one red fox alone,
Near by a hollow oak is laying.

In the dim distance towered a steeple,
Where the wildwood opened the way;
Seemingly well trodden by people,
On each returning Sabbath day.

Lo! in the farness, a milk white steed
Gallops out of the forest cover;
Even the rider's high colored plaid,
Tells that she portrayed a lover.

Far to the west lies a sea girt cove,
And vessels sail in the offing;
Rugged headlands rears high above,
Masts from which pennons were flying.

Rays of midday illumined the blue,
Tinging wavelets rolled from the sea:
Art equaled nature in coloring true,
May the muses preside over thee.

PSALM FOR BACHELORS.

Sing for me in joyous number,
 Wedded life, its sunny sides;
 Tell that single men all slumber,
 Dreaming girls, too young for brides.

Life fascinates us with the real;
 Girls are sunlight of the soul,
 And the only thing men can steal,
 And not be imprisoned in a goal.

Life's enjoyment finds its morrow,
 When fair nymphs around us stray;
 Man's destiny, grief, and sorrow,
 When he keeps them far away.

Time is fleeting, swiftly fleeting,
 Like yon river's rolling wave;
 Listen, girlish hearts are beating,
 Martial music for the brave.

Mirthfully the maiden's prattle,
 Peering into world of strife;
 Seeking for a brave in battle,
 Ready ever for a wife.

Trust not days that come hereafter,
 Never be a Bachelor;
 Act the man that lassie's laughter,
 Telleth what she's looking for.

Lives of wedded folks remind thee,
You can live in bliss as well;
And departing, leave behind thee,
Prototypes which always tell.

Courage take, unmarried brother,
Wasting time so idly too;
Set example, that another
Shall take heart,—some maiden woo.

Now up, and on, onward driving,
With a mind on beauty set;
Still pursuing; and contriving,
Bachelors, a helpmeet get.

BY REQUEST.

I'm asked to sing a dainty song,
And fairies place in air;
Have muses mingled in the throng,
'Tis for a damsel fair.

Could I refuse requested boon,
Why no, 'twould be a sin;
I'll sing for her the sun at noon,
And rhyme the queen moon in.

Describe for lassie planets far,
Which doth the azure trace;
And brightly show the morning star
Amid the spangled waste.

I'll take a sail in stately ship
Across the briny sea,
Portray in verse, for nymph, my trip
Where rolling billows be.

And when beneath the southern skies,
Or in an eastern port,
I'll paint the scenes that sylph-like rise,
In storied camp and court.

I'd seek the plains were Ganges run,
Trace hieroglyphic Nile;
Rest under cedars of Lebanon,
Or where the palm trees smile.

At Venice sail in gondolier,
Which over waters glide;
Or list to glees of mountaineer,
View scenes by Tiber's side.

I'd roam the realm of wild romance,
Along the rolling main;
And gather themes in vine-clad France,
Or castles old of Spain.

I'll tread the heathery highlands,
Their thistle banks and braes,
And wander over the islands,
Shamrock and primrose ways.

Paint land of legion and of song,
Where flows the noble Rhine;
In witching notes describe the throng,
Which doth each village line.

From vales beyond the ocean wide,
Bring brightest rubies shown;
But well I know there's none reside
So fair as in our home.

Our prairies green, our mountains tall,
Our heroes greatest be;
Our hearth, our homes, our maidens all,
The best of earth have we.

Of foreign gems the poets write,
And fair they are to read;
But Columbia is our delight,
Rarest of all indeed.

ROBERT BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

One hundred and thirtieth anniversary of his birth, Jan. 25th, 1888.

Hark! Scotia's sons in every clime,
 Honors to-day, her child of rhyme,
 Whose muse inspired, sang "Auld Lang Syne,"
 By Caledonia's fountains.

They love the bard who held the plough,
 And drew a theme from every bough,
 Or thistle wild, on grassy brow,
 Of Caledonia's mountains.

'Twas he who sang the daisy's flush,
 The linnet's chant, the warbling thrush,
 And early lark above the rush,
 Of Caledonia's fountains.

Of golden suns that valleys fill,
 And pearly dews on sloping hill,
 The tempest whistling weird and shrill,
 O'er Caledonia's mountains.

What pleasing charms around him dwell,
 When Scotia's bliss his thoughts impel,
 His glowing spirit rings the swell,
 Of Caledonia's fountains.

When sublime thoughts his soul inspire,
 Then artful strains surround his lyre;
 Whose raptures wake the highland fire
 On Caledonia's mountains.

No servile measures span his lines,
But marching numbers, soaring rhymes,
Ring martial airs, and warlike chimes,
By Caledonia's fountains.

In early youth to hardships steeled,
He sang the gory battlefield,
And grasped the sword and bore the shield,
For Caledonia's mountains.

He sang of midnight, morn and noon,
Of twilight's veil and rising moon,
And lassies fair—the sweetest boon—
By Caledonia's fountains.

Of summer skies, and pleasing hours,
Of fleecy flocks in verdant bowers,
And shepherds' pipes on topmost towers
Of Caledonia's mountains.

He sang of thunders rending air,
Of wintry storms that forest tear,
And many a thing beyond compare
By Caledonia's fountains.

We place aloft on page of fame;
Our Burns' reward—a poet's name,
To ever ring a proud refrain,
On Caledonia's mountains.

ERIN, SWEET ERIN.

Erin, sweet Erin, I've bid thee farewell,
 Often methinks on thy beautiful shore;
 Pride of my childhood, I ever shall tell,
 Charms of thy valleys, the wide world all o'er.
 And of the water like silver, that's tracing thy sands,
 Dancing to music as onward they roam,
 Mingling in ocean, pearls laugh on thy strands,
 Whispering responses wherever thrown.
 Others may tell of the land of their birth,
 But to me, thou art the fairest on earth.

Erin, my heart for thee often has bled,
 Pondering vellums, which shiningly bore,
 Names of thy warriors, on battle-fields red,
 Matchless thy heroes, and matrons, of yore.
 Islands and continents tell of thy fame,
 Even the sea, where the high billows climb,
 Magical harpers thy honors proclaim,
 Painting thy glory in rapturous rhyme.
 Others may tell of the land of their birth,
 But to me, thou art the fairest on earth.

Erin, beloved, such jewels recall,
 Pleasures to gladden my heart as in youth;
 Erin, thy memories ever shall fall,
 Pictures enchanting, illumining truth.
 Brightest of sunshine sheds glittering gold,
 Over thy gardens, where primroses smile,
 Cuckoos, red robins, and skylarks unfold,
 Transports inspiring, the hours to beguile.
 Others may tell of the land of their birth,
 But to me, thou art the fairest on earth.

Erin, thy shamrocks, and bright morning dew,
Fashions me visions, which radiant glow,
Fair as the rainbow with glorious hue,
Vanishing years to me ever bestow.
Erin, when stars fill thy valleys with light,
It seems that angels in spaces above,
Scans every glen through the wearisome night,
Faithfully guarding the isle of my love.
Others may tell of the land of their birth,
But to me, thou art the fairest on earth.

Erin, how sweetly the tones of thy bells,
Waft on the summer winds, out on the sea,
Clear as the song of the vesper that swells,
Harmonies higher, much higher, than we.
Astonished ears list, with gladsome surprise,
Every note seeming to follow me here,
Renewing joys that's lost to my eyes,
Recalling loves of my earliest year.
Others may tell of the land of their birth,
But to me, thou art the fairest on earth.

NEVER AGAIN.

Touching the pathos, never again,
 Out of the ocean of blissful emotion,
 Cometh that awful appeal, never again;
 Comrades of old, in life's battle bold,
 How often the tear drops have started,
 Dimming your eyes, when the sound of sweet name
 Told you of spirits departed;
 Reverberating No! No! never again.

Life and its cares ever distract us,
 Vexations follow wherever we roam;
 Life's disappointments often have tracked us,
 Bitterness spreading in once happy home;
 Unnerving senses, which tenderness feel
 When we lose what we can never regain,
 Heart-rending that pathetic appeal,
 Whose reasonance echo, never again.

Destiny faces the loud artillery's roar,
 Dreads not the havoc in encircling fire;
 Fame seeth warriors, weltering in gore,
 Where the rockets leap higher and higher,
 Mingling with shouts of the victor, Victorious;
 Leaping above the vast columns of slain,
 Where trumpets chant, in a requiem chorus,
 Never, never, No! No! never again.

Compatriots to each other have lended,
 Cheers encouraging actors playing their part;
 And oft on fields their foeman attended,
 Showing a kind and beneficent heart.
 Thus and forever, like gales in December;
 Wistfully wailing over the plain;
 Ever around us bring thoughts, to remember,
 The weird pathos, No! No! never again.

THE WILDWOOD.

Where rabbits run the wildwood,
Sing the larks so gay;
And in the meadow hedges stood,
Chattering the jay.

While here and there a chirrup,
Rises from the wren,
And the crickets noise flur up,
Quaintly in the glen.

On oak tree builds the linnet,
Working with a will;
Woodpeckers bore into it,
With an ivory bill.

Where apple blossoms flourish,
Robins gaily sing;
And crystals sparkling nourish
Mosses by the spring.

On slope of grass green mountain,
Wanders flocks well shorn;
Below the ploughboy counting
Furrows in the corn.

Down along the sunlit valley,
Noisy millwheels go,
Where merry millers tally,
Sing with water flow.

And noon days beauty's trailing,
Over all the hills;
The fawns and does are hailing,
Dew distilling rills.

OHIO.

Where now Ohio, ages old,
 Are thy red hunters, wild and brave;
 Who in thy vales the war whoops rolled,
 And in light canoes swept thy wave.

Why fled they from thy scenes superb,
 Where dame Nature placed her throne;
 No poet's fancy conceives words
 To thee describes, ere arts were known.

Where now Ohio, ages old,
 Are thy dusky dark-haired daughters;
 Where now the youths that to them told,
 Their love on margins of thy waters.

The art of love red maidens knew.
 For Cupid tracked their hiding place;
 They early learned that feathers new,
 Must be set with exquisite grace.

Many a son of thy once proud race,
 Ruled long before Cornplanter's named
 To fill a Sachem's honored place,
 Algonquins call him wise and famed,

They fled forever from thy mountains,
 Their mounds perpetuate their name;
 Thy plains, thy hills, and singing fountains,
 Combine to keep alive their fame.

In silent glens, where leveled mounds,
Are yearly decked with leaves;
Through branching boughs the whisper bounds
Forget us not, on every breeze.

We never back can trace their story,
Nor the origin of mellow tongue;
They all have fled, like sunset glory,
Autumn winds have their requiem sung.

OC-CO-QUAN.

A West Virginia Stream.

Thou rambling beauty Occoquan,
 When rising sun in purple glows,
 And gilds the eastern horizon,
 Thy stream a pearly current flows,

In pleasant vales thou reignest queen,
 Where dew distills from mountain spring;
 Upon thy margins lovers dream,
 And peals of laughter by thee ring.

Oh could I name thee Occoquan,
 In the Algonquin's witching tongue,
 I would resound thy praise anon,
 And sing the time when thou wert young.

When red men bold the war whoop rolled,
 And daring chiefs led on the braves;
 Their squaws have told in days of old,
 The fascinations of thy waves.

Then antlered deer sped hunters' realms,
 And warriors woo'd the dusky maid,
 In twilight hours beneath the elm,
 As silver moonbeams round them played.

Then wigwams graced thy tangled bowers,
 It was their tribe's inheritance,
 Where starlight fell in glinting showers,
 On many a true and loving glance.

Then rapture rivets dark browed soul,
 And sacred vows each bosom chain,
 Unending as thy waters roll,
 That gently glides adown thy plain.

Those sights are gone, the light canoe,
Breaks not thy foam with darting prow,
Yon vast expanse of heaven's blue,
Looks down on paler faces now.

Another race beside thee dwell,
But red men left with thee a name;
That weirdly tells thy limpid swell
Shall long be guardian of their fame.

Thy grassy margins peaceful sleep,
Beneath the plane and walnut tree;
There wild flowers bloom, and zephyrs sweep,
Their incense far across the lea.

Thy plains are spread with cultured fields,
Of tasselled corn and golden grain,
And reaping chariots gather yield,
Upon the wide and fertile plain.

Thy woodbine ways the vale enchants,
When joyous lads and lassies meet,
With seniors grey at Indian haunts,
To drink of mineral waters sweet.

The goblet cheers the eldest heart,
The sparkling drips without alloy,
A rapture to the soul impart,
And wakes in bosom youthful joy.

They often sip and bliss renew,
As slowly fades the evening light,
When pavilions reel with graceful crew,
Rejoicing elders watch the sight.

Roll on, glad river, ever roll,
In distant seas your wave unite;
Along thy path fill strangers' bowl,
Observing still the ancient rite.

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

When rosy morning wakes the earth,
 And purples tint the cloudy fold;
 Whose glory gilds the sky afar,
 And curtains hemisphere with gold.
 When drops of dew melt on the flowers,
 When early beams adorn the sea.
 And radiance westward light the bowers,
 I will remember thee.

When dials mark the hour of noon,
 The sun, keystone in heaven above;
 In afternoon when soft winds glide,
 Through myrtles whispering words of love,
 When forgotten, to friends unknown,
 'Twas thou that didst remember me;
 Wherever on the earth I roam,
 I will remember thee.

When twilight's veil shall round me fall,
 And silver stars the welkin fill;
 Beneath which lovers rambling meet,
 Beside the sparkling, prattling rill.
 When moonbeams grace the glassy mere,
 Or dance upon the ruffling sea,
 Beautifying far the hemisphere,
 I will remember thee.

Or 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
 E'en where the music rings sublime,
 And footsteps move in merry dance,
 With measured numbers keeping time;
 Were it on earth's remotest bound;
 E'en there you shall remembered be,
 Ere Morpheus bears his vase around,
 I will remember thee.

REVIEW.

Shall I long, laborious scene review.—POPE.

Bright and fair the summer morning,
 Zephyrs low and sweet,
 Gently crossing pleasant valleys,
 Wave the golden wheat.

Honey bees are in the clover,
 Working with a will,
 Every petal finds the rover,
 Gathering his fill.

Westward luxuriant mountains
 Stand against the blue,
 Waters from their prattling fountains
 Wind the meadows through.

Level plateaus fronting ocean,
 Well adorned with trees,
 Rugged headlands stop the motion
 Of the briny seas.

Sail and steam are ploughing waters,
 Buoys red marks the bar;
 From the masthead fly the colors,
 Known to every tar.

White-capped waves, always ranging,
 Lave the vessel's side;
 Sunlight gleaming, lustre changing,
 Gild the rippling tide.

Far around the willing workers,
Labor day by day;
Commerce freights the stately vessel,
Fastened to the quay.

Where the city's din and jostle,
Rings from morn till night,
Traffic's interchanging rustle,
Wonderful the sight.

Columbia, while thy star brightening,
Elder nations wane;
Liberty, the world enlightening,
Looks across the main.

THE OLD YEAR.

Hark ! the solemn bells are ringing,
Old Year passing out to-night;
Hollow towers are dolefully flinging,
Dirges over many a height.

Echoes mountain tops are winging,
Snow-crowned pinnacles and plain;
Gales in leafless forests singing,
Reverberates refrain.

Time ! Time ! the requiem is calling:
Old Year ends with parting bell;
And round many a hearthstone falling,
Tones that ring a cheerless swell.

Earth in orbits pathway straying,
Through the ether circling wend;
Time her yearly ransoms paying,
Squaring dues that never end.

Marching on eternal motion,
Hiding epochs coming round;
Deep in time's unfathomed ocean,
Where the plummets never sound.

Time is like a river hailing,
Tides that roll not on a shore;
Onward ! Onward ! always sailing,
Into endless evermore.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring, merry bells, triumphant swells
On the mountains and the plain;
Ring welcome swells of music bells,
Above the New Year's train.

Loud! louder rise, your clang and shock,
Ring out, rejoicing peal,
High! higher, than the upland rock,
Terrestrial echoes steal.

Let satellites that round us dwell,
Tell planets far and near;
In spacious vaults of heaven, tell
Of terra firma's cheer.

Let gales that sweep from boreal halls.
Cross Arctic frozen wild;
Again in southern zephyrs fall,
On the savannahs mild.

From cities lofty silvered spires,
Fling music's sweetest swell,
O'er toys that hang by hearths and fires,
Which children love so well.

In cottage homes where wreaths adorn,
The cheerful snow white wall;
Where smiles upon each young face worn,
Bring joy to great and small.

Those lisping voices ever play,
Glees in Time's mysterious sea;
They love to keep the holiday,
That brings to them a jubilee.

THE OLD AND NEW YEARS' GREETING.

In valley round,
 I hear the song,
 Of Old Year's bells,
 Weird dirges bound,
 Lamenting long;
 The mournful swells,
 A requiem sighing,
 Upward flying.
 Hushing every thrill of mirth;
 Old December's
 Expiring embers
 Lies upon the cottage hearth.
 Discordant air,
 Floating everywhere,
 Midnight hours upon.
 Laments wailing,
 Railing, trailing,
 End in oblivion;
 Waking mountain elfe,
 As the dial marketh twelve.

Hark ! merry chimes,
 The hilltops line,
 Intonations parting,
 Octaves in fun,
 Joyously run;
 Raptures darting,
 Musical airs,
 Revel everywhere.
 The New Year has come.

Harmonies sweeter,
Euphonical metre,
Leap far into skies,
Joyously greeting;
New Year's meeting.
With sportive replies,
Quivering towers,
Silver tongued bells,
Echoing clear;
Rejoice leafless bowers,
And snow-bound dells,
Opens the New Year.

INVENTION.

On the pages of many a volume are written names that excel those of emperors, kings, warriors or politicians. Names that have furnished volumes of thought. Whose persevering and active minds have taught mankind wonders; gave man power to converse with the rapidity of lightning at great distances, or to soar above the clouds at pleasure, where in future ages, mighty warriors will marshal their minions, and make war on the cities below.

The history of inventions every day sweeps its panoramas before our astonished eyes; we see the superb iron chariot drawing the car, with unrivalled speed, over mountains, along hillsides, and across the level prairies, speeding the splendid steamship on the mighty ocean, making others to navigate lakes, rivers, and the wonderfully fashioned artificial waters.

Invention chains the lightning, draws the gases from the subterranean wells, tills and sows the fields and harvests the well ripened grain. Was it when earth emerged from chaos, that wonders first began! It is certainly evident to-day, to any far-seeing mind, that inventions are only in their infancy; new marvels will, in years to come, astonish, bewilder, and fascinate the spectator's eyes, with their peerless pre-eminence.

Since time began, the chronicles of ages tell,
No crime so great, as that of daring to excel.

FICTITIOUS NAMES OF STATES AND TERRITORIES.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Arizona	Aridzone.
Alabama.....	Bear State.
Massachusetts.....	Bay State.
Mississippi.....	Bayou State.
Wisconsin	Badger State.
Ohio.....	Buckeye State.
Kentucky.....	Cave State.
Louisiana.....	Creole State.
Delaware	Diamond State.
New York.....	Empire State.
Rhode Island.....	Eden of America.
Alaska	Fur State.
Florida	Flora's State.
Oregon	Forest State.
Connecticut.....	Freestone State.
California.....	Golden State.
Minnesota	Gopher State.
New Hampshire.....	Granite State.
Vermont	Green Mountain State.
Indiana.....	Hoosier State.
Iowa.....	Hawkeye State.
Arkansas	Hot Spring State.
Utah	Holy Land.
Missouri.....	Iron State.
Pennsylvania.....	Keystone State.
Michigan.....	Lake State.
Texas	Lone Star State.
Tennessee.....	Marble State.

West Virginia.....	New Dominion.
East Virginia.....	Old Dominion.
Illinois.....	Prairie State.
Maine.....	Pine Tree State.
South Carolina.....	Palmetto State.
New Jersey.....	Peninsular State.
Maryland.....	Queen of States.
Nevada.....	Silver State.
New Mexico.....	Staked Plain.
Nebraska	Salt Spring State.
Colorado	Tower State.
North Carolina.....	Turpentine State.
Kansas	Ultramontane.
Wyoming.....	Wonderland.

AN EVENING CAMP SCENE.

During the civil strife between the North and the South, it seemed my destiny to view much of the pomp and pageantry known to war. Amid that martial array, which no Quaker could approve of, or by any means justify, there was many things which the painter, poet or author could admire.

Such a scene presented itself to my view one summer evening, as I was passing westward over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, whose course tends close along the Potomac. Nearing Edwards' Ferry I saw on the river's southern banks and bluffs, the guns of the Confederate artillery looking forth from the earthworks, behind on the plain were pitched their snow white tents.

On the northern margin lay encamped the Federal troops. Silence reigned in each camp. Their unfurled banners floating listlessly on the breeze, lent enchantment to the scene. No barrier lay between the two proud armies but the much renowned River of Swans, whose limpid waves wended their way on to the sea. On either side sentries patrolled their beats. Their bayonets glistened in the sunlight, whose orb was slowly descending to the horizon west of the Blue Ridge, whose tall ranges far and wide overlook valleys for many miles along the romantic river.

Suddenly the sound of the fife and the drum, at each headquarters, broke the silence of the balmy evening. As the bands of each encampment began to discourse martial airs at their respective stations, wafting sweet music on the roving zephyrs. Above the northern cohorts sang the Star Spangled Banner's defiant strains. The Southern band responded with Dixie land, followed by the Federal's Hail Columbia. The Confederates responded with My Maryland.

Their matchless notes revelled in air together;—all at once each band struck up *Auld Lang Sync*, whose soft sweet symphonies danced back and forth across the beautiful stream. Little thought the Caledonia poet, when he composed those famous stanzas, that before a century would elapse, two contending armies on the broad plains of America would vie with one another in playing this most enchanting lyric. Every instrument seemed to breathe as if by inspiration, harmonies in unison met in the skies, while no doubt beneath full twenty thousand hearts respond in the chorus whose music brought delight to the soul. No doubt amid the martial array, every soldier's heart called up the picture of his childhood and home.

How few on earth ever live to hear such raptures or view such a scene.

PROGRESS.

Support and direct the child with his kite, toy balloon, or tiny sailboat, that he puts forth on the muddy stream. When he asks a question give him a kind answer. The first pen he handles may not make a straight line, but with a little help, and his own energy, he will master something. There is a volume of thought to be unwound from that mind. You know not but you may be directing a power, that may some day vie in the world as a Washington, a Franklin, a Fulton, a Morse, or an Archimedes.

Be ready to assist, if it is only to put their foot on the first bar of the ladder, they may finally reach the top. It may some day be a remembrance of an act to your own honor. While the world exists, it will need statesmen, orators, philosophers, historians, theologians, dramatists, mathematicians, astronomers, geographers, geologists, botanists, ethnologists, naturalists, physicians, surgeons, chemists, lawyers, financiers, bankers, editors, publishers, printers, booksellers, composers, musicians and singers.

Support all things that go toward advancing and assisting art, science and industry. To improve those, we need among our noblest men, civil engineers, inventors, mechanics, manufacturers, sculptors, architects, engravers, painters, builders and navigators.

There is infinitely more unknown than has been shown, or more to be found out than has been shown or given to the world; there is room for all the concentrated genius of men, for centuries to come

LEARNING IS THE PARENT OF INDUSTRY.

All men and women are born free and equal, but wealth, culture and refinement, causes them to fill very different positions in the world's coterie. Learning is the parent of industry, as truly as genius is the sire of invention. Necessity is oftentimes its mother, but how true it is, man's highest aim is to rival his fellows. Every young man and woman should acquire some art, wherewith to acquire a livelihood. Youth is the season of activity.

In youth the powers of the mind begin to expand, and require some field where it can progress, and learn to excel. Health is stimulated by moderate labor; it gives strength to the mind and body. The highest forms of civilization are only to be found where the people are engaged in healthful occupations.

The body and mind, properly cultured, together gives a refinement and intelligence which assists to lead the human family in the paths of virtue and morality.

ADDENDUM.

Go, act and do before it is too late;
 Go, let courage show the highest fate;
 Go, worth and wisdom shall surround thee;
 Go, they will laurels wreath, wherewith to crown thee.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

Truly, truly, it has been said, that adversity is the true test of friendship. On the pyre of adversity I have cast the last smouldering ember of that mysticism, friendship; but not one illuminating ray could be found in that once mighty and vast conglomeration.

That once immense hypertrophic fabric shrunk into Lilliputian littleness. Even the sun at noonday failed to radiate a shadow around it. Like the mists of the morning, or the snows of winter, it had melted away, and the place that knew it once knew it no more.

Finally, to make my search and research more sure, I procured a microscope, whose magnifying lens were of most extraordinary power. Under it every heterogeneous or heteramorpheous atom, when broken into one million three-score and thirty-three thousand pieces, either fragment would become enlarged to unbounded dimensions, and appear to the eye like unto Popocatepetl, or one of the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas, upon which every firefly would resemble a burning volcano.

Through this kaleidoscope, I viewed the plain where once methought amity dwelt in years gone by. But lo! and behold! to the surprise of my two wondering eyes, from its innermost centre to its uttermost bound, within and without, and all round about, was drawn a dark deep veil of stygian darkness, rivalling that of Plutonian midnight, through which not one phantasmagorical gleam escaped,—friendship lay entombed there.

CONCLUSION.

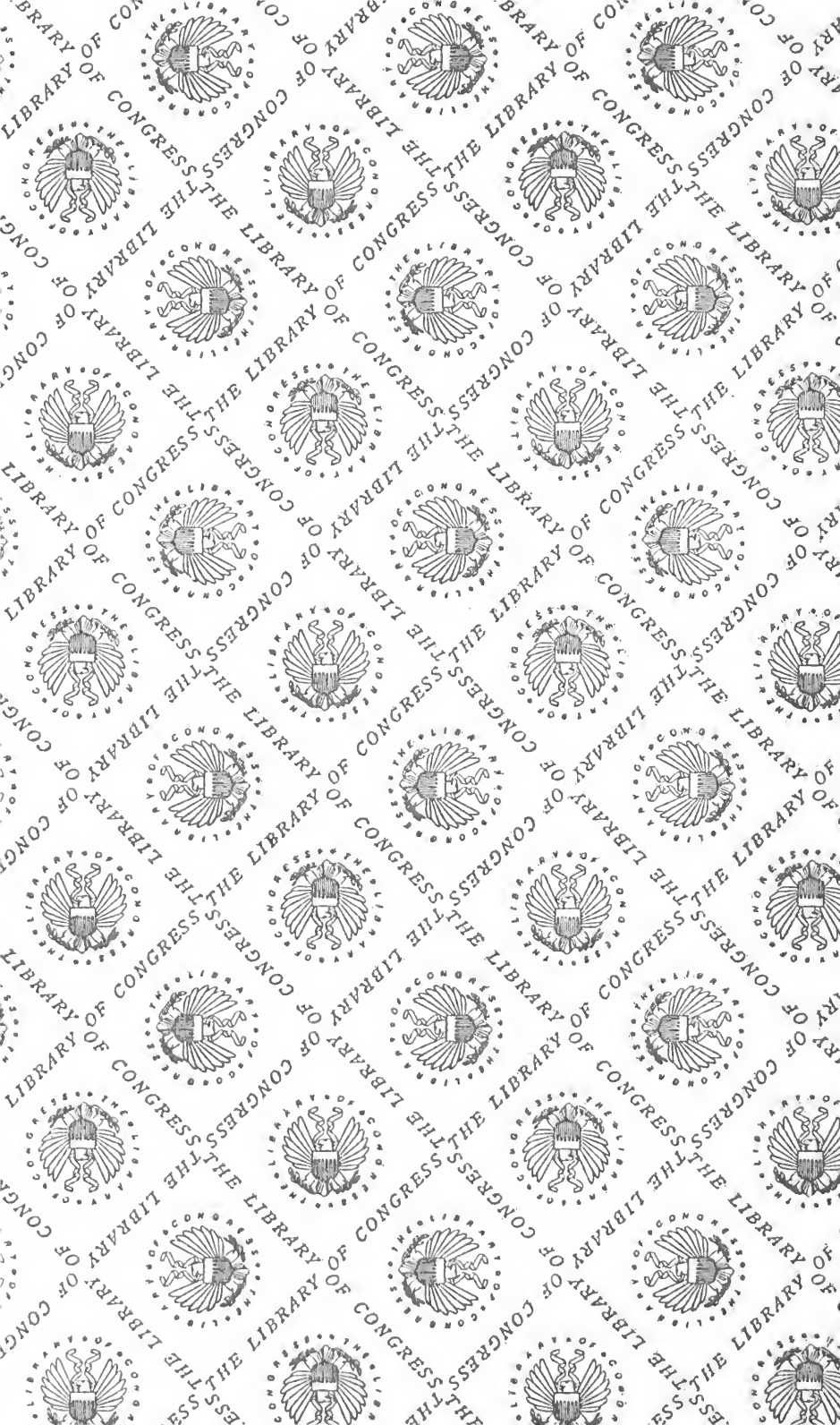
Out on the world I cast my song,
To wander many a way;
In rustic homes and cities' throng,
To sing its roundelay.

The Bard has ne'er a patron chose,
To lift on high his name;
He rather would some child amuse,
That future years shall fame.

Had fate, or friendship, disallowed,
This work had not been written;
Or had the Bard bowed to the proud,
Or a maid gave him the mitten.

While centuries revolving roll,
And poesy's fire is fanned;
Good angels guard the singing soul,
The choristers of our land.





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